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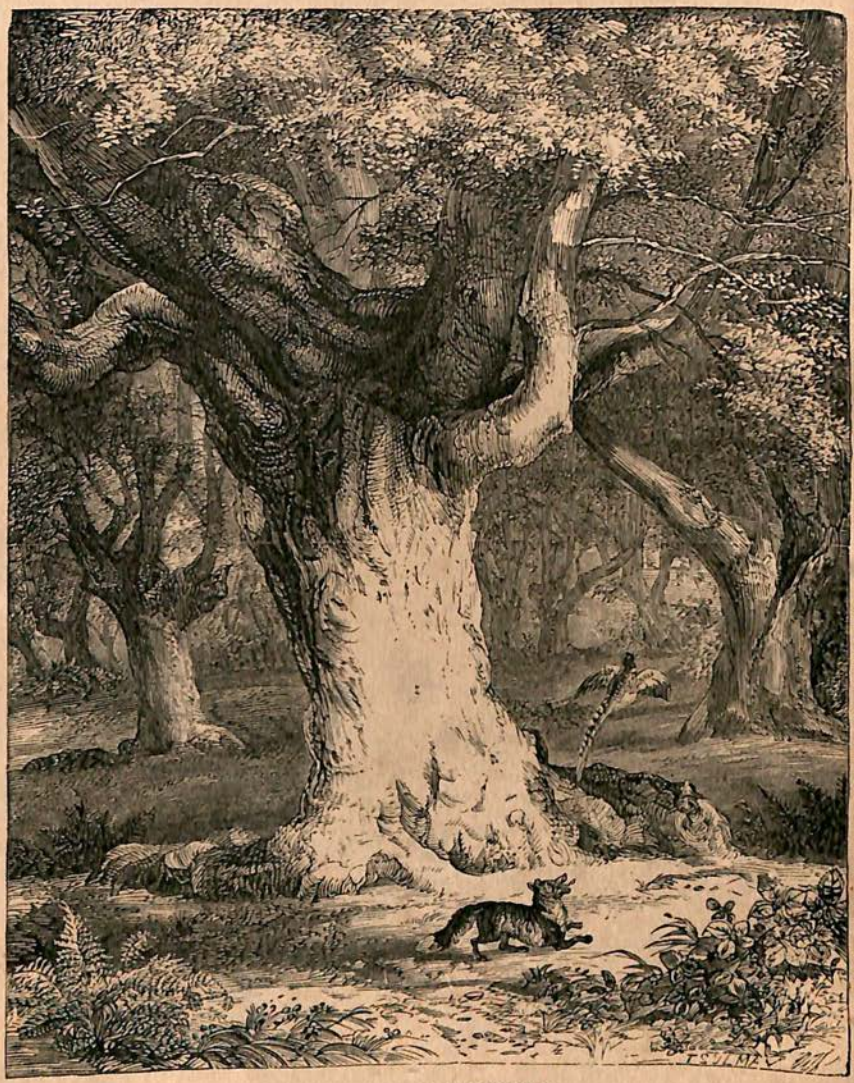

BURNHAM BEECHES.

Frontispiece.

PLEASANT DAYS IN PLEASANT PLACES

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BY

EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.

FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD
AUTHOR OF 'THE COUNTY FAMILIES' 'TALES OF GREAT FAMILIES' ETC.

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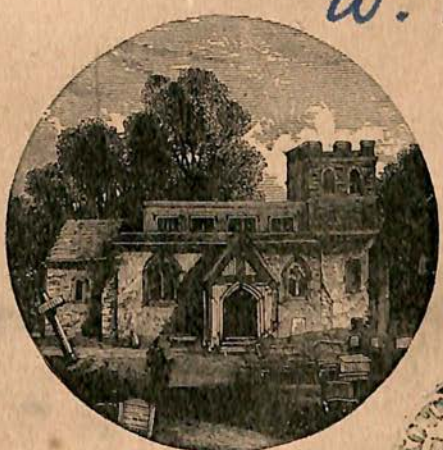

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PREFACE.

MOST of these papers are reprints of topographical articles contributed by me to 'Once a Week' between the years 1862 and 1868. It is hoped that in this collective form they may not be found wholly void of interest.

E. WALFORD.

HAMPSTEAD, N.W.
September 1878.

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PLEASANT DAYS

IN

PLEASANT PLACES.

A SUMMER DAY AT DORNEY AND BURNHAM.

A HALF-HOUR'S walk from Eton, up the river to Boveney, will bring the tourist along a pleasant English lane on to a broad open common, which at almost every season of the year is thickly studded with cows, sheep, and horses. Behind him the towers of Windsor Castle rise proudly into the air; the Thames on his left 'wanders along his silver-winding way.' Before him he will behold a mass of deep green foliage, and a cluster of most umbrageous elms, such as perhaps is not to be matched elsewhere in England. That grove of elms surrounds Dorney Court, a picturesque and peaceful country mansion, mainly built of timber—such a house as one would scarcely expect to find within little more than twenty miles of the metropolis; for so perfect is its seclusion

that it is not visible from any point outside the park-gates of the domain. A little further, on the road to Taplow and Maidenhead, the traveller comes upon Burnham Abbey, or rather all that remains of it, for the refectory and chapel of the old monks have long since been levelled with the dust, and a dovecot and a portion of the outer walls of the convent garden alone remain. When we last visited the spot, a troop of merry children were making the welkin ring again with sounds which, three or four centuries ago, would have struck alarm into the heart of Brother Austin or Father Francis, and caused them to call for holy water, and for bell, book, and candle to anathematize the impious intruders. But we must not grow too antiquarian, and allow ourselves to be tempted in the glories of the past to forget the present, though it is necessary to say a few words about Dorney and its lords.

The Palmers, who have held Dorney to the present time from before the middle of the seventeenth century, obtained this property by marriage of their ancestor, Sir James Palmer, with the heiress of the Garrards; and since 1660 they have occasionally represented the borough of Windsor in Parliament, and have discharged the duties of high-sheriffs, deputy-lieutenants, and magistrates for the county of their adoption. Their former estates were at Angmering and Parham[1] in Sussex, and Wingham in Kent, whence

[1] Here Sir Thomas Palmer entertained Queen Elizabeth in one of her progresses.

they took the title under which James I. raised them for military services to a baronetcy. They are a branch of the ancient and knightly family of Palmer, whose name carries us back to the days of the earliest Crusades, and which has ever held a high and proud position in this land, both socially and heraldically. They suffered severely in the cause of Charles I., the then head of the family having maintained a troop of horse on behalf of that unfortunate monarch at his own cost for several years. This forced outlay it probably was that compelled them to dismantle two-thirds of Dorney Court, and to reduce it to the size of an ordinary gentleman's seat. As we have already stated, the great house, as it is still called, formerly consisted of three courts or quadrangles, opening into each other, and must have covered—if we may judge from pictures still in possession of the family—some four or five acres of ground. Timber was largely used in its construction; and some of the old beams, dating from long before the Reformation, may still be seen, more especially on the north side of the house, where the visitor will notice, carved in black oak, a sort of canopy, under which a soldier in other days stood sentry no doubt, keeping watch and ward, by day and by night, against marauders from Burnham and Dorney.

The old house contains a handsome dining-hall in the ancient Gothic style, and full of paintings and other valuable heirlooms. Among them are several

fine portraits, and also an illuminated pedigree on vellum in a volume, containing the alliances of all the different branches of the family, with the Palmer arms quartered with those of the different heiresses and co-heiresses, all heraldically emblazoned, from the time

DORNEY COURT AND CHURCH.

of Edward I., authenticated by Sir Wm. Segar, Garter King-at-Arms. It is said to be one of only four similar pedigrees now known to exist in the United Kingdom. It was compiled and dedicated to Lady Anne Palmer, only child of Roger Palmer (M.P. for Windsor, 1660, afterwards created Earl of Castle-

maine), who was the only son of Sir James Palmer, of Dorney, by his second wife, daughter of Sir William Herbert, Earl of Powis, by *his* wife, who was Barbara Villiers, daughter and heiress of the first Viscount Grandison. The paintings consist of works by the first artists—Correggio, Canaletti, Rembrandt, Sir Peter Lely, &c. Portraits of the head of the Palmer family of each generation are preserved since the reign of Richard III.

There is a tradition that the family jewellery, &c., was hidden during the 'troublesome times.' Whilst some papers, taken from an old secretary, some seventy or eighty years ago, were being burned by the then Lord of Dorney, he was surprised by seeing characters appear on what seemed a blank piece of paper, but which it was too late to save; thus much, however, was perused before its destruction :—'There is great treasure buried in or at Cabb's Foot——' The house also has its 'ghost story;' but this story I must hold in reserve at present.

Dorney Court is famous among the County Seats of the land as being the place where the pine-apple was first grown in England. If I mistake not, there is still to be seen at Hampton Court, or at one of the other Royal palaces, a picture of the gardener of Dorney Court presenting the first pine, on bended knee, with great state and ceremonial, to His Majesty Charles II., who is dressed in a wig, and carries in his hand a most imposing gold-headed cane. Adjoining

the court on the west is the Parish Church of Dorney, containing several monuments to the Garrards and the Palmers. It has a handsome tower which, in its combination of red brick and stone, is an obvious imitation, on a small scale, of some of the most pleasing details of Eton College.

Few tourists who have seen Eton and Windsor have failed to pay a visit to the Burnham Beeches. We can only say, that if they omit to do so they lose one of the most pleasant scenes of English woodland beauty. Here the beech tree stretches out its boughs in a right royal and lordly way, seeming to vie, as it were, with the classic oaks of Windsor Forest on the opposite slopes of the valley of the Thames, and the woods that crown St. Leonard's Hill. Here, especially on a hot summer day, the unlettered visitor can learn what Virgil meant when he described Tityrus as

Patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi ;

and he must be dull indeed to the charms of English sylvan scenery if he can go away without admiring the noble beech-woods which gave its name to Buckinghamshire.

These beeches are consecrated to the Muses. Let the careless and thoughtless reveller keep silence, and take his shoes from off his feet, for the place all around is classic ground. Gray, who lived only a mile or two off, at Stoke-Pogis, used to read the

Roman poets under the shade of the Burnham Beeches, as he tells us in his letters. Writing to Horace Walpole, in Sept. 1737, he says :—'I have, at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own ; at least as good as so, for I spy no living thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff ; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches and other very reverend vegetables that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds,

> And, as they bow their hoary tops, relate
> In murmuring sounds the dark decrees of fate ;
> While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
> Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.

'At the foot of one of these I sit, (*il penseroso*) and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise before he had an Eve ; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there.'

For much of the following curious information respecting Burnham, we are indebted to a pamphlet privately printed by Mrs. Grote in the year 1858.

The hamlet, or rather liberty, of East Burnham was mainly the property of a family, the last male member of which died about 1810. Down to a recent period, few visitors ever wandered into this rural and retired place, unless it were a sportsman in pursuit of game. The old forest, now known to cockney and other visitors as Burnham Beeches, composed chiefly of aged trees, with hollow trunks and gnarled roots, forms a part of the manor of Allards (otherwise East Burnham), in which the scattered hamlet is situated, and a wild open heath, called East Burnham Common, adjoins it.

'Very few persons,' as Mrs. Grote remarks, 'seem to have known anything of this picturesque tract, although the poet Gray speaks of it in his letters. Indeed, Gray used often to ramble up into this forest from his home at Stoke-Pogis, and compose poetry in its glades; and some of the most exquisite lines in his *Elegy* may fairly be taken as descriptive of the scenery of this spot.'

The road between Windsor and Beaconsfield passes at some little distance from the wood, and but few visitors penetrated its recesses until after the year 1840, when the railway brought it into greater proximity to the world; and thenceforth Burnham Beeches, from a sylvan solitude, gradually became the favourite resort of summer pleasure parties from the surrounding districts, and of artists with their sketch-books in their hands. Tourists and book-makers soon followed

in their wake, and the place gradually became one of the 'Lions' of the vicinity of Windsor.

If the Londoner had nothing else to see in the neighbourhood, it would be well worth his while to come hither for the sake of spending a few hours this bright spring day beneath these spreading beeches. He would scarcely believe, until he saw it with his own eyes, that such a wild spot could be found within an hour of the smoke of London. It really is still all that Gray described it a century and a quarter ago. While everything around has been or is being enclosed and 'improved,' it remains intact in its loveliness, and scarcely an encroachment has been made upon it. The hills, as Gray observes, do not pierce the sky; but the Burnham beeches will bear comparison with the most famous of the lords of the English forest. When Gray wrote, they were already hoary with age; and since that time a century has passed away, enlarging their girth, and scoring their bark, and gnarling their roots, and covering their trunks with grey lichens, and otherwise adding to their venerable character.

Indeed, those who have travelled over a very large portion of the length and breadth of England own that it is a difficult task to find the equals, much more the superiors, of the beeches of Burnham. Mr. Charles Knight, in his interesting work on 'The Land We Live In,' thus describes them:—'In Windsor Forest there are some that are, if not of larger bole, of more magnificent proportions; and so there are in

many of our parks—but there they mostly stand apart and throw out their arms freely in an open area. The New Forest has beeches of noble size; and, growing in a soil well adapted for them, they form pictures that dwell in the memory of the ideals of the scenery of beechen woods. No one will readily forget them who has wandered among those gloomy avenues just at the hour when the last streak of sunset is hanging on the horizon, and the heavy masses of foliage overhead are deepening into a solemnity of shadow that is felt to be sublime; or when the full moon is working its magic among their interwoven tracery. Sherwood Forest, too, boasts of its beeches, though sadly thinned. But there is a character about the Burnham beeches that is distinct from all of these. They are not lofty, for they appear to have been headed down at some time or other: but they are of enormous size, and the pruning of the heads seems to have thrown a superfluous amount of vigour into the trunks. Nowhere else do the trunks of beeches, as a rule, burst into such strange forms, or so "wreathe their old fantastic roots on high"—though they everywhere do so to some extent. Every second beech trunk here is a study for a painter. The long knotted roots and the bases of the huge twisted and contorted trunks are covered with vivid dark green and brown mosses, which again are contrasted with bright white lichens. And then what splendid bits of forest scenery do they make in combination! Now you are

shut in on every side by these grey old sylvan giants, and the sky is barred out by the thick foliage overhead; anon there opens a glade of living verdure which the rugged boles and interlacing branches enclose as in a wild frame; and then you see a quiet scrap of irregular avenue along which a narrow beaten path winds deviously, or a rough and deep-rutted cart-track with a sturdy peasant strolling idly down it. You might loiter away hours about the perplexing labyrinth of paths, admiring one and another of those varying scenes, noting how some magnificent old bole stands grandly out from the light sky; or like Gray "grow to the trunk for a whole morning, watching the timorous hare and sportive squirrel," and listening to the harmony of the feathered minstrels, or make acquaintance with the old keeper of the forest —a good-natured, chatty sort of person, who will be found very willing to tell all he knows, and a good deal more, about the wood and its traditions.'

The ancient tradition of the neighbourhood has it that the beeches were all pollarded by the Parliamentary army, who were encamped here during the civil wars of Charles I., and who used the timber for making gun-stocks. But some people doubt whether the trees were every really pollarded at all, and certainly they do not look at first sight as if they had ever been subjected to such a process, so tall, and round, and shapely are their forms.

Down to the middle of the last century, the Eyres,

who were owners of East Burnham, lived at Huntercombe, an old mansion adjoining the site of Burnham Abbey. But the property passed by bequest or marriage through the Popples to the wife of the late Mr. Robert Gordon, many years M.P. for Windsor, Chippenham, &c., and Secretary of the Treasury, who in 1812 sold his wife's reversion to the late Lord Grenville for between fifty and sixty thousand pounds. The transaction, however, was not very advantageous to the purchaser, for his lordship, though he had long owned the adjoining estate of Dropmore, came into actual possession of this property only a few years before his own decease, viz. in 1830.

The dominant idea of Lord Grenville's whole life was to secure political influence for the family of which he was a member. The Marquis of Buckingham, the head of that family, may be said to have dreamed of little else: his mind was vastly inferior to those of Lord Grenville and the third brother, Thomas Grenville; and his claims to political office and power arose almost entirely from the extent of his territorial possessions, together with the pressure which he could exercise at elections over the tenantry of his lands, over the residents in his boroughs. Accordingly, the aim of Lord Grenville for many long years was, to lay hold on every estate in the *south* of the county of Bucks which came into the market, with the view of strengthening the Grenville interest in the elections, especially of the two mem-

bers for the county. By the aid of Lady Grenville's large inheritance (which unexpectedly fell to her by the death of Lord Camelford), and his own emoluments as one of the auditors of the Exchequer, Lord Grenville managed to add very largely to his landed possessions, and doubtless to his political influence. Still, from the important acquisition of the East Burnham and Huntercombe property much less advantage resulted, either as an investment or as a means of multiplying dependent voters, than his lordship had expected when effecting the bargain in 1812. Not only were the buildings on the farm found to be quite decayed, and the labourers' cottages half in ruins, on the Sayer estate; but the Reform Bill swept away, two years after Lord Grenville came into the enjoyment of the estate, a large portion of the advantage to be derived from the voters living upon it. However, the distinguished statesman himself closed his mortal career almost at the same period, leaving to his widow the charge of setting to rights all the dilapidations consequent upon five-and forty years' neglect and apathy on the part of his two aged predecessors, Captain Sayer and Captain Popple.

On the estate at East Burnham there is still standing a cottage for many years occupied by the late Captain Sayer, and where he kept a pack of harriers. This cottage is classic ground; for even to this day the neighbours well remember how that

Richard Brinsley Sheridan brought down thither his charming young bride, Miss Linley, on returning to England from Flanders after his stolen marriage; and here, therefore, we may imagine, without the risk of being too hasty in our inferences, that he spent the greater part of his honeymoon. Our readers will probably remember that in Tom Moore's 'Life of Sheridan,' there are several letters printed which are dated from Burnham Cottage.

Very pleasant indeed are such scenes as these to the eye of

> . . . one who, long in populous cities pent,
> Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
> Forth issues on a summer's morn, to breathe
> Among the pleasant villes and farms adjoin'd.

But the day is beginning to close, and time reminds us that we must return to the

> Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.

Our path lies through pleasant shady lanes, with tall green hedges on either side, and sandy and gravelly soil, which form such pleasant pictures in English woodland scenery. The walk is beautiful, even in this early spring day, when the trees are budding forth with every delicate hue and shade of green and the sunlight works a flickering pattern over every foot of pathway; but the walk must be even more charming in the autumn, when the beech leaves are changing their green garb for the brilliant

yellow and red array which becomes that tree so well.

We pass through the street of Burnham, once a market town of importance, and, if local tradition be correct, a royal residence, but now little more than a straggling village. The church, however, is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, mainly of the fourteenth century. The nave has lately been handsomely restored, and it is to be hoped that the chancel and tower will soon meet with similar good fortune. Some of the windows are particularly fine specimens of their kind; and the ancient carvings with which the late Lady Grenville adorned the sides of her family seat in the north transept will delight both the antiquary and the ecclesiastical architect.

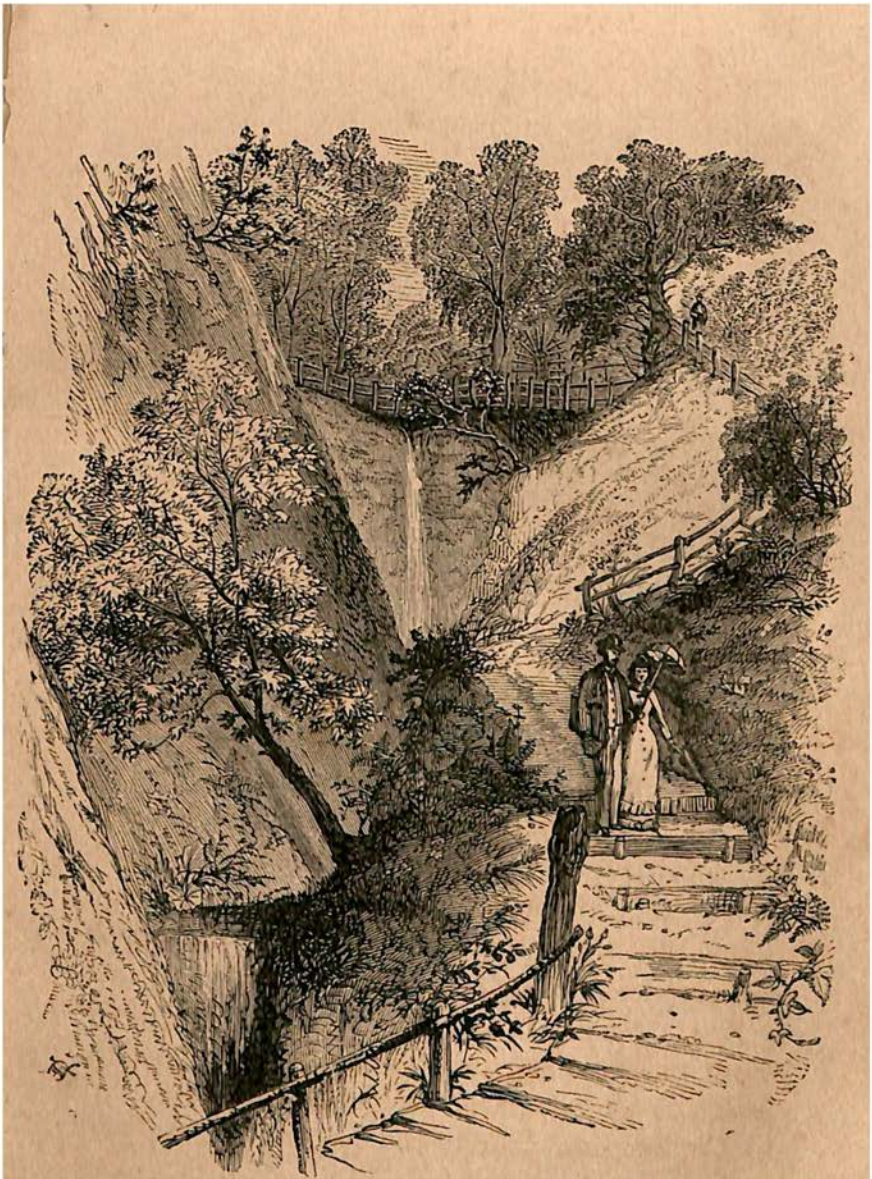
Mr. C. Knight reminds us that the learned Jacob Bryant spent the last days of his life at Cippenham, in this parish, where he died, when verging on ninety, from an accident with which he met, whilst reaching down a book from an upper shelf in his library—a death which, as has been well and wittily remarked, was, for a literary man, to expire on the field of honour, if not on the field of battle.

A DAY AT SHANKLIN.

OF all the fair spots which dot the pleasant southern coast of England, in spring or summer, autumn or winter, few are fairer than the Isle of Wight: and in that lovely island a traveller might walk hither and thither for many a long day before he could find out a spot more delicious than Shanklin, on its south-eastern coast. Looking down upon the calm blue sea from above the ruddy sandstone cliffs through which opens the 'Chine,' it seems the model of a watering-place for those who wish for peace and retirement; for peaceful and quiet it still is, though we fear that the recent opening of a railway to it from Ryde will shortly put an end to its charms, and cover the green fields which now surround it with rows of 'Prospect Villas,' and cockney 'Victoria Terraces.' At present it reminds one of the green retreats of Babbicombe or Clovelly, though on a considerably smaller scale.

The late Lord Jeffrey, who lived here for a time,[1]

[1] He was living as a visitor here in 1846, the year before his death.



SHANKLIN CHINE.

and had a good eye for the picturesque in scenery, and who, as a native of Scotland, would not carelessly or causelessly have praised the south in comparison with the charms of his own native hills and coasts, thus writes of it only a year or two before his death: 'The village is very small and scattery, all mixed up with trees, and lying among sweet airy falls and swells of ground, which finally rise up behind into breezy downs, 800 feet high, and sink down in the front to the edge of the varying cliffs, which overhang a pretty beach of fine sand, and are approachable by a very striking wooded ravine, which they call the Chine.'

Having read this picturesque description, and having heard much of the beauties of Shanklin, I resolved to pay it a hasty visit; and happening to be at Ryde, I took the train early one morning, and soon found myself at my destination, or, at all events, near it. A walk of a quarter of a mile brought me to the village; where, turning to my left, and passing through a meadow that had been recently invaded by the demon of bricks and mortar, I found myself at the top of some rustic steps, roughly hewn in the surface of the cliff, which soon led me down to the 'pretty beach' so pleasantly indicated by Lord Jeffrey. The waves were moving in a lazy ripple, and some little children, whose picturesque dresses made me wish that I were an artist and could sketch them with the pencil of a Leech or a Millais, were

idly walking about in the cool wavelets. Here was a family party just launching a little boat for a row; there were some wheelwrights and carpenters at work, sawing planks for the villa which was being erected on the cliff above their heads; a small awning spread out upon poles gave shelter to half-a-dozen fair girls, who, with wet tresses that told of a recent visit to the domain of Neptune, were reading the last new novel from Mudie's.

Passing onwards, under a row of pleasant villas, covered with evergreens that nestle under the cliffs almost down to the water's edge, we ascend a sloping path, and find ourselves in a labyrinth of wood. This is the entrance to the famous 'Chine.' The cliffs on either side are covered with oaks and evergreen shrubs and bushy underwood, and tower to the height of some 200 feet. The entrance is narrow, and the defile widens as you proceed up it, having first obtained an entrance through a locked wicket-gate, the guardian angel of which on the occasion of my visit was a little maiden of some eight years old.

'Whose child are you, my little one?' I asked.

She answered, 'Mother's.'

'And where do you live?'

'At home,' was her reply, as she dropped a curtsey.

I passed on my way, and mentally blessed her happy and charming innocence, remembering the

well-known lines of Archbishop Trench on this very subject, 'Mother' and 'Home':—

There are but given
Two names of sweeter note, 'Father' and 'Heaven.'

This Chine[1] is the natural work of a little stream which rises above the village and, trickling down a woody glen, has formed in the course of ages a ravine, the soil being of a sandy and clayey nature, illustrating the line of Ovid—

Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed sæpe cadendo.

At the top of the ravine the water forms a cascade some twenty or thirty feet in height; in summer it is small and scanty; but after heavy showers, and during the winter months, it approaches more nearly to the dignity of a waterfall. In the picturesque effect it is a great pity that the water is not clear and bright, as is the case with the cascades in our Devonshire rivers; it is here of a dingy brown, which spoils its beauty. It carries down with it a good deal of mud and sand, and works for itself a fresh course into the sea through the shingle at every tide.

Hic pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.

[1] 'This name, common to the Isle of Wight and to all the south coast of Hampshire and Dorsetshire, is an old English word, derived from the Anglo-Saxon '*cinan*,' to chink or rive, which is found as a verb in Spenser, and even in Dryden; its local signification is a cleft in the rocks, scooped out by the action of a rivulet.'—Murray's *Handbook for Hampshire and the Isle of Wight*, p. 375.

The sides of the Chine, too, are here so carefully trimmed and embellished, that we cannot help regretting the fact that nature has given way to the hand of art, losing thereby so much of its original charm. A rustic wooden bridge is among its leading features. The sides of the hollow in which the water falls are of the blackish indurated slatey clay of which the greater part of the soil hereabouts is composed, and the damp arising from the constant waterflow and its spray has covered most of it with shining green lichens and mosses of various shades, which form an agreeable contrast to the red and brown of the sandstone.[1] The walk from one end to the other of the Chine is dotted with rustic seats and arbours, and carefully gravelled; and the steps are kept constantly in good repair, so that accidents are almost an impossibility. The place is extensively haunted by persons in their honeymoon, and one of the unfortunate couples lately in that predicament is shown in our illustration. I should add, that although there is no charge for entering the Chine from below, there is at the top a gate which the *custos loci* does not care to open except with a silver key.

On the south side of the glen, the scenery is much wilder, and the trees rather finer than on the north; and among the latter I noticed in particular

[1] 'The upper part of the Chine is of a greenish white sand, resting on a bed of dark blue clay; the lower of ferruginous sand, with cretionary layers of greensand, full of fossil *Terebratulæ*.'—Black's *Picturesque Guide to Hampshire and the Isle of Wight.*

some handsome beeches, ashes, and sycamores. The lichens and mosses, too, are of a finer colour. It is almost needless to remark that, with the usual bad taste of our middle and lower classes, the names of Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons innumerable, both male and female, are carved upon the trees and soft sandstone cliffs. But I suppose that human nature is the same now as it was in Virgil's time, and that the habit of fond lovers inscribing their names and those of their lady loves in such places must be confessed to be of older date than the London cockney. For what says Virgil in his last Eclogue?

> Certum est in sylvis, inter spelæa ferarum,
> Malle pati, tenerisque meos incidere amores
> Arboribus: crescent illæ, crescetis, amores.

Such is Shanklin Chine beneath the mid-day sun. When moonlight is making its depths mysterious, there is no limit to its romantic beauty; and looking at the ravine, from the seat half-way up the South Cliff, the prospect is a true glimpse of fairyland. On the right is the broad bay, with the Culver rocks gleaming like a snow wall in the pale, cold light; on the left the Chine wrapped in a soft haze, which, rising at sunset, envelopes the trees as with a veil. This much for the eye; for the ear we have the continuous flow of the waterfall, the ripple of the stream mingling with the low, sweet voices of the waves as they break in a hushed whisper upon the flat beach far below.

A pretty ivy-wreathed cottage residence stands at the head of the Chine, passing the gate of which, and turning down a lane to the left, we strike into a foot-path which leads across the fields to Luccomb and the Landslip. The former is like, and yet unlike, Shanklin; it is enclosed in the private grounds of Mr. Alfred Francis, whose good taste is gradually aiding nature in the work of embellishment. The owner's house overlooks the Chine, and is a neat, picturesque building, made for comfort rather than for show, nestling amidst fine trees and fragrant flowers, which seem to grow luxuriantly. Protected from the north, west, and south winds, the Chine is exposed to the east; and although as a summer dwelling it must be well-nigh perfect, the sun, even in October, was suspiciously near the crest of the range of Downs (called, not inaptly, the backbone of the island), although it yet was two hours off sunset.

There is a good view of the Landslip to be obtained from a small summer-house in the grounds of the Chine, a view which shows the brittleness of the stuff of which these sea walls are made, and the resistless force of the restless waves. The Landslip is no chance name; thirty or forty acres of the ground have slipped or fallen; and this feature in the geography of the east coast is no rare one. All along the shore to Sandown, you may notice the same, though on a lesser scale; and yet within twenty or thirty feet of this unstable boundary are springing up villas

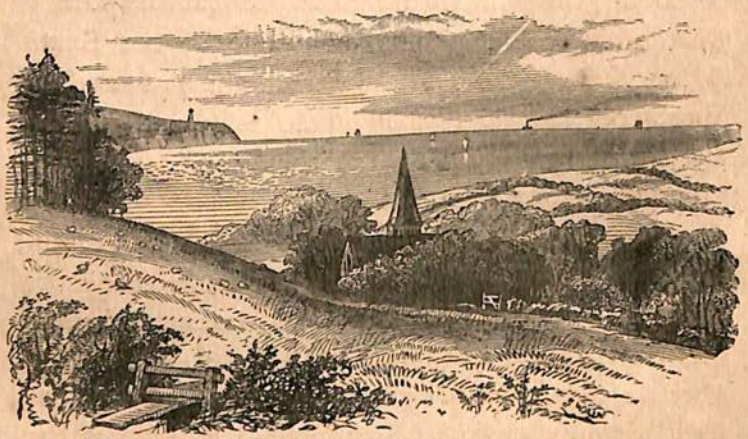
of all sizes and shapes, ornamental and otherwise. That many were 'To be sold,' struck me as the only mark of their builders' sanity.

The return walk from Luccomb to Shanklin is finer than any I have seen in the island. At our feet is the bay, with Sandown and Shanklin lying snugly upon its shores. Brading Down shuts out Spithead and Portsmouth; but you can see Selsey Bill, and trace the billowy outline of the South Downs. As you draw nearer Shanklin, you have the most comprehensive view of the town, and see the little shingled spire of the parish church peeping out from its surrounding trees.

The church, the foundation of which is uncertain, is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and according to different authorities it bears date from Stephen or from Edward III. It is one of those mentioned in Doomsday Book, at which time it belonged to Brading (the earliest Christian place of worship in the island): subsequently it was held with Bonchurch until the present incumbency, when the livings were divided. There is no attempt at architectural display, or even order; additions and repairs have been made from time to time, utterly regardless of any law but that of necessity.

Its cruciform outline is the result of so-called improvement, and by the addition of transepts out of all proportion to the body of the building. The interior of the church is carefully tended, but is

totally inadequate to the requirements of the parish; seats, even in winter, being difficult to obtain. This want will soon be obviated, as a handsome new church has lately been erected upon the North Cliff. The parsonage is a pretty, peaceful looking dwelling, enbowered in myrtles and shrubs, and its charming garden is a paradise in miniature.



SHANKLIN CHURCH.

Shanklin has its historical and literary associations to add to its natural interest. Froude, in his 'History of England,'[1] singles out the Chine as the point where the Chevalier d'Eulx landed for a supply of fresh water.

'The task,' says the historian, 'was tedious, and the Chevalier, who, with a few companions, was appointed to guard the watering parties, seeing no

[1] Vol. iv. p. 429.

sign of danger, wandered inland, attended by some of his men, to the top of a down adjoining. The English, who had been engaged with the other detachments two days before, had kept on the hills, watching the motions of the fleet. The Chevalier was caught in an ambuscade and, after defending himself like a hero, killed with most of his followers.'

Lord Jeffrey, as we have said, was at Shanklin a year before his death; and it was here that Keats wrote 'Lamia,' the noble strains of which seemed to ring in my ears as I stood upon the cliffs, and saw the pathless waters stretching, as it were, into eternity.

In days gone by, the island obtained an unenviable notoriety as the haunt of smugglers, whose deeds of daring are still told round the cottage fire; and many an old man will rouse up, and grow almost young again, as he tells you of the ways and means used in his younger days to blind or hoodwink the coast-guardsmen. In a little book lent me by its author, Mr. Clayton,[1] and entitled 'Sketches and Tales of the South Coast,' there are a number of smuggling stories; one of which I may quote as illustration of the humour that sometimes sparkles amidst the dark doings of these men.

The coastguard had received information that a

[1] Mr. Clayton will be remembered by those who read the trial of Edward Oxford for his attempted assassination of our Queen, as the man who seized the pistol out of the would-be murderer's hand.

landing of contraband goods was to take place upon a certain night, the lieutenant in charge came down to Shanklin. Evening came; he was comfortably seated at the inn fire; the inn-keeper was a first-rate cribbage-player, so was the lieutenant. The game went on, so did the night; and when the lieutenant rose victor, the grey dawn was breaking. So he went quietly home, and to bed. Next day, a barrel of raw spirits was laid at his door, with a bit of paper attached to it, on which was written 'For his knobb.'

Of the aspect of the island, in the early part of the seventeenth century, Sir John Oglander draws an amusing picture in his Memoirs:—

'Money,' he says, 'in Queen Elizabeth's time, was as plenty in yeomen's purses as now in the best of gentry, and all the gentry full of money, and out of debt.

'I have heard, and partly know it to be true, that not only heretofore there is no lawyer nor attorney, coming in owre island, but, in Sir George Carey's time, an attorney coming into the island, was, by his command, with a pound of candles hanging to his breech, lighted; with bells about his legs, hunted owte of the island, insomuch, as owre ancestors lived so quietly and securely, being neither troubled to London or Winchester, so they seldom or never went out of the island; insomuch, as when they went to London (thinking it an East India voyage), they always made their wills.

'The Isle of Wight since my memory is infinitely decayed, for either it is by reason of so many attorneys that hath of late made this their habitation, and so by sutes undone the Countrey (for I have known an attorney bring down after a term, 300 writts; I have also known, twenty nisi prius of our Country tried at our assizes, when, as in the Queen's time, we had not six writts in the yeare, nor one nisi prius in six yeares); or else wanting the good bargains they were wont to buy from men of war, who also vended our commoditys at very high prices, and readie money was easie to be had for all things. Now peace and law hath beggared us all.'

I have mentioned Luccomb Chine and the Landslip specially, because it was my good fortune to attain to a sight of both; but other beautiful walks abound around the town. One of these, leading to Apse Castle, is a great favourite.

> When old Time throws off his cloak again
> Of ermined frost, and cold and rain,
> And clothes him in the embroidery
> Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.

Here, amongst the budding brushwood, primroses, hyacinths, and violets paint the mossy ground, and perfume the soft south wind with their fragrant breath. Then again, we have Cook's Castle, a lofty look-out, from which we gain a panoramic view of the island. Next comes Appuldercombe; a princely mansion built by the late Earl of Yarborough, but

now used as a boys' school; then Ventnor, Sandown, and Brading, all within an autumn-day's walk, and attainable in the depth of winter by railway.

Sheltered by the Downs, and attracted by the very moderate rental of good houses, Shanklin, of late, has become a favourite winter residence with those in search of health, or of retirement and economy. The air is strong and bracing, the drainage admirable; there are walks to be found sheltered from all winds. The only precaution to be attended to by persons with delicate chests is to secure the early portion of the day for their walk or drive; as, in consequence of the height of the surrounding Downs, Shanklin loses the sun's rays between three and four o'clock. By this hour, however, invalids ought to be at the fire-side, and under the home-roof. Cold winds may be defied, while the system, braced by the air and fair sights of the morning may well rest content in the pleasing thought of bright scenes past and brighter scenes to come.

For the passing visitor there are several good hotels; and as comparisons are odious and in this case would be invidious, I shall leave the traveller to discover their several and separate merits by that most truthful of all tests, experience. The town contains good shops, where every commodity of life can be obtained at moderate prices.

Murray, as usual, is a good hand-book to carry

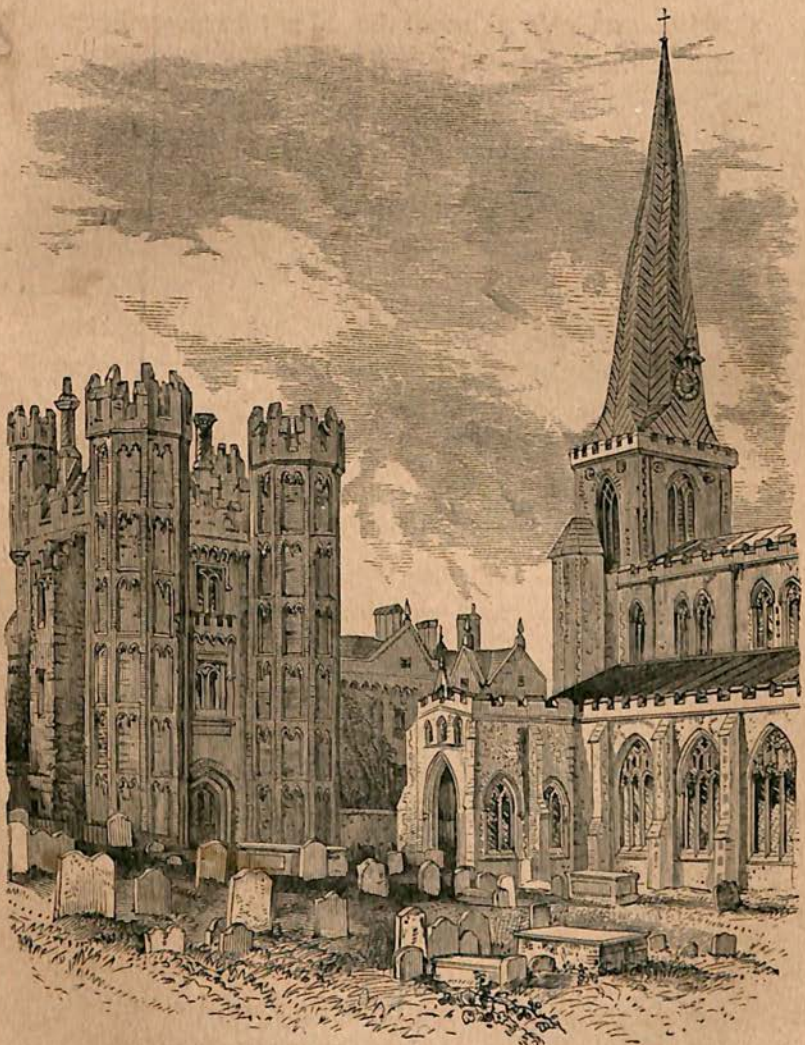
with you upon a visit to Shanklin; and for those who wish to go more deeply into the history, geology, and botany of the island, there is, also, an admirable guide to the Isle of Wight, by the Rev. Edmund Venables, M.A.

My autumn-day was at its close when, having glanced at the mercantile aspect of Shanklin, I went down to the North Cliff to take one last fond lingering look. The sun had bidden good-night to the Chine, but was still gleaming upon the bosom of the glassy bay, kissing the Culver cliffs till they blushed a rosy red, while a soft brown haze came curling round from the Solent, as if to veil them. Gradually the haze stole on, until it blotted out the whole coast-line; then only I turned away, and bade a long, though, I trust, not last adieu to Shanklin Chine.

A SUMMER DAY AT HADLEIGH.

OF all the towns in the eastern counties, I do not know one more thoroughly old-fashioned, and essentially English in its character than Hadleigh. It does not stand proudly on and around its Castle Hill, like Norwich; nor is it rich in monastic remains, like Bury St. Edmund's. It does not stand even on rising ground, like Ipswich and Colchester; but in the midst of a green and pleasant valley, through which the Brett winds its way leisurely and lazily into the Stour, preparatory to mixing its waters with the German Ocean between Harwich and Landguard Fort. Seen up this valley from the south, the tall spire of Hadleigh forms a graceful and pleasant object for several miles, harmonising exquisitely with the truly home scenery of the country round. But Hadleigh is a town of more than ordinary interest to the antiquary; for it is the burial-place of Guthrum, one of the early Saxon kings of the East Angles.

We will leave it for antiquaries to discuss the ety-



HADLEIGH CHURCH AND RECTORY.

mology of the name Hadleigh, and to ferret out proofs of its greatness in early times. Enough for 'us to know that the Rev. Hugh Pigot, who goes fully into the question in his 'History of Hadleigh,' is strongly of opinion that the word is a compound of two Saxon words, (*head* and *leaga*), which mean the 'chief town,' though others more fancifully interpret it as meaning 'the extended valley,' in allusion to its situation, already referred to.

The old annalist, Asser, claims for Hadleigh an antiquity that reaches as far back as the reign of Alfred, who having defeated Guthrum, the Danish chief, at a battle in Wiltshire, persuaded him to become a Christian, and gave him a sort of feudal dominion over the East Angles. It is said that Guthrum governed this district, which included Norfolk and Suffolk, and probably Essex, too; and that when he died, he was buried in the church at Hadleigh, where what is called his tomb, though clearly of far more recent date, is still pointed out to strangers, in a canopied recess in the wall of the south aisle.

There was a time, as the visitor will see at a glance, when Hadleigh was a much more important place than it is in these degenerate days. Some four, or possibly even five, centuries ago it lay in the centre of the woollen trade in the eastern counties, into which that branch of commerce was introduced by the Flemings, who took refuge in England in the

reign of Edward III. As early as the beginning of the fourteenth century, in a survey of the manor of Hadleigh, mention is made of a 'Fulling Mill'; and two centuries later, Holinshed speaks in his 'Chronicles' of a rebellion in Suffolk, in which the clothiers of Hadleigh and the neighbouring town of Sudbury took a prominent part: a few years later also Foxe, in his 'Book of Martyrs' speaks of Hadleigh as 'a town of cloth-making and labouring people.' The importance of the place, however, suffered severely from the troubles of the seventeenth century; and it received its *coup de grace* by the improvement of inland communication between London and the north of England, where the trade which had been the source of its prosperity was largely aided by the superior advantages arising from the possession of coal, iron, limestone, and abundance of water, which in their turn helped on the making and working of machinery.

The last relic of the wool-trade in the town was a procession of the local magnates through the streets on Bishop Blaise's day (February 3), which is within the remembrance of a few, and of a few only, of the oldest inhabitants. In the immediate neighbourhood, however, of Hadleigh are the two villages of Lindsey and Kersey, whose names will recall to very many Londoners the ideas of warm and substantial clothing, which was originally manufactured in this district.

A few years ago the seal of an Alnager or Inspec-

tor of Cloth for the district was found in a garden near the town. It is now in the Ipswich Museum. It bears this inscription:—'S. Ulnag. Pannorum in Commitatu Suffolcie;' with the device of a leopard's head and a fleur-de-lis, representing the arms of England and France.

In the season of its prosperity, Hadleigh enjoyed the privilege of a charter, granted by James I., and had its mayor and aldermen and civic mace, like other Eatanswills, though it never returned members to Parliament. The charter, however, was revoked by James II., and was never subsequently restored, though various attempts were made to obtain a re-grant of it. In old times the town appears to have been governed by its guilds or religious confraternities, of which there were at least five, named respectively after the Trinity, Corpus Christi, St. John, the Saviour, and Our Lady. Some idea of the wealth of these guilds may be formed from the fact that the plate and vestments belonging to them were sold in the first year of Edward VI., and fetched about 270*l.* The old Guildhall, in which the members of these guilds held their meetings, still stands on the south side of the churchyard: it is a quaint and substantial building, and its timbers must be four hundred years old at least. The Hall itself has passed through several changes; in the last century it was used as a dormitory for the inmates of the workhouse,

and more recently it has had to do duty as a national and infant school.

As a proof that 'Ichabod' is written on Hadleigh, may be mentioned the fact that no stranger can walk down the main street of Hadleigh without remarking the number of old mansions which still remain. Some of them have been refronted according to the precise, stiff rules of modern masonry; but at the back of these, the quaint gables of former times have been in many instances preserved; and there, and on the walls and ceilings of the rooms within, are to be found excellent examples of ornamental plaster-work. Sometimes, also, when repairs are being done, the ends of beams, which once projected over the foundations, and remnants of richly carved work, are found imbedded in the walls. Still even now there are many private houses of much interest in the town, built chiefly of timber, with the interstices filled up with wattle-work and plaster, and bearing traces of the sixteenth, fifteenth, and probably also of the fourteenth, centuries; and several, as might be expected, are of the seventeenth century, having carved wooden corbels, supporting windows, or the wide eaves, characteristic of the period. The fronts of many of the houses are pargetted—that is, are covered with plaster, and ornamented with raised patterns, the favourite devices being the Tudor rose, and the royal arms, supported by a lion and a unicorn, which mark the period during which this mode of ornamentation prevailed,

the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. It is much to be regretted that the surfaces, which the original builders took so much pains to relieve and beautify, are now covered with monotonous colours of paint or whitewash. If the timber-work were 'picked out' with black or a dark brown, as in the old Cheshire manor houses, while the level plaster was white-washed, and if the raised parts and figures were coloured according to the nature of their subjects, the appearance of the several houses, and of the whole town indeed, would be wonderfully improved.

But the glory of Hadleigh, beyond all dispute, is its church, a fair and goodly structure, chiefly of the Perpendicular period, with a noble tower and spire. The church is thought to stand on the site of a more ancient building, in which it is possible that Guthrum's bones were interred. It is built of flint, with stone quoins and dressings, and consists of a lofty and spacious nave and chancel, with north and south aisles running the whole distance from east to west. The windows are large, and nearly uniform in plan, and by the absence of painted glass and carving show unmistakable traces of 'Will Dowsing's' zeal in the Puritan cause in this part of England, when the 'Saints of the Lord,' as they profanely called themselves, 'brake down,' (for money) 'all the carved work' of their Master's edifice 'with axes and hammers.'

The tower, which is of somewhat older date,

and of fine proportions, is surmounted by a spire of wood, covered with lead, which cannot fail to remind the visitor of the spires of Saffron Walden Church, in Essex, and of Stanwell, and Harrow-on-the-Hill, in Middlesex. Jutting out from the spire, about eighteen feet from its base, on the east side, is a very old 'Ave Maria' bell, on which the clock has for centuries struck the hour. The tower contains a fine peal of eight bells.

Among other curious local customs, we may mention that the Passing Bell is regularly rung; not, however, when a soul is passing, but usually twelve hours after death has taken place; and at the end three time three knells are sounded for a male, and three times two for a female. The charge varies according to the size of the bell used—a very objectionable custom, for it ministers to the pride of the rich and brands the poor with a kind of scorn—and the prices are 12*s.* for the tenor, 8*s.* for the seventh, 6*s.* for the sixth, 5*s.* for the fifth, and 3*s.* for the fourth, which is called the 'Union Bell,' and proclaims the death of 'paupers.' The pay of the nurses, too, who have laid out the corpse, is regulated by the size of the Passing Bell.

We may mention here, too, that Hadleigh is one of the parishes in which the custom of ringing the Curfew still survives. The tenor bell is rung at eight o'clock every evening from the Sunday following the 10th of October to the Sunday nearest to the 10th of March.

During the same period the same bell is also rung at five o'clock every morning.

The ringers of Hadleigh have in their possession a curious jug of earthenware, which is kept by the landlord of the 'Eight Bells' Inn, and is brought out on occasion of local weddings among the upper classes. At every Christmas, too, it is filled with strong liquor by mine host of the Eight Bells, at the ringers' annual 'frolic,' when every stranger who goes into the room is forced to pay a fine towards replenishing it as it passes round the company from hand to hand.

The roof of the nave of the church is of that kind which is known as 'waggon-headed,' but it has been obscured by a lower plaster ceiling, above which no doubt the original timbers are to be found, in a state more or less perfect and sound. It is to be hoped that ere long this feature will be restored. The roof of the chancel is of a lower pitch, but more highly ornamented with oak and chestnut panelling and bosses and brackets of a grotesque character. It is said to have been originally painted. The walls of the chancel and aisles, too, were formerly covered with frescoes and inscriptions, but these were wiped out by well-meaning but ignorant church-restorers of a quarter of a century ago. The font, which is handsomely sculptured, and somewhat rudely painted by a modern hand after the original design, bears a curious inscription, which may be read either back-

wards or forwards: *νίψον ἀνόμημα μὴ μόνον ὄψιν*, 'Wash my sin, and not my face only.'

The church contains, besides what is called Guthrum's tomb in the south aisle, a variety of monuments to local magnates, civic dignitaries, and deceased divines, among which the most interesting is a brass tablet in a wooden frame, on the south side of the chancel, in honour of Rowland Taylor, who suffered as a martyr under Mary for his reforming zeal. We may here remark that Hadleigh has been rich in native and adopted sons. Of its rectors, dating from A.D. 1292, one became a Cardinal Archbishop of York and Lord High Chancellor of England; three obtained bishoprics, of Bath and Wells, of Lichfield and Coventry, and of Peterborough; two, deaneries, of York and of Canterbury; ten were raised to archdeaconries, and four were Prolocutors of the Lower House of Convocation in their days; of its natives, one was also Prolocutor, a translator of the Bible, and then a bishop, first of Coventry and Lichfield, and afterwards of Norwich; another became Dean of Ely, and then of Durham; and two rose to be Professors of Divinity at Cambridge; of those who were educated here, but not natives, one was an eminent translator of the Bible; one appears to have been a bishop at the very time that he was curate here; another was a poet, from whose ideas even Milton is considered to have borrowed: and another, who is still living, Dr.

Trench, has reached high fame as a poet, and dignity as Protestant Archbishop of Dublin.

The vestry, adjoining the east end of the north aisle, is a handsome room, with a fine groined roof, and is remarkable as having two of its sides nearly covered with panelling of the linen pattern of the fifteenth century: above it is a muniment room, containing some old chests of deeds and papers relating to the town and parish. The painted window at the end of the north aisle, it should here be mentioned, is filled with such remnants of the ancient painted glass as the pious and saintly Will Dowsing[1] was kind enough to spare, these were collected and put together with great care, ingenuity, and taste by Mr. G. Hedgeland. There are very few brasses in the church now remaining, thanks to the energy of the same Mr. Will Dowsing.

It may be interesting to 'Ritualists' to know that the vestments which formerly belonged to the church of Hadleigh were numerous and costly. They were sold at the Reformation, together with the

[1] The notorious William Dowsing has recorded in his Journal that he 'brake down thirty superstitious pictures, and gave orders for taking down the rest, which were about seventy,' in the church at Hadleigh; but even so late as the former half of the last century, a considerable portion of the stained glass remained. The lowest tier of lights possessed but little then; but the second contained 'images' of St. Etheldreda, daughter of Anna, King of the East Angles, and foundress of the conventual church of Ely—facts which doubtless caused her 'image' to be inserted here—and of SS. Martin, Lawrence, Edmund, and Nicolas. In the twelve divisions above this were representations of SS. Cuthbert, Paul, Peter, John, and George.

church plate; and the proceeds were expended in the purchase of lands, the rents of which are devoted to the inmates of the almshouses.

The parish registers go back as far as 1558; but they do not contain much that is of interest, unless it be the entry of the baptism of a certain Miss Ball, who, according to the story told in Sir B. Burke's 'Vicissitudes of Families,' married Theodore Palæologus, one of the last members of the Imperial line descended from the old Greek Emperors of Constantinople. The churchyard contains no very curious epitaphs, unless it be the following, which has been often printed, in memory of John Turner:—

My sledge and hammer lie declined,
My bellows have quite lost their wind,
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
My vice is in the dust all laid.
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done:
My fire-dried corpse lies here at rest,
My soul, smoke-like, is soaring to be blest.

The living of Hadleigh is a rectory, and the rectory-house is one of the most remarkable edifices of the kind in England, being joined on to, and forming part of, the handsome tower shown in our engraving. This tower, built by Archdeacon Pykenham, about the year 1495, is a fine specimen of brickwork of that time, larger and finer than the gateway of Wolsey's unfinished college still standing in the street of Ipswich, and nearly as fine as that of

Layer-Marney in Essex. It is between forty and fifty feet high, from the ground to the top of the battlements, and is flanked at the four corners by panelled and battlemented turrets, which rise about nine feet above the rest of the building. Two of these turrets, which face the churchyard, are hexagonal, and rise out of the ground: the other two are square, and spring from the corners a little below the corbel table. The view on entering the churchyard from the market-place, which our engraving partly represents, is singularly full of interest; for when the visitor looks west he sees only mediæval buildings. On the north is the noble church; on the west is the rectory tower; and on the south, the quaint old structure connected with the Guildhall.

It is said that Archdeacon Pykenham intended to build a house, the approach to which was to be through the tower, but that he died before he could execute the design. At all events, there was formerly a passage under the tower, but not so wide and lofty as the passage through the gateway at the 'Place Farm.' On the left hand are apartments for the porter; and on the right hand in the corner turret is a winding staircase, which leads to two large rooms above, and to the summit of the tower.

In the lower of these two rooms, which is now used as the rector's library, is a curious painting on the plaster, inserted in the panelling over the fire-place. This painting was executed by one Benjamin

Coleman, a Hadleigh artist, in the year 1629, at the expense of the then rector, Dr. Thomas Goad.

In the two side compartments is a sketch of a river and some hills, which are clearly intended for the river and hills in front of the house; some workmen are represented as engaged in the field at the foot of the hills; and in the centre is a view of the interior of Hadleigh Church, which should be examined closely, as it shows the then position of the pulpit and font, and the shape of the altar rails. The whole is surmounted with this inscription, in evident allusion to 1 Cor. iii. 9—

Θεοῦ Οἰκοδομὴ γεώργιον

—the three words being placed one in each compartment.

A little below this painting there was formerly the representation of a fan, the several sticks of which bore the letters, *Fui*, *Su*, *Eri*, *Fi*, *Fu*, and the nob the letters *Mus*, with which all the rest were intended to conclude; but this was either obliterated or covered up when the room was wainscoted by Dr. Wilkins in 1730.

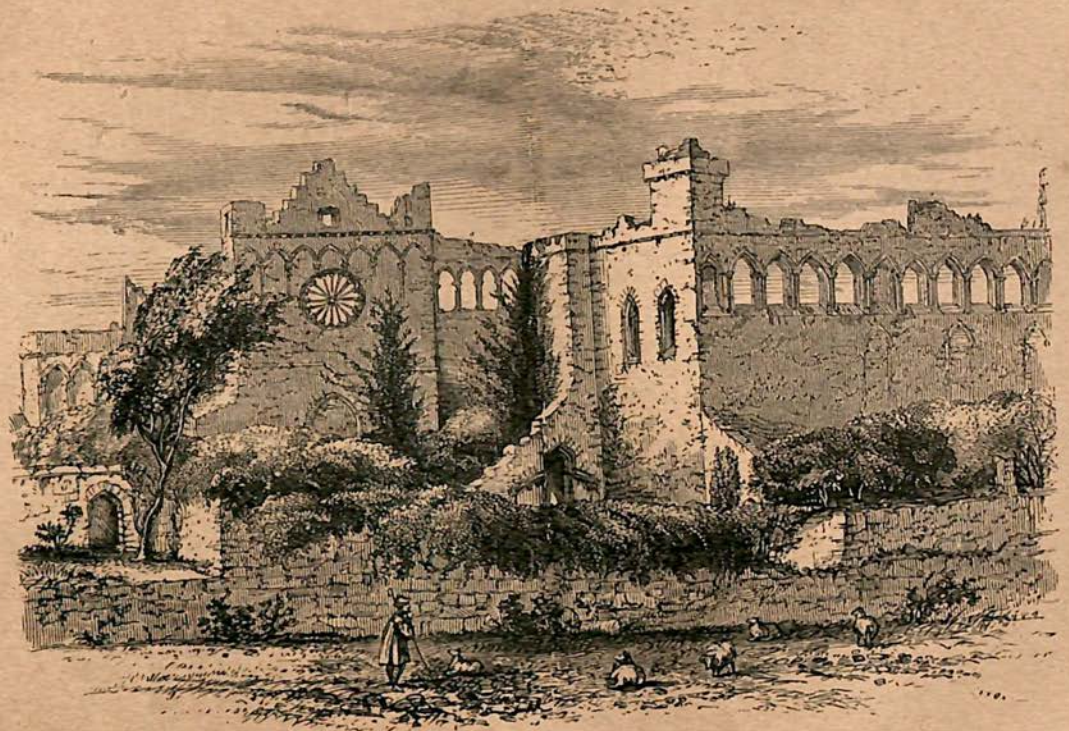
Over the doorways on the opposite side of the room are two paintings by Canaletti, representing Roman ruins, and said to have been executed when Canaletti was a guest of another rector, Dr. Tanner, probably between the years 1749 and 1751. The doorway on the right hand leads into a small room

in one of the turrets, which from the inscription on the boss in the vaulted roof, '*Ave Maria . . . gratiæ*,' and other characteristics, is supposed to have been intended for an oratory. High up in the south-west corner of this oratory is the entrance to a small recess, clearly designed for a safe retreat, for the door to it has a bar on the inside.

There is a room above the library, said to have been the residence of the curates in the seventeenth century, but which is now used as a bedroom. On one of the walls of it there were formerly figures of two houses and a man standing near one of them, that 'was a building, nigh to which was a tree, yt had this inscription, Si quis tamen;' but this has been obliterated.

The old rectory-house which, however, was of no great antiquity, and detached from the tower, was taken down, being much out of repair, in 1830. The greater part of the present house, the exterior of which was designed, it is said, by the Rev. Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, was completed in 1833. The whole house is Elizabethan in style, is attached to the tower, and contains many good rooms. In the dining-room, over the chimney-piece, is a view of Venice, also painted by Canaletti, and bequeathed to the benefice by Dr. Tanner. The handsome carved wooden chimney-piece and the other carved work in this room came from the old rectory.

About half a mile from the church, in a street leading eastwards out of the town, stand some ancient almshouses for old men and women, founded by Archdeacon Pykenham, and close to them a little chapel, probably of the same date. It is curious as being almost wholly of wood, and it is as unsightly an edifice as any village 'Bethel' or 'Bethesda' of a quarter of a century ago. In it, however, are some handsome stall ends, of the fifteenth century, and a finely carved pulpit of about the same date, the same which was once filled by Rowland Taylor himself. It is said that on being led past this chapel on his way to the stake at Aldham Common, Taylor threw his purse through the window of the last of these almshouses, in order that he might be able to say that he had parted with his last penny to the poor of his flock. He suffered with great fortitude and resignation, refusing to recant, though bribed to do so with the offer of a bishopric. The spot where he suffered on the adjoining common was marked out from the first by his friends as hallowed ground; and a large rude stone with the following inscription has probably lain there from the close of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century:—'1555. R. Tayler in defending that was good at this plac left his blode.'



THE BISHOP'S PALACE, ST. DAVID'S.

A SUMMER DAY AT ST. DAVID'S.

MANY of my readers, no doubt, have seen the beauties of Tenby and Milford Haven; but to-day I would ask them to transport themselves with me to the town of Haverfordwest, prepared to start on an expedition farther westward still to the once archiepiscopal city of St. David's, now, alas! reduced to the dimensions of a village, unable even to support a weekly market. They will own, I think, that it is one of those places which amply repay a visit, not merely to the antiquary or ecclesiastical architect, but to the man of finished taste, who has an eye educated to appreciate grand and imposing scenes, even amid their ruins.

A drive of some fifteen or sixteen miles westward from Haverford over a very rough and stony road, after a long series of ascents and descents, brings us past Roche Castle and the little town of Solva, to some high ground, rather bare of trees, commanding the view of a pleasant valley below. In that valley

lies Menevia, now called St. David's. The first object that strikes our eyes on reaching this point is the top of the heavy square tower of the Cathedral, standing out against the grey moorland hills beyond. Presently, as we pass on between rows of whitewashed cottages, we find ourselves close to an ancient cross of the plainest kind, the top of which has been lately restored. This was once the market-cross of a flourishing town; and, though the market is gone, it still stands as if to remind us that we stand on sacred ground, and that we are within the precincts of a cathedral town; nay, of what was once an archiepiscopal city.

Whoever enters St. David's with any of those grand expectations in which the mind is apt to indulge on entering a cathedral city, cannot fail to be disappointed. The houses are of a third or fourth rate description, and mostly daubed over with whitewash, and that irregular row of houses before you is the High Street. Certainly it contains an inn; but there is scarcely a shop in the place; and if the visitor is determined to stay a few days here, I should recommend him to make his own arrangements with a butcher at Haverford, for woe be to him if he depends on finding one here! Such at least was my experience at Menevia a few years ago.

The modern village—for I can dignify it by no grander term—lies on the outside of the cathedral precincts. The names of several of the old streets

are still preserved, even where the houses have passed into decay, and the courses of other streets may be traced by long lines of ruins and foundations in almost every direction.

The ground occupied by the cathedral and the adjoining buildings is called the Close, and is a full mile in circumference, extending as it does a considerable way up the side of the hill. These precincts were once entered by four strong and massive gateways, three of which live in tradition only, having long since been demolished, though the fourth, the eastern or Tower-gate, is still standing near the bottom of High Street. *Porth-y-Twr*, as it is styled by the natives, is flanked by two towers, one of which is octagonal, and rises to the height of nearly sixty feet. Its interior is divided into several stories, and some of its apartments were formerly used for holding the Consistory Courts of the diocese. From this tower we get a beautiful panorama of the Cathedral, the Bishop's Palace, St. Mary's College, and the Prebendal houses.

The Cathedral, which is dedicated to St. David and St. Andrew, is a noble cruciform structure in spite of its sad dilapidations, the results partly of neglect and of wind and rain, and partly of plunder and fanaticism. In spite of all the havoc that has been made upon its fabric, it is still in plan and design by far the finest of the four Welsh cathedrals. Its square tower, as we have said, is heavy and cumbrous,

and top-heavy, and is but little relieved by the poor parapet and pinnacles which surmount it; the almost entire absence of windows, and the fact that the parapet projects outwards, are further causes of its unsightliness. The western front of the Cathedral, having become ruinous, was restored towards the close of the last century by Nash, under the episcopate of Dr. Horsley. It is perhaps too much to insist that a prelate, or even an architect, of that age, should have been acquainted with the principles of Gothic architecture; but the visitor can scarcely fail to notice what a sorry figure the west front cuts by the side of the massive and venerable specimen of ancient skill to which it is added as a supplement.

Entering by the south-west porch, we find ourselves in the very handsome nave. This is divided from the side aisles by two rows of fine massive Norman pillars, alternately round and octagonal, and with corresponding pilasters at each end, supporting six round arches of ornamental Norman work. Over these again is a range of smaller Norman pillars, of less dimensions, reaching to the roof. The ceiling is of Irish oak, divided into square compartments, and it is justly admired for the elegance of its design and for the finish of its workmanship.

Passing up to the east end of the nave, a flight of steps leads us to the choir, which we enter through the screen by an arched passage under a very massive rood-loft. The screen, a part of the work of Bishop

Gower, is of irregular Gothic character, of the middle of the fourteenth century, and an extremely beautiful specimen of its kind. The choir, which is of the semi-Norman or Early English style, commences immediately under the central tower, from which it extends a short distance to the east. It is very lofty, but wanting in length. Its chief ornament is the bishop's throne, which is surmounted by a light wooden spire, adorned with crockets and finials of exquisite workmanship, and reaching nearly to the roof. In the centre of the chancel is an altar-tomb raised to the memory of Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, eldest son of Owen Tudor (by Catharine, queen of Henry V.) and father of Henry VII. On the north side of the chancel is the site of the celebrated shrine of St. David, to which kings and prelates in olden days thought it an honour to make their pilgrimage. In the front of it are four quartrefoil apertures, through which pious votaries deposited their offerings, which the monks secured in strong iron boxes behind. In such veneration was the saint held that part of his relics were transferred to Glastonbury early in the tenth century, if we may believe the monkish historians.[1] Pope Calixtus, however, declared that two visits to St. David's were as good as one visit to Rome, according to the old rhyming lines:—

[1] *History of Glastonbury*, by John of Glastonbury; published by Mr. Thomas Hearne, in 1726; p. 130. (Quoted by Alban Butler.)

Meneviam pete bis, Romam procedere si vis;
Æqua tibi merces redditur hic et ibi:
Roma semel quantum, bis dat Menevia tantum.

Among those who made the pilgrimage to St. David's shrine were William I., Henry II., and Edward I. and his Queen Eleanor, if the local tradition is worthy of belief.

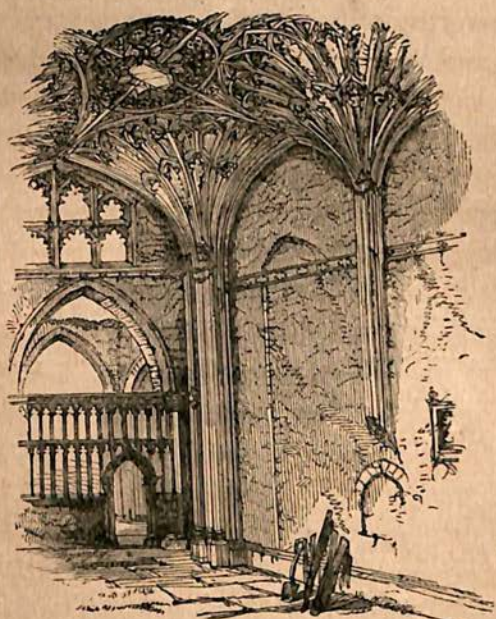
In the choir, besides the above shrine, are the tombs of Rhys ap Gryffydd, Prince of South Wales, (usually called the Lord Rhys, who died A.D. 1196) of his son Rhys, and of Bishop Anselm; the last-named tomb still bears the rhyming legend:—

Petra, precor, dic sic, Anselmus Episcopus est hic.

The stalls within the choir are all filled with the ancient 'miserere' seats on which the monks used partially to rest while saying their nocturns and lauds. These are of solid oak, and for the most part grotesquely carved below. On turning up one seat we saw in bold relief the figures of some monks out in a boat at sea, and suffering terribly from sickness; on another seat was carved the portrait of a priest dressed up as a fox, and holding out the sacred paten to a layman, dressed up as a goose, while he holds the chalice behind his back—a curious contemporary satire on the practice of withholding the cup from the laity.

The side aisles of the choir and chancel have long been roofless and partially in ruins: as also is the Lady Chapel, which stood at the extreme eastern

end of the edifice. Behind the high altar in the choir and the Lady Chapel is the exquisite chapel which still bears the name of Bishop Vaughan, and of which I here give an illustration. The glass is gone from its windows, and the brasses from its stone pavement;



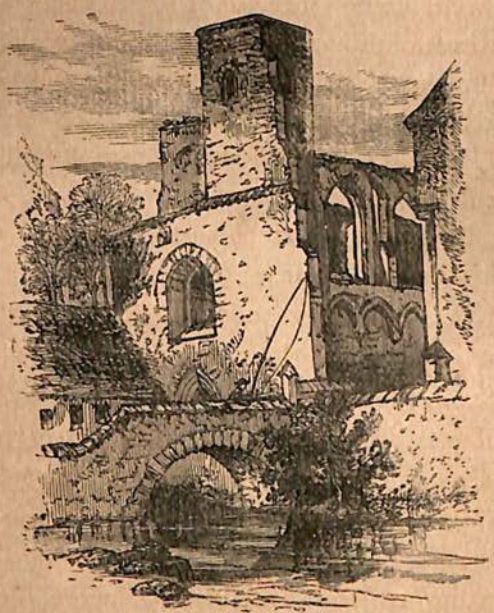
BISHOP VAUGHAN'S CHAPEL, ST. DAVID'S.

but its lovely fan tracery still remains, a splendid monument of its founder's taste, even in its present condition. The marble stone and the brass tablet which once marked the bishop's grave in this chapel have long since perished by the hands of ruthless Puritans.

St. Mary's College, the next building which claims our notice, almost joins on to the north side of the nave of the Cathedral. This institution was founded A.D. 1365 by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, Blanche his wife, and Adam Houghton, then Bishop of St. David's, who endowed it for a master and seven priests, as fellows. At the dissolution of religious houses in the reign of Henry VIII., it passed into lay hands; its revenues were then estimated at 106*l.* a year. The only portions now standing are the tower and the outer walls of the chapel, of which we give an illustration. It consisted of three windows on each side and a large east window, all originally filled with beautifully painted glass. The tower, above seventy feet high, is exquisitely proportioned. The chapel, which communicated by cloisters with the Cathedral, is built over a vaulted apartment of similar size, which was used as a charnel house. Through this dark and gloomy room trickles from the eastward a small stream of water, rising from the sacred spring which is mentioned in the life of St. David, and which still finds its way, as it did a thousand years ago, into the little river Alan, which runs close under the western front. The original entrance to the college was by a gateway on the north, which still remains; the roof of the chapel fell in at the end of the last century. The houses and outbuildings of the college (among which the 'solars' are still distinctly traceable) occupied the ground on

the north and west, on both sides of the little river shown in our cut.

On the opposite side of the river, nearly facing the west front of the Cathedral, stand the extensive remains of Bishop Gower's Palace, a truly magnificent



ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, ST. DAVID'S.

pile of buildings, even now in its ruined state, and one which five centuries ago must have been by far the finest edifice of the kind in Wales, and is scarcely surpassed in England. It is thus described by Britton, in the 'Beauties of England and Wales':—

'The Bishop's Palace, a most magnificent pile of buildings, is situated to the south-west of the Cathedral, on the opposite shore of the river Alan. It seems to have formed originally a complete quadrangle, inclosing an area or court of one hundred and twenty feet square; but only two of the sides, those fronting the south-east and south-west, remain. The principal entrance was by a grand gateway on the north-east, now in ruins, near which stood the porter's lodge. The bishop's apartments occupied the south-east side. The hall is sixty-seven feet long by twenty-five feet in width. At the north end was a large drawing-room, and beyond this a chapel. At the south end of the hall stood the kitchen, which was thirty-six feet in length by twenty-eight feet in width. In the middle stood a low pillar, from which sprang four groins, which were combined into chimneys. This curious work is now a heap of ruins. The south-east side is occupied by a noble apartment called King John's Hall, but for what reason so denominated is not known, as the building was not erected till many years after the death of that monarch. This room is ninety-six feet in length and thirty-three feet wide. The light was admitted by lofty windows on each side, and by a circular window in the east end of very singular and curious workmanship. This hall was entered from the court by an elegant porch, with an arched doorway, placed immediately opposite the grand gateway. Above are two recesses containing

statues of Edward III. and his Queen, now in a very disfigured state. At the north-west corner stands the chapel, which is entered from the hall, and also from the court by a staircase and porch. The offices were probably comprised in the north-west side of the court, of which there are, however, no traces to be seen. The parts of the building that yet remain are in a very ruinous condition. A small portion of one end of the bishop's apartments has been covered by a temporary roof, and is inhabited by some poor people, whose wretched appearance heightens the picture of desolation which the place exhibits.'

This magnificent structure owed its erection, as we have said, to Bishop Gower, who was elevated to the see of St. David's in 1328, and whose recumbent effigy is to be seen, beautifully executed in sandstone, under the screen between the choir and the nave of the Cathedral. As will be seen from our illustration, a great part of the external beauty of the edifice is derived from the open parapet of pointed arches which crowns its walls, a large portion of which still remains as fresh and as perfect as the day when it was first put up. The same kind of ornament is said to occur at Swansea Castle, and also at the old ecclesiastical palace at Lanfey, but those who have seen all three specimens give to St. David's the palm for lightness and elegance. The effect of its appearance is very greatly heightened by the absence of the roof, so that the arches of the

parapet stand out against the clear blue sky in bold relief.

The land on the slope of the hill south of the Cathedral, towards the Tower-gate, is still used as a cemetery; but it has little or nothing to distinguish it. Around parts of the precincts are one or two houses of residence for the canons and other cathedral dignitaries; but they present no striking feature. The bishop of the diocese lives not at St. David's, but at a palace at Abergwilli, near Carmarthen, the great difficulty of access rendering St. David's anything but a fit place of residence for a working bishop who wishes to live among his clergy, though it was very well suited to the tastes and wants of solitary prelates and mortified recluses.

Some writers say that a religious establishment was founded at or near what is now called St. David's, by St. Patrick, even prior to the birth of the saint by whose name the place came to be called. The history of David is much mixed up with fable; but there seems little reason for doubting his existence, more especially as all ancient pedigrees agree in declaring that he was the son of a prince of Cardiganshire, of the ancient royal line of Cunedda Wledig. Some say that he was the son of 'Sandde,' son of Ceredig, Lord of Ceredigion, and almost all agree that his mother was Nona, or Non, a religious lady whom a too ardent lover led aside from her vows of perpetual chastity. Be this as it may, it is probable that David

was born about the middle of the fifth century, and was sent at an early age to study divinity at Menevia, or Mynyw, a name which afterwards gave place to Tŷ-Dewi, or David's House, which became a seminary of religious learning and the nursery of saints.

After some years, David left Menevia, and settled in the Isle of Wight, being attracted thither by the learning and sanctity of Paulinus, the disciple of St. Germanus. Others say that he went to Tŷ-Gwyn-Daf, or Whitland Abbey, in Carmarthenshire, a celebrated college, where, in the tenth century, were composed the Laws of Hywel Dda. He, however, returned to Menevia, where he settled in a convent which he founded. He drew hither Teilo, Padarn, Aeddan (alias Madog), Ismael, Cgnwyl, and other illustrious personages. Each member of this institution laboured daily, according to the Apostle's injunction: 'If any man work not, neither shall he eat.' They employed no animal in servitude, each brother performing his enjoined task. Having concluded the labours of the field, they returned to the monastery, where they spent the remainder of the day in reading and writing. In the evening, at the sound of a bell, they repaired to the church, where they remained till the stars appeared. They then went to the refectory, eating sparingly of bread, with roots or herbs seasoned with salt, and quenching their thirst with milk and water. After supper, they continued about three hours employed in watchings and prayers. During this time

they were not permitted to expectorate, or even sneeze, much less slumber. After a short repose, they rose at cock-crowing, continuing in prayer till day appeared. In the early period of this institution David met with great annoyance from Boia, whose castle overlooked the vale; but the amiable inoffensiveness of the saint so much wrought upon and softened the pagan tyrant, that he not only withheld all persecution, but ultimately settled the vale and other lands upon the monastery. St. David afterwards travelled to Rome and Jerusalem, attended by Teilo and Padarn, his inseparable companions.

Soon after the return of these pilgrims, Dubricius (Dyfrig), Archbishop of Caerleon, convened a synod at Llanddewi-brefi, for suppressing the Pelagian heresy, which at that time prevailed exceedingly in Wales. It is said that David, by his great knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and by a resistless torrent of eloquence, eradicated the errors of Pelagius. The founder of this sect was a native of Wales, called Morgan, rendered Pelagius in Greek. During this period of heresy and distraction, Dubricius, broken with age and infirmity, and unequal to the task of governing the church, resigned his charge to David, and retired to Bardsey Island. David then translated the archiepiscopal see to his favourite Menevia from Caerleon-ar-Wysc, the 'Urbs Legionum super Oscam' of the Latins, now Caerleon in Monmouthshire, then a large and populous city, and the seat of royalty.

David was the first of twenty-six archbishops of Menevia; the last was Sampson, who, during the raging of the plague in the tenth century, transferred the archiepiscopal power of this place to Dôl, in Bretagne. In the twelfth century St. David's began to be subject to the see of Canterbury. On the death of Bishop Rhyddmarch, in the year 1098, the city ceased to attract scholars. Archbishop David died here about the year 544, after he had filled the metropolitan chair of Wales for sixty years. His remains were laid in his own cathedral. About 500 years after his death he was canonised by Pope Calixtus II. The episcopal establishment of St. David's is an impressive instance of the perishable nature of everything human, for little as are the present signs and remains of its former power, the see once contained seven suffragan bishoprics within its pale, viz., Worcester, Hereford, Llandaff, Bangor, St. Asaph, Llanbadarn, and Margam; and twenty-six archbishops held here in succession their metropolitan sway.

It was probably a great mistake on the part of Peter de Leia, the original architect of the Cathedral, to have selected such low and boggy ground as the site of the future edifice. But the site was chosen on account of the superstitious attachment of the inhabitants to the spot; and in order to make room for the development of his grand designs, the architect was obliged to excavate the hill side until he

laid bare the spring which saturated the soil. This spring, now all but choked up with rubbish, was afterwards invested with miraculous qualities; its waters still percolate, as we have said, through the crypt of St. Mary's College into the river Alan.

Nearly opposite the college and the west front of the Cathedral, the Alan is crossed by a bridge of rugged stone, as shown in our cut. This bridge in former days had its own tale of wonder, as we find recorded in Messrs. Jones and Freeman's 'History and Antiquities of St. David's.'

The bridge occupies the position of the celebrated Llechllafar or 'speaking stone,' which it seems to have supplanted before the fifteenth century. The old stone, however, existed in the time of Giraldus, and is described by him as a slab of marble ten feet in length, six in breadth, and one foot in thickness, and polished by the feet of wayfarers. It seems to have been regarded with peculiar reverence, and it was held unlawful to pollute it by the presence of a dead body. On one occasion, as we are told in the story, as a corpse was being carried across it, it broke out in indignant remonstrance, but the exertion was too much for it, and it split in consequence. Upon this stone, as foretold by Merlin, a king of England, returning from the conquest of Ireland, was destined to die, wounded by a red-handed man, a prediction applied to Henry II. by a woman whose petition he had rejected. The king stopped, made an oration to the

stone, and, according to Giraldus, passed over undaunted and scatheless, to make his offerings at the shrine of St. David.

The supposition of Messrs. Jones and Freeman, as to the antiquity of the present bridge, is supported by the following note of one John Hooker, alias Vowell, on 'Holinshed's Chronicles of Ireland,' p. 25 :—

'The writer hereof (of very purpose), in the year 1575, went to the foresaid place to see the said stone, but there was no such to be found; and the place where the said stone was said to be is now an arched bridge, under which fleeteth the brook aforesaid. . . . And for the veritie of the foresaid stone there is no certaintie affirmed, but a report is remaining amongst the common people of such a stone to have been there in times past.'

The small and low whitewashed building to the west of the little bridge is still the property of the choristers of the Cathedral, for whose use it was originally erected; and some buildings on this very site seemed to have belonged to the superior members of the choir as far back as the year 1384, though subsequently alienated. The little brook itself above St. David's, small as it is, abounds in delicious trout.

But the sanctity of St. David's was of wider extent than Cathedral Close, or even than the town which bore his name. The whole parish, called Plwyv-tŷ-Ddewi, the parish of the House of David, was thickly strewed with chapels, crosses, and sainted wells, especially

along the sea-coast. Of these the most important is St. Justinian's, or Capel Stinan: it stands on the cliffs which shelter a part of the 'Sound' which separates Ramsey Island from the mainland. According to the received legend, St. Justinian was an Armorican by birth, who seeking a place of retirement landed on the Isle of Ramsey, then called Limeneia, where he found Honorius, the son of Tryfriog, a British prince, settled as an anchorite. Here he established himself under the special patronage of St. David, who became so great an admirer of his sanctity, as evinced by a succession of miracles, as to make him his confessor. At length his servants, weary of his strict discipline, conspired to kill him, and where he fell, a well sprang up, which afterwards became noted for miraculous cures. His murderers, smitten by leprosy from heaven, withdrew to an isolated rock hard by, which still bears the name of Gwahan Garreg (the Lepers' Rock) where they passed the rest of their days in penitence. The corpse of Justinian, continues the legend, walked straight across the Sound, carrying its head in its arms, landed at Porthstinan, and was buried where the chapel now stands; though St. David afterwards translated it to a new tomb, in his own church, in which he was subsequently buried himself. The memory of the martyr was celebrated on the 5th of December. Whether the memory of this most 'outrageous' legend, as it has been justly called, contains a basis of truth, it is almost needless to inquire; but

one of its circumstances is apparently founded on a false interpretation of the name Gwahan Garreg, which may mean, and probably does mean, the Dividing Rock, from the fact of its dividing the current of the Sound.

The fabric of Capel Stinan is entire, except the roof; it is small and plain in design; and it probably served the double purpose of a lighthouse as well as of a chapel for mariners; but the chapels of St. Non, Capel Gwrhyd, and St. Patrick, and two others on Ramsey Island, have almost wholly disappeared. But the most famous of the sacred wells about St. David's is that of Capel-y-Pistyll, near the little harbour of Porthclais, where the Alan enters the sea. Tradition says that St. David was born on this spot, and that the fountain miraculously burst forth in order to provide water for his baptism.

Within a short distance from the Cathedral are two objects which the tourist must visit before quitting Menevia—the fine promontory of St. David's Head and Ramsey Island. If he is fond of a fine open view extending far over land and sea, I should urge him, on his way to the former, to allow an hour for the ascent of Carn Llidi, at the foot of which lies an old rocking-stone, now thrown down from its situation. The hill is very wild and bold, consisting almost entirely of huge strata of granite, the boulders of which rise one above another in a towering and threatening manner. From the summit, which is

about 500 feet high. the traveller will see the whole of the western angle of Pembrokeshire spread out at his feet, and the blue waters of St. Bride's Bay and St. George's Channel. On a very clear day it is possible to see from this spot the outline of the Wexford mountains, at a distance of nearly sixty miles; and when this is the case the Menevians are quite as well prepared to expect rough weather, as if Admiral Fitzroy had sent them down a storm signal or ill-boding telegram from Whitehall. St. David's Head itself is not unlike the Land's End in outline, and indeed, is scarcely inferior to it as a piece of wild and romantic scenery. You pass on and on, over rugged moorland interspersed with cromlechs, granite boulders, ramparts of loose stones, the wrecks of military encampments and fortifications, and Druidical remains, and find yourself suddenly in a small cove close under the bluff and iron-bound headland on which so many a ship has been lost. If it is low water, you can climb down to a ledge of rocks at its base, and then you will be struck indeed with awe at the grandeur of the majestic and tremendous cliffs which rise up, dark and rich in colouring, against the sky. If you are anything of a naturalist, you must not come back without pulling up a few roots of the tiny plant called St. David's Rose, which grows on the sandy interstices of the cliffs; and if you have time, you should choose some crystals from among the loose grit and spar which is washed up between

the rocks. These crystals are known as 'St. David's Diamonds'; they are superior to those found in St. Vincent's rocks at Clifton, and capable of a higher polish than any stones of the kind to be found in the three kingdoms. As you retrace your steps, be sure to ask your guide to point out to you the remarkable natural cavern called Ogof-y-Geifr, or 'The Cave of the Goats,' in which the sheep and goats for many a long century have sought shelter in winter.

Returning along the road in a south-easterly direction, the traveller who is up to a rough but highly picturesque walk soon finds himself at the ruins of an old farm-house, Crosswoodig, once perhaps the haunt of Carausius, near which it is probable that the Via Julia ended, and that ancient Menevia stood. A mile or two more will take him to the Chapel of St. Justinian, on the cliffs looking down on the Sound, which severs the Isle of Ramsey, as already mentioned, from the mainland. This strait is the best part of a mile across, and is extremely dangerous, owing to a quantity of sunken rocks, the chief of which form a long ridge called the 'Bitches,' extending nearly half-way across, and over which at half-tide the water pours in sheets of angry foam, and roars with a thundering noise, which on a still night may be heard for several miles. The current through the Sound is so violent that it is only just at the turn of the tide that the passage is at all safe for small boats; and, therefore, if you are going to see Ramsey, you must arrange to

spend either six or twelve hours upon it. The island will well repay a visit. It is about three miles long by one broad; and at either end it rises into lofty cliffs, whose face towards the sea is precipitous, and at certain periods of the year literally swarms with all kinds of sea-birds, including puffins, eligugs, gulls, &c. The hawk, the eagle, and the peregrine falcon, too, often hang about these cliffs, on the look-out for rabbits, in which Ramsey still abounds, though their numbers have been thinned sadly of late years by rats. The island was once, according to tradition, a home of monastic sanctity, and seldom or never trodden by the foot of woman—little wonder, by the way, considering the difficulty and danger of the passage, except to such beings as St. Justinian. The antiquary will find some ruins of an old farm-house and traces of two chapels, which once were holy places, and several stone coffins have been dug up in the island. The finest scenery is to be found at the south-eastern point, where, from cliffs some four hundred feet high, you look down upon two little rocks, called Kite's Island and Precentor's Island, both of which consist of steep craggy cliffs, tufted with thick matted herbage and abounding in sea fowl. Beyond, a mile or two outside Ramsey, lies a cluster of rugged and rocky islands, entitled the 'Bishop and his Clerks,' which have often proved themselves, in classic language, the 'step-mothers of seafaring men.' And far away, at the distance of seven leagues, the visitor may descry in the

offing the lighthouse on the 'Smalls,' another cluster of some twenty rocks, more or less hidden at high water, most dangerous objects in rough weather, though there is deep water enough between the coast and these remnants of a submerged continent for all her Majesty's fleet to sail through.

Recrossing the Sound from the steps below the farmhouse on Ramsey, the visitor will find himself once more on *terra firma*. If he is not too tired, let him continue his walk eastward along the cliffs, past the little harbour of Porthclais for about a mile, when he will find himself on a headland which will present him with a splendid panoramic view of St. Bride's Bay, and entire length of the coast to St. Ann's Point, near the entrance to Milford Haven. In the offing, just off the coast, lie the islands of Skomar and Skokam, whose names carry us back to the times when the Danish Vikings were in possession of our coasts. Here, turning his back on the sea, a mile's walk along a green lane will take him back to the Cathedral precincts, ready to enjoy a hearty supper at his inn.

As we have already hinted, the country round St. David's is bleak, bare, and barren; but its air is pure, and its people are healthy and long-lived, so much so that it has never been possible for a doctor to find a livelihood there. So much is this the case that in former times it was found necessary to attach some ecclesiastical preferment to the practice of physic, in

order to induce a medical professor to reside at St. David's. Exposed as Menevia is to the rough breezes of the Atlantic, and lying open to the sea at almost every point of the compass, except the east and north-east, the soil is dry, and the winters are less cold and the summers less hot than in the inland parts of South Wales. So bleak and keen, however, are the winds, that no tree will flourish here, unless screened from the south and west; and those which do grow in the valleys, and even the hedgerows, have their tops all bent in an easterly direction.

I should add that the day when 'St. David's ancient pile,' its noble Cathedral, can be justly spoken of as a 'ruin,' is fast drawing to a close. Some few partial restorations, including a portion of the screen between the nave and choir, the roofing of the north aisle, and the refitting of the southern transept for worship, were effected some twenty years ago, partly in consequence of interest on the subject raised at Oxford, among ecclesiastical antiquaries. But now a greater and wider movement has been inaugurated, which it is hoped and believed will result, in the course of time, in an entire restoration of the fabric to the state in which it was under Bishops Gower and Vaughan. A subscription has been commenced among the gentry of Wales and the west of England, which already amounts to nearly 9,000*l.*; and contracts for the restoration of the more important parts of the edifice, including the lower part of the tower

and choir, have been entered into with the local committee, and the work will be commenced forthwith. As St. David's Cathedral is the mother church of Wales, there can be no doubt that the movement will appeal to the heart of the entire Principality; and that within the next ten years, not only the choir and nave, but also the now roofless side aisles and lady chapel will again don something of the ancient glory of that mediæval magnificence which was theirs when the shrine of St. David was an object of pilgrimage to saints and kings. To the committee we would only suggest that in inaugurating this good work they take as their motto the well-known words

> ——Donec templa refeceris
> Ædesque labentes Deorum,

and they need not entertain a fear lest their work should turn out a failure.

The above was written in 1864. Since that time the nave, tower, choir, and transepts of the venerable cathedral have been carefully restored in the most 'conservative' manner under the care of the late Sir G. Gilbert Scott, at the cost of about 25,000*l.*

AN AUTUMN DAY AT WINCHILSEA.

WHILST staying, a few weeks since, in the neighbourhood of Hastings, an antiquarian friend suggested to me by chance that I should find a great treat, and some occupation for a pleasant autumn day, in an excursion to the ancient city of Winchilsea, distant some eight miles by road or by rail. Accordingly, I made my way by rail to that famous place—nearly, that is, but not quite; for the Winchilsea station is in the salt-marshes which lie between the town and Udimore; and I found the serpentine road which led me to the foot of the hill on which Winchilsea is built, a walk not much short of a quarter of an hour's duration.

I should here remark that, although I have called Winchilsea an 'ancient' city, a great distinction must be drawn between the present town and what an antiquary would recognise as 'old' Winchilsea. The site of the latter place was a low flat island, some three miles south-east of the high hill on which the present town stands, at what was then the mouth of

WINCHILSEA.

the river Rother. But here, as at Yarmouth[1] and Shoreham, the action of the sea has so changed the outline of the coast during the last ten or twenty centuries, that it is almost impossible to identify the site with precision. This much, however, is certain, that 'the old town was separated from most of the adjoining localities by a wide waste of waters,' and that 'the path to it on every side, except the west, was over a large estuary.'[2]

Geographers are no less puzzled as to the exact site of old Winchilsea than etymologists are to account for its name. According to Mr. W. D. Cooper, it is a matter of doubt whether the town existed at all at the time of the Roman conquest. 'Camden,' he writes, 'does not lay it down in his maps of Roman or even of Saxon Britain: in his map of Sussex he gives it under the Roman name of Vindelis,[3] with the addition 'Old Winchilsea drowned,' but that name would be more correctly given to the Isle of Portland. Jeake tells us that 'it was reported by Johnson in his Atlas, to have been a city in the time of the Romans.' In Gough's edition of Camden, and in the Map of Ancient Britain, published by the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, the harbour is given as 'Portus Novus.' The spot, however, on which the old town stood is

[1] See below, p. 141.

[2] *The History of Winchilsea*, by W. D. Cooper, F.S.A., p. 1.

[3] Butler, in his *Atlas of Ancient Britain*, also gives this th site of Vindelis.

marked in the map given by Dugdale in his 'History of Embanking.' The bearings indicate a place immediately on the east side of the east pier-head of Rye harbour, constituting the Camber Farm estate, which lies in the parish of St. Thomas, Winchilsea. This was probably either the site, or adjoining the site, of the original town. Norden, in his Preface to the 'History of Cornwall,' published in 1724, says 'the ruins thereof now lie under the waves three miles within the high sea.' Tradition gives the same site, and report has spoken of ruins there found. A survey of the bay of Rye, however, has not brought any such ruins to light: the better opinion seems to be, that the ground which was submerged at the latter part of the thirteenth century began partially to reappear towards the end of the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth, was gradually recovered and fenced-in up to the close of the seventeenth century, and is now a fine rich alluvial soil.

Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that in the Saxon era of our history Winchilsea became a place of great importance, as one of the chief ports on the south-eastern coast. We shall leave it to etymologists to decide the precise meaning of its name, and especially to settle the point as to how far the words 'Friget mare ventus,' are or are not an exact Latin equivalent for 'Wind-chills-sea.' Chill, we all know, without Mr. Jeake's assistance, is a term 'yet in use for cold'; and 'well' (he writes) 'might the old town deserve

that name, standing, as it did, in a low place open to both the winds and the sea.' It is quite possible, as a local antiquary, Mr. Holloway, suggests, that the name originally meant 'Wind-cold-island,' or 'Cold-wind-island'; but after all, it is to be feared that our present knowledge of etymology is such that we must leave the knotty question for another generation to solve.

It is curious that Winchilsea is not mentioned by name in either the Saxon Chronicle or in Domesday; but it is matter of history that King Edgar had a mint here in A.D. 959, and that the town was of sufficient importance in the time of Edward the Confessor to be granted to the monks of Fécamp in France: and the monks of that day were not usually the men to take anything of inferior quality under their special protection.

At the time of the Conquest, before Dover had risen into note, Winchilsea was one of the most convenient ports for passengers to embark at *en route* to and from France; William the Conqueror chose it as the place of his landing in the year after the battle of Hastings, thereby defeating the measures which had been adopted for shaking off the Norman yoke. Henry II. is said to have landed here in 1188. Before the end of the twelfth century, it had become 'well-frequented,' according to Camden; or, in the phraseology of Kilburne, 'a pretty town, and much resorted to'; or, in Norden's words, 'a town of great trade and accompt.'

Tradition, too, puts its seal on the above assertions by reporting to the present day that it once had in it no less than fifty inns and taverns.

Together with its neighbour, Rye, Winchilsea was added by the Conqueror to the Cinque Ports, and in the first year of king John the two towns are mentioned as 'bound to aid Hastings in doing service to the navy.' The old town appears to have reached the height of its glory in John's reign, when its bay was the place of rendezvous for the fleet of England. Its commerce, more particularly in the wine trade, was most extensive, and its position, opposite to Tréport, and not far out of the direct line to Boulogne, gave it such importance that the king brought over thither a large army from Dover to oppose the invasion of Louis, the son of Philip of France, who was bent on securing the English crown. King John was not a very creditable sovereign; but the value which he set on Winchilsea may be gathered from the fact, that he issued a writ authorising the payment of a ransom of two hundred marks rather than that it should be burnt or sacked. It seems probable that Winchilsea was attacked by and successfully resisted the invader, though Rye was actually captured by Louis in the following year, when the men of Winchilsea distinguished themselves in a naval engagement between the French and the fleet of the Cinque Ports under Sir Hubert de Burgh.

But the days of the prosperity of old Winchilsea

were drawing to a close. What agencies may have been at work we know not; but about the year 1235 great damage is said to have been done at Winchilsea by violent storms and floods, though the lighthouse and the 'arsenal for the king's galleys' were standing some ten years later. There is an old proverb which says, 'Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat'; and the inhabitants of the doomed city seem to have betaken themselves to piracy of the most lawless kind, so as 'to render the passage of the narrow seas,' in Mr. Cooper's words, 'as dangerous to commercial traffic as was the passage of the Rhine among the castles of the mediæval nobles.' In fact they became not only pirates as bold and shameless as those of the Ægean in Homer's days,[1] but so disaffected to the crown withal, that Henry was obliged to take the town into his own royal hands, giving the French monks, in exchange, other lands, which those far-seeing and crafty gentlemen selected in a situation not quite so likely to be destroyed by the ravages of the ocean as the 'Island of Cold Winds.'

The town, as we have said, was doomed. The monks had the best of the bargain. Hardly had three years passed by after this exchange was effected when a furious storm arose (Oct. 1, 1250), which did fatal injury to Winchilsea. Against foreign enemies the brave men of that place could hold their own; but they could not combat the elements, when the

[1] See *Thucydides*, b. 1. chap. iv.

sea and the very 'stars in their courses' fought against them.

The storm is thus recorded by Holinshed:—'On the 1st day of October, the moon, upon her change, appearing exceeding red and swelled, began to show tokens of the great tempest of wind that followed, which was so high and mighty, both by land and sea, that the like had not been lightly known, and seldom or rather never heard of, by men then alive. The sea forced contrary to its natural course, flowed twice without ebbing, yielding such a roaring that the same was heard (not without great wonder) a far distance from the shore. Moreover, the same sea appeared in the dark of the night to burn, as it had been on fire, and the waves to strive and fight together after a marvellous sort, so that the mariners could not devise how to save their ships where they lay at anchor, by no cunning or shift which they could devise. At Hertburne three tall ships perished without recovery, besides smaller vessels. At Winchilsea, besides other hurt that was done in the bridges, mills, breaks, and banks, there were 300 houses and some churches drowned with the high rising of the water course.'[1]

The second inundation which desolated Old Winchilsea is thus described by Stow:—'A.D. 1250. In October the sea, flowing twice without ebbe, made so horrible a noise, y^t^ it was heard a great way into England. Besides this, in a darke night, y sea

[1] *Holinshed*, vol. II. p. 419.

seemed to be on a light fire, and the waves to fight one with another, so that the mariners were not able to save their ships. And at Winchilsea, besides cottages for salt, and fishermen's houses, bridges and mills, about 300 houses in that towne, with certaine churches, through the violent rising of the sea, were drowned.'[1]

Matthew of Paris tells us that on the octave of the Epiphany, in 1252, there was a terrible storm, which made great havoc along the Kentish coast, and 'more especially at the Port of Winchilsea, which is of such use to England, and above all to the inhabitants of London. The waves of the sea broke its banks, swelling the neighbouring rivers, knocked down the mills and the houses, and carried away a number of drowned men. And at the close of the following year the sea again broke its bounds, and left so much salt upon the land that, in the autumn of 1254, the wheat and other crops could not be gathered as usual; and even the forest trees and hedges could not put out their full foliage.'

The men of Winchilsea, however were not deterred by these judgments from their crimes. At all events, in 1266, young Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, having joined their bands of pirate-rovers, Prince Edward resolved to make a terrible example of them. They had given loose to their old habits, and urged on by the countenance of Simon de Montfort, they had

[1] *English Chronicles Abridged.* Ed. 1611, p. 94.

adopted the practice of flinging overboard the crews of every ship which they met on the high seas, whether English or foreign, Leicester taking a share of the booty and winking at their atrocities. Prince Edward, therefore, attacked the town, and took it by storm, putting to death all of the leading inhabitants who were implicated in such misdeeds. The punishment was severe and complete, and the town never again flourished. The last stroke to its fall, however, was put by a terrible storm in 1287, which broke down the sea-wall for miles along the coast, changed the mouth of the Rother, and rendered Winchilsea unfit for residence. Thenceforth it became deserted, and in a few years the waves had swept it clean away, and 'the place thereof knew it no more.'

The old town according to Stow, Dugdale, and Leland, contained some religious houses, including a convent of the Franciscans and a hospital of St. Bartholomew, and also two churches dedicated respectively to St. Thomas and St. Giles. With it were connected the ancient families of Alard and Paulin, the former of consequence in Saxon times: and Robert de Winchilsea, Archbishop of Canterbury, under the first Edwards, a prelate of great force of character and of the fiercest ultramontane principles, is recorded in history as a native of the town.

As far back as A.D. 1277 (ten years before its final overthrow), that long-sighted king, Edward I.,

had foreseen the end of Old Winchilsea, and had resolved on transplanting the town, or at least on building elsewhere a rival to its name.

Certus enim promisit Apollo
Ambiguam tellure novâ Salamina futuram.

Guided by the advice of Kirkeby, Bishop of Ely and Treasurer of England, the king chose as the site of his new town an uneven sandstone rock, used as a rabbit warren, and which even then was more than half an island, and had only gradually become joined to *terra firma* by the receding of the sea from the marshes south of Icklesham, of which parish it formed a part. A ferry on the north-west side led to Battle, and so on to London. One hundred and fifty acres were selected. The rough summit of the rocky peninsula was levelled artificially into table land. The king issued a commission to Ralph de Sandwich, his steward, ordering him to give sites for building in the new town to the dispossessed inhabitants of Old Winchilsea, and confirming by charter to the new settlement all the rights and privileges of the old one. The new town was laid out quadrilaterally, the whole of its four sides being strongly fortified with walls of stone, and with four strong gates at the angles, three of which are standing to the present day. Below is an engraving of one of these, called the Strand Gate, the view through which from the inside presents us with a lovely picture of the quaint and picturesque old town of Rye, with its red roofs seen against the

sky at the distance of some three or four miles across the marshes. Near the Land Gate, or Pipewell Gate, there stood formerly a watch-tower, called the 'Roundle,' which was taken down in 1828.

The whole space within the walls was laid out upon

STRAND GATE, WINCHILSEA.

mathematical principles. It was cut up into thirty-nine compartments or 'quarters' (the names of which are still remembered to the present day), not reckoning the two squares of the King's Green and Cook's Green, or the central site of St. Thomas's Church, of which we shall speak presently. The Convent of Grey Friars

and the Hospital of St. Bartholomew were transferred from the old town to sites in the new town. Hospitals also were erected in honour of St. John and of the Holy Rood, to which was added, in the reign of Edward II., a house of the Dominican order. It is said by Grose that Winchilsea once contained as many as fourteen or fifteen chapels: but he probably mistook for portions of monastic buildings some of the large crypts or vaults which are still to be found in the town, and which doubtless served as wine cellars.

Besides the three gateways already mentioned, the only buildings of note in Winchilsea of which more than mere fragments now remain are the Friars, St. Thomas's Church (now the parish church of the entire place), and the Court Hall or Water Bailiff's Prison, which we will visit in order.

The site of the new House of the Friars Minor, or Grey Friars, as the Franciscans were usually called, is on the south-east side of the town; but all that remains of the edifice is the choir of the chapel, a most elegant and beautiful ruin, and which in its roofless desolation reminds one forcibly of Tintern Abbey, though of course on a far smaller scale. The chapel rises out of the turf in the centre of the garden and picturesque grounds of Mr. Stileman, the present squire and owner of the estate, who occupies the 'Friars,' a newly erected mansion standing nearly on the site of some of the conventual buildings. The

chapel (which is shown to the public only on Mondays) must have been a very exquisite specimen of the best period of Gothic architecture, when the severity of the Early English was just developing itself into the graceful freedom of the Decorated style. It is apsidal, and has a little campanile at the south-western extremity; the western arch, still standing, is lofty and light, with a span of twenty-six feet. Nearly the whole of the remains of the chapel are covered with the greenest of ivy, with which the sombre tints of the grey stone harmonise sweetly. This monastery was among those which were confiscated by Henry VIII. in 1545, when it went into lay hands, and passed through several families by inheritance, marriage, or purchase, to the late Duke of Cleveland, then Earl of Darlington, who, in virtue of the property, became patron of the borough of Winchilsea—one of those 'rotten' boroughs which, in spite of having returned Henry Brougham and other great men to parliament, were swept away by the Reform Bill. The Duke sold the 'Friars' to a family named Lloyd, from whom it was purchased by the Stilemans.

St. Thomas's church, which stands nearly in the centre of the town, between the thirteenth and fourteenth quarters, is a building of more than usual interest. It was originally cruciform, and of far larger dimensions than at present, when the choir is all that remains besides a small portion of the south-west angle of the southern transept. It originally had a noble

central tower, surmounted by a lofty spire, which served, like Fairlight tower, near Hastings, as a landmark to mariners. The choir is lofty and well-proportioned, consisting of chancel and side-aisles, and is remarkable for the beauty of its decorated windows, and for some beautiful sedilia shafted with Sussex marble. The north aisle, formerly dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, contained a chantry of the Farncombes, a respectable family belonging to the town: in the south aisle, formerly the chapel of St. Nicholas, was the Alard chantry. Under the central window of this aisle is a magnificent effigy of Gervase Alard, of Winchilsea, who was admiral of the Cinque Ports' navy in the reign of Edward I., and who was alive when the church was built. The figure is wrought in fine stone, cross-legged, and armed according to the fashion of the age, with the hands elevated, enclosing a heart, and having a lion at the feet. The mutilated remains of two angels still support a double cushion on which the head reposes. There are traces still remaining of the gorgeous painting which once adorned the effigy, as well as the crocketed and finialed canopy which surmounts it, and the rich diaper work which fills up the space behind. The lower part of the tomb is equally elaborate, being adorned with a series of small niches, richly and delicately carved, filled in with decorated tracery, and with crocketed gablets and finials. This tomb is perhaps one of the finest remains of Gothic monumental

carving, when that art was just at its perfection; and it is probable that the attachment of the people to the traditional memory of the gallant admiral under whom the good name of their town was retrieved, may have tended to save the effigy from mutilation during the troubles of the Reformation and the Rebellion period. The other monument in this aisle is a recumbent figure of one of the Oxenbridge family, who married an heiress of the Alards. The effigies of the three fine tombs in the north aisle are all of Sussex marble, polished, but not coloured; they lie within sepulchred canopies with ogee feathered tracery heads. The tombs of the two male figures are alike, but in that of the lady there is some variation of detail. According to Mr. W. D. Cooper, 'they probably represent a warrior, his wife, and an only son, who had died before he was of age to bear arms. They are of the reign of Edward III.; and the best conjecture[1] would ascribe all these to the Alards, perhaps to Nicholas Alard, whose daughter Parnel married (temp. Edward III.) Henry Herbert[2] alias Finch.' In the choir is a fine full-length brass of an ecclesiastic in the attitude of prayer; the inscription plate is gone, as also is the entire brass from

[1] Mr. Mackenzie Walcott, however, considers them to be respectively the figures of a 'cross-legged knight armed in mail, a lady, and a priest.'

[2] The Herberts or Finches were wealthy merchants in Winchilsea; and Finch is the surname of the family of the present Earl of Winchilsea, who is descended from them in the female line.

another large slab with a marginal inscription commemorating the decease of Reynaud Alard, and asking prayers for his soul. It bears date 1490. There are a variety of interesting monuments on the walls, both inside and outside: but we have no time to dwell upon them. The whole of the interior of the church, we are happy to say, is undergoing a steady and gradual process of restoration, and in the best sense of the term;[1] the whitewash of ten generations of churchwardens has gradually disappeared from monuments and pillars, revealing Purbeck marble shafts of great elegance. Still, owing to the great size of the windows, and the absence of all coloured glass, the effect is very cold and cheerless. Much, too, has yet to be done both with the seats and the roof, in order to make Winchilsea church what it should be in point of taste. In spite of these drawbacks it is a very noble fragment in its semiruined state, and more impressive, perhaps, even than when it was perfect. As an ecclesiastical ruin, it is one of the most beautiful in any of the south-eastern counties.

Near the south-western side of the churchyard there stood, until about the year 1790, a curious campanile tower, of which Mr. Cooper gives a representation in his interesting work on Winchilsea, to which I have so often had occasion to refer. The whole of the walls of the transepts of the church form a very picturesque ruin, being richly overgrown with ivy, as

[1] These restorations were commenced by Gough in 1850.

also is much of the choir. 'Upon the removal of some ivy on the north side, part of the original parapet,' says Mr. Cooper, 'presented itself. It had formerly been open and richly carved. Projecting from each transept, north and south, are the foundations of entrance porches; these are unusual, and would appear to be of later introduction than the transepts, although not so late as the western porch; giving an appearance that the nave was first lost in the early attacks of the French upon the town, and that the transepts were abandoned when the church was finally altered about the time of Edward IV. or Henry VII.' At the north-east angle of the sacristy is a fine massive flying buttress, intended, no doubt, to remedy some subsidence in the foundation of the building, but adding much to the picturesque aspect of the pile. Beneath the chancel is a vaulted crypt; this had originally recesses for lights, which would have enabled it to be used as a penitential chapel.

At the north-western corner of the churchyard stands a heavy mediæval building, 'the Court Hall or Water Bailiff's Prison,' already mentioned. It shows remains of considerable antiquity; the niches and doorways are evidently older than the present building, which would seem to have been re-constructed, in the Tudor days, out of the materials of an older building, possibly of the same plan. Until the reign of Henry VIII. it was in the hands of the king; but it has since passed, together with the office of bailiff,

through various families, including the Ashburnhams and Curteises, to the latter of whom it now belongs.

In the nineteenth quarter of the town are the ruins of a building formerly called the Trojans' or Jews' Hall. A doorway and window alone now remain; but I can find no authentic account of its former use; and among the antiquities of Winchilsea there is no record of a Jews' hospital having ever been established there, as there was at Lincoln and elsewhere.

There was formerly in the town a church dedicated to St. Leonard, in which stood 'the image of that saint, holding in his hands a vane, or rather Æolus' mace, which women and others of like infirmities used to turn, after offerings made, toward such coasts as they desired the wind to serve for the speedy return of their friends or husbands.' The church, however, and the vane, have long since disappeared.

Large as is the surface occupied by Winchilsea, its population is only about 800 souls, and it may be inferred, therefore, that the houses within the town limits are not very closely built, or very densely inhabited. There is room enough and to spare for a population of many thousands; but now that the sea has receded to a distance of about two miles, and the river is too small for navigation by barges, we fear that even the attraction of a railway station in the marshes half a mile off the northern slope of the 'ancient rabbit warren' will not attract a resident population,

unless the introduction of some new branch of manufacture can be devised to offer employment to its inhabitants. The once proud city is indeed a melancholy though beautiful ruin ; and one wanders through street after street, wondering whatever can have become of the houses which once rose on the right hand and on the left, even more than at the vast size of the tenements now occupied by the labouring poor. Indeed, if it were not for half-a-dozen merry little urchins in the kennel, Winchilsea would seem

> Like one vast city of the dead,
> Or place where all are dumb.

Many of the cottages stand over spacious vaults which centuries ago were filled with the wines and silks of France, but now are desolate and empty. The trade of the place is gone from Winchilsea, as from Sandwich and Romney. Commerce has made itself wings and departed, and the retreating of the sea has ruined the second town, just as its fierce aggressions ruined its predecessor.

Modern Winchilsea, however, has had a history of its own. At the siege of Calais, it supplied the largest number of ships of all the ports in the south of England except London. It is evident from the fact that it had to supply ten ships to the navy of the Cinque Ports, while Rye supplied five, and Hastings only three, that it held at an early date a leading place amongst its sister ports, and we have every reason for believing that the new town soon realised

the hopes of its founders. Indeed merchandise flowed into the port, and the inhabitants looked forward to a long course of prosperity. The King had his hunting seat not far off, at Newenden; while a relative of his resided at a pleasaunce or park in the parishes of Etchingham and Udimore; so that Winchilsea was constantly visited by royalty; and while the ships lay in the port, close under the steep and woody sides of the rocky peninsula, the sight no doubt was as gay and pleasant in its way as Spithead or Plymouth or Yarmouth Roads when the Channel Fleet pays them a visit. The English fleet was often wanted for service against the Scotch or the French; and we may be sure that the men of Winchilsea remained true not only to their sovereign but also to their own peculiar notions of dealing with foreigners: at all events we find Edward obliged to assure the Burgomasters of Bruges on one occasion that he would give them redress for the injuries inflicted on them by the capture of their ship by certain 'malefactores de Winchelse.'[1]

During the fourteenth century the town was visited by frequent descents of the French, who, on one occasion, viz., in 1359, landed with 3,000 men, sacked and plundered the town, and killed all whom they could lay hands on, without sparing either sex, rank, or age. It is said that on this occasion the inhabitants were at mass, and that the Frenchmen fell upon

[1] Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. ii. p. 705.

the unarmed congregation, committing sad havoc, and carrying off whole ship-loads of wines and stores. The slain on this occasion were buried in St. Giles's churchyard, and the lane adjoining it still bears the name of Dead Man's Lane. It is almost needless to add that the English fleet made ample retaliation by descents on the coast of Normandy.

On another occasion, seventeen years later, the French, having sacked and burnt the town of Rye, tried their hands once more against Winchilsea; but, thanks to the Abbot of Battle, with but small success. Speaking of this attack, and the defence of the town by the worthy abbot, old Fuller says, in his quaint language, 'I behold in this abbot the saver, not onely of Sussex, but of England. For as dogs, who have once gotten an haunt to worry sheep, do not leave it off till they meet with their reward; so, had not these French felt the *smart* as well as the *sweet* of the English plunder, our land, and this county especially, had never been free from their incursions.'

Together with Rye, and the other Cinque Ports, from Edward I. down to the reign of Charles II., Winchilsea used regularly to send one and sometimes two bailiffs to Great Yarmouth, to superintend the rights of the port men at the herring fishery. Great quarrels frequently arose on these occasions, and it is quite certain that the men of Winchilsea were as forward as any of their brethren in their attacks on

the men of Yarmouth. On one occasion (25 Henry III.), the Earl of Hereford was ordered to distrain upon the Barons of Winchilsea for one hundred marks, for injuries done in the fair at Yarmouth. In the reign of Edward I. we read of several brawls between the same old foes, and of several acts of blood-stained piracy on the part of the men of Winchilsea, which show that they had not forgotten the lawless ways of their pirate forefathers. Those who wish to pursue the subject further will find a long catalogue of offences done by the men of Winchilsea, sufficiently black to call for the intervention of the hangman, by referring to Swinden's 'History of Yarmouth.'

The town, however, continued to be a convenient and customary place of embarkation to the Continent, and especially for pilgrims,[1] down to the time of Henry VI.; but with this reign its prosperity departed. Indeed, from after the commencement of the Wars of the Roses, Winchilsea affords very few materials for history, though Mr. Cooper records the fact that 'the

[1] In the earliest sea song, preserved in a MS. of the time of Henry VI. in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and printed by the Percy Society in Mr. Halliwell's early naval ballads, it is evident that Winchilsea held a prominent place among the southern ports:

'For when they do take the see,
At Sandwyche or at Wynchilsee,
At Brystow, or where that it be,
Theyr herts begyn to fayle.'

The last entry of a pilgrim to the Continent *viâ* Winchilsea, is the name of William Wey, Canon of Eton, in the year 1456.

marauding propensities of its inhabitants remained unaffected by the gradual decay of their town.' In the reign of Henry VII. it is clear that most of the wealthy merchants had abandoned the place, and Rye gradually superseded it as a seat of trade after the erection of Camber Castle, halfway between Winchilsea and that town, by King Henry VIII. in 1538–39. The dissolution of the religious houses, following close on the retirement of the sea and the withdrawal of trade, completed the ruin of the place.

For a moment there shone a faint gleam of prosperity on Winchilsea, when Queen Elizabeth paid a visit to the place, in order to satisfy her own royal eyes as to whether it would be possible to deepen the channel of the tidal estuary, and so to save the fleeting commerce of the town, in pursuance of a request of its inhabitants. The maiden queen came, saw, and admired; and pleased with the goodly situation, the ancient buildings, and the civic dignity of the town, she christened it, half in jest and half in earnest, 'Little London.' But she did nothing further to save it from ruin.

Since that day the sea has receded full another mile, and the town has dwindled down into a mere rural village. It was not well suited for the manufacturer, even when the weald of Sussex abounded in wood; and all attempts to introduce local manufactures of salt, charcoal, cambrics, lawns, and crape, and also smelting and tan works, have either been

failures, or at the best have met with only a partial success.

Under a large tree still standing in St. Thomas' churchyard, John Wesley preached to a numerous audience in the last year of his life, or at all events when eighty years old.

I will close this paper with a few lines quoted from C. Knight's 'Tourist's Companion':—'Of all the decayed old towns we have seen along the coast, Winchilsea is the best worth visiting. It owns itself a wreck, and does not try to get rid of its ruins or to put on an appearance of smartness. The wide space which the town originally covered helps now not a little to increase the reverend air it carries as a ruin. You wander about its outskirts among pleasant by-ways, and are startled to come upon some fragment of a chapel or an old religious house, when you thought yourself a long way beyond the limits of the town. And the more important remains are much above the ordinary grade. The church is yet in the centre of the great square, which remains unencroached upon, though only partly surrounded by houses, and serves as a scale by which to judge what must have been the size of the town in the olden days.'

A DAY AT SANDWICH.

IT is well known that as the glory of the ancient Roman settlement and fortress of Richborough[1] waned, the town of Sandwich rose gradually into fame and wealth. It lies about a mile and a half south of Richborough, and nearer to the sea, on the southern bank of the Stour, at the point where that river takes an easterly instead of a southern course. It is surrounded on every side by a verdant lea of meadows, occupied as marsh and pasture land, above which rise the church towers and quaint red roofs of the town, after a fashion which gives to the place the air of a foreign city, and you might easily fancy, as you look upon it, that you are beholding one of the mediæval cities of Ghent or Flanders. A nearer view, however, will serve to dispel the illusion; and the stranger, on entering its streets, will find himself in a place 'Gabiis desertior atque Fidenis'; somewhat like old and decayed Winchilsea,[2] only that it lacks

[1] See below, page 129.

[2] See page 70.

its picturesque position on the hillside, and is not so far gone to decay. But the grass grows in the highways of Sandwich, and scarcely a face is seen peeping out of the gabled windows which flank its streets. Except upon a market-day, you may look in vain up and down its High Street for a passer-by or a child at play; and indeed it is a common local saying that in Sandwich nobody ever goes in or out of the front door of his house except on the occasion of a wedding or a funeral.

Sandwich, or Sandvic, the *vicus* on the *sand*, is supposed by most antiquaries to be identical with the Lundenwic of which Saxon chroniclers make mention as the principal port and place of resort for merchants trading between foreign parts and London. It appears to have been called Lundenwic until the Saxons were supplanted by the Danes, when it obtained the name that it still retains. It embraces three parishes—St. Clement's, St. Mary's, and St. Peter's—besides a district which is called the Liberty of the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, and its population is a little above 3,000 souls. These are mostly employed in seafaring pursuits, or in the market-gardens which surround the town, and which are said to have been among the first in England where vegetables were reared for sale, and are still unusually productive.

Even when the haven and port of Richborough decayed, and the sea gradually left its cliffs, there

was still room at Sandwich for a large and convenient haven. We do not find any mention of Sandwich by name until the year 665, somewhat more than two hundred years after the first appearance of the Saxons in England. But in the times during which the Danes infested our coasts, the port became so frequented that it is styled by the author of the 'Life of Queen Emma' the most noted of all the English ports. From its first rise the place appears to have been regarded as the property of the several sovereigns who ruled over the country; and it continued in this state until 979, when King Ethelred bestowed it upon the Cathedral of Christ Church, Canterbury, free from all secular suit and service, except the duty of repelling invasions, and the repairing of castles and bridges. But this arrangement, so derogatory to the dignity of the town, was of short duration; for in 1023, soon after his accession to the throne, we find that Canute, as was perhaps natural in a Dane, made Sandwich independent, finished the building of the town, and gave, or rather restored, its port, with the profits of the water on both sides of the stream, for the support of the church and of the monks residing there. From this time the town made a rapid rise in its population and importance; and before the end of the century it stood in such high repute that it was made one of the Cinque Ports; and in the days of Edward the Confessor it contained 370 inhabited houses. At the Domesday survey in

1080 we find that 'Sandwiche paid forty pounds of ferme and forty thousand herrings to the food of the monks.'

During the eleventh century the town continued to grow in importance, and ships from all parts entered its convenient harbour, whence foreign merchandise was sent on by land to London. Though partly burnt by the French in 1217, it rose like a phœnix brighter out of its ashes, and was largely recompensed by the favours and privileges bestowed upon it by successive sovereigns. Thus Henry III. confirmed all the tolls and customs before granted to it, and added a market, with the right of taking a toll of twopence upon every cask of wine entered inwards at its port. In the reign of Edward I. the prior and convent of Christ Church, Canterbury, gave up to Queen Eleanor, in exchange for lands elsewhere, all their rights, privileges, and possessions at Sandwich, excepting their houses and keys, and a free passage in the haven in the small boat called the 'vere' boat, and the liberty for themselves and their tenants to buy and sell toll free. The king confirmed this privilege in the same year, and placed in the town the staple for wool.

From nearly the time of the Conquest, Sandwich continued to be one of the chief rendezvous of the Royal fleet, and was continually visited by the English sovereigns on their way to and from the Continent. The town soon showed signs of its in-

creasing prosperity in its population, which contributed no less than 1,500 mariners to the navy of the port; and its navy was so strong that when occasion arose the mayors of Sandwich could furnish no less than fifteen sail of armed vessels, which sadly annoyed the French, and tempted them here, as at Winchilsea, to make frequent reprisals. Thus, no less than twice in the reign of Henry VI. the French succeeded in ravaging the town and plundering its inhabitants, Charles VIII. of France, on one occasion, having sent a force of several thousand men, who landed and sacked the town; and to add to its troubles from foreign enemies, Sandwich was pillaged by the Earl of Warwick in the same king's reign. To prevent the recurrence of such disasters, King Edward IV. surrounded the town with new fortifications of considerable strength, for the repair of which he assessed an annual payment of 100*l.* out of the revenues of the customs.

This step gave a new impetus to the trade of the place; and as the harbour was the safest and most convenient refuge from the perils of the Goodwin Sands, and the merchants who frequented it were both spirited and successful, we find that before the end of Edward's reign the receipts of the harbour and custom-house rose to 17,000*l.*, and that the town could boast of no less than ninety-five vessels of superior tonnage.

But it is not always high water on the ocean; and

there is an ebb as well as a flow in the affairs of cities, as well as men. The sea, which had so far befriended Sandwich as to raise it into the proud successor of the decaying glories of Richborough, now began to show an altered front. Like Fortune herself, fickle Neptune,

> Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
> Transmutat incertos honores,
> Nunc mihi, nunc alii benignus.

In the reign of Henry VII. and of his son and successor, the river Stour or Wansum began sensibly to recede;[1] and such large tracts of marsh lands were left uncovered that Cardinal Moreton, Archbishop of Canterbury—who, by the way, was a capital man of business, and had a private eye to future advantages of a tangible kind—enclosed a considerable portion within a sea-wall. His secular neighbours, as might be supposed, were not slow to follow the example of so holy a leader. The result might well be expressed almost in the words of Horace, 'Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt, jactis in undam molibus.'

The river-god, indignant at beholding his beloved river thus compelled 'minores volvere vortices,' vented his anger and wrath upon the devoted town of Sandwich; and as the stream no longer had free entrance

[1] So late as the first year of Richard III. ships sailed up the haven as high as Richborough: for in that year, as appears by the Corporation books of Sandwich, the mayor ordered a Spanish ship lying outside Richborough, to be removed.—White's *Directory of Kent*, vol. i. p. 297.

and exit for its waters, the harbour became choked with sand, and the haven fell rapidly to decay. Leland, writing in the reign of Henry VIII., says—'Sandwich is neatly walled where the town standeth most in jeopardy of enemies. The residue of the town is ditched and mud-walled. There be in the town four principal gates, and three parish churches.' A portion of these walls are still to be seen along the south bank of the Stour; but of the principal 'four gates' only one now remains, viz., the Fishers' Gate, at the bottom of Quay (now called Key) Street, of which we give an illustration.

Misfortunes do not usually come singly, and the fate of Sandwich shows no exception to the rule. We read in the account of Eastry Hundred, inserted in Mr. White's 'Kentish Directory,' that 'The sinking of a great ship, in the time of Pope Paul IV., in the very mouth of the haven, by which the waters had not their free course as before, from the sand and mud gathering round about it, together with the innings of the lands on each side of the stream, had such a fatal effect towards the decay of the haven, that, in the time of King Edward VI., it was in a manner destroyed, and the navy and mariners dwindled almost to nothing, and the houses then inhabited did not exceed two hundred. This occasioned two several commissions to be granted—one in the second year of that reign, and another in the second year of Queen Elizabeth—to examine the

state of the haven, and make a return of it; in consequence of the first of which a new cut was begun by one John Rodgers, which, however, was soon left in an unfinished state. There are evident traces of what was done towards making this canal still remaining on the lands between the town and Sandown Castle;—and in consequence of the second commission, other representations and reports were made, one of which was, that the intended cut would be useless, and of no good effect.'

The haven being thus rendered all but useless, except for vessels of very small burden, the town went rapidly to decay, and in all probability would have sunk into the same state of ruin in which Winchilsea now lies, if it had not been for the persecutions raised against the industrious Protestant population of Brabant and Flanders, who, weary of persecutions, were driven into foreign parts, or went into willing exile, and some of whom brought to England the manufactures of paper, silk, and wool, in which our country was very far behind the age. Most of these refugees were prudently located by Queen Elizabeth in various parts of the country, so as not to stand in each other's way; and some workers in baize and flannel settled at Sandwich, between the town and the mouth of the haven, under the licence of the Queen, given to such of them as should be approved by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, about 400 souls in all.

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About the same time a body of natives, finding their seafaring occupation gone, turned their thoughts towards gardening as a profitable speculation; and the soil round the town being well suited to the growth of vegetables, if they could not bend their swords into ploughshares, at all events turned their anchors into mattocks, and soon drove a flourishing trade, sending up the produce to London by water-carriage.

In spite of some jealousy between the foreign and the native population, the town throve fairly; and before the end of her Majesty's reign, employed sixty-two sailors and seventeen small vessels of less than twenty-four tons in the fisheries and the coasting trade. Thanks to these sources of industry, the town prospered so far, in spite of the decay of its harbour, that in the reign of James I. the receipts of the custom-house very nearly reached 3,000*l.*; but, as Mr. White says, 'by that Prince setting up the company of Merchant Adventurers, and appropriating to them the trade to Germany and the Low Countries, this place soon fell to decay again; and though the descendants of the Dutch and Woolloon manufacturers still remained here, they . . . entirely discontinued those manufactures they had originally carried forward, and mixed among the rest of the inhabitants in the exercise of the various occupations in the town; and thus Sandwich, though it has since increased in the number of its houses and inhabitants, yet having lost its manufactures, the principal part

of its trade, it was deprived, likewise, of that wealth and repute it had derived from them, and in process of time has dwindled down to the same obscurity as other towns: though all these trades gained a firm footing in England, and have since flourished in the midland and northern counties, where canals and waterfalls abound.'

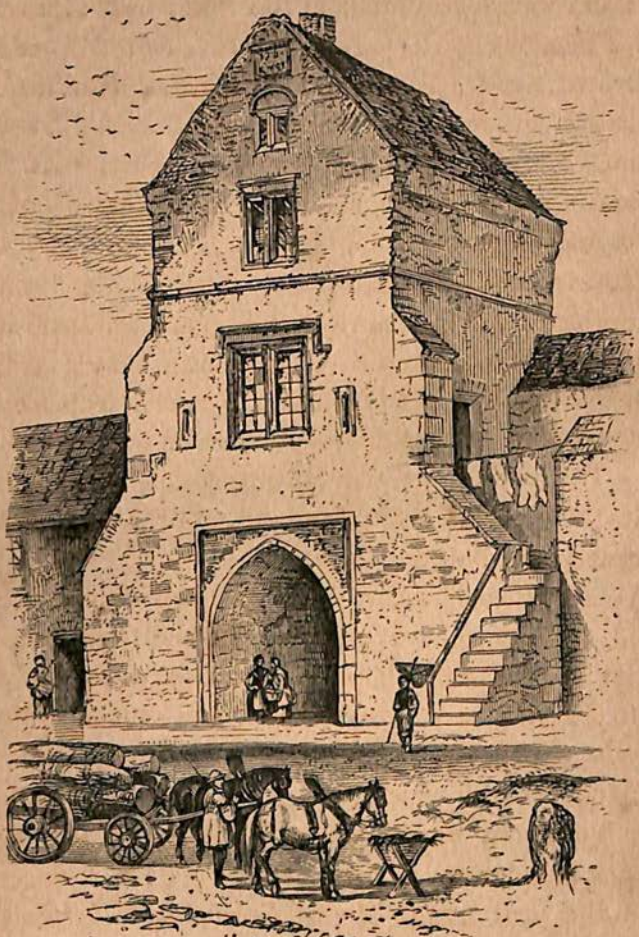
Yet it must not be imagined that the good people of Sandwich looked tamely on the blocking up of their harbour, and the consequent decay of their fair town. On the contrary, even from the time of Richard III. down to the present century, they have made the most strenuous exertions on behalf of that on which they feared to see 'Ichabod' written, and have repeatedly petitioned the aid of the Crown and the Parliament.

Mr. White thus epitomises his record of some of these efforts:—

'In Queen Anne's reign (1705) commissioners were sent down to make a survey for a new haven, who reported such a harbour would be of great advantage, but nothing further was done towards it. This occasioned petitions to be sent to the House of Commons in 1736, praying for a new harbour near the Downs, and in 1744, the address was ordered by the House to be presented to the King, that he would send proper persons to view the haven, and examine whether a better or more convenient harbour might be made from the town of Sandwich into the Downs,

near Sandwich Castle, fit for the reception and security of large merchant ships and men-of-war; and it was resolved by the House that such a harbour might be made, and be of great advantage; the whole expense of which was estimated at 389,168*l.*, exclusive of the ground to be purchased; but the kingdom being engaged in an expensive war with both France and Spain, the work was suspended. After this, petitions were presented to the House in favour of a more convenient harbour at or near Ramsgate, capable of containing a greater number of merchantmen and ships of war, and at a saving of several hundred thousand pounds. There was a petition likewise, from Sandwich, setting forth that if piers were extended into the sea at Ramsgate, they would, in a short time, warp up the mouth of Sandwich Haven, ruin the trade of the town, and by stopping the course of the river Stour into the sea, would drown the lands between Sandwich and Canterbury. But the House, after due consideration, gave the preference to the making of a harbour at Ramsgate, and an Act was passed for that purpose, as well as for cleansing, amending, and preserving the haven of Sandwich, in the twenty-second of George II. (1749).

'By this Act, to quiet the opposition made by Sandwich, a yearly sum of 200*l.* was granted out of the profits and dues of Ramsgate Harbour, which is paid to the Corporation. This Act, as well as another



FISHERS' GATE, SANDWICH.

in 1765, was repealed by a subsequent Act in 1792, passed for the further improvement of Ramsgate Harbour, but which contained the like provisions for that of Sandwich, with a further power vested in the justices of Sandwich, with respect to the punishment of persons who may remove the buoys, mooring-posts, beacons, &c., or take ballast from the channel sides, or shores of the haven, without the licence of the mayor and jurats.'

More recent enactments have enabled the local authorities to dredge the river Stour, so as to keep it from becoming narrower or shallower. It is still about one hundred feet in width, and twelve feet deep at high water along the quay shown in our illustration. The exports of the town are chiefly timber, and its trade lies mainly in Scotland, and the countries adjacent to the Baltic.

As might easily be supposed, a town which once played so important a part in the civil and commercial history of our land as Sandwich can scarcely fail to be rich in ecclesiastical reminiscences. We have already spoken in general of the monks of Sandwich, and the toll which they took from the fishermen; but it may be interesting to specify one or two religious foundations in particular.

In the year 1272, Henry Cowfield, a German, founded a priory in the town of Sandwich, for the order of friars called Carmelites, and from the habit they wore, White Friars; but his endowment of it

was so small, that William, Lord Clinton, who was a much larger benefactor to it, was afterwards reputed its sole founder. The church and buildings of these Carmelites were in general large and stately; this at Sandwich had the privilege of sanctuary, and there were buried in it several principal inhabitants of the town. It was dissolved in the twenty-seventh year of Henry VIII., and was by that king granted to Thomas Ardene, to hold of the king, *in capite.* It was situated on the south-west side of the town, and some of its foundations may still be traced.

The Hospital of St. Bartholomew, which stands just beyond the south-west end of the town, on the road leading to Eastry, was founded by Sir Henry de Sandwich, in honour of the saint whose name it bears, under a bull of Pope Innocent IV. (A.D. 1243–54), though local tradition asserts that the hospital was commenced at a still earlier date. Mr. White says:—

'In the Custumal of Sandwich there is mention made of three priests employed by the brothers and sisters to officiate in the chapel for the souls of certain benefactors. Such as were most liberal in their donations to hospitals and other religious foundations acquired the name of first, second, and third founder, and thus several of the family of Sandwich were successively entitled the founders of it, and were from the first the undoubted patrons of it, till Sir Nicholas de Sandwich assigned the patronage of it to the Mayor and Barons of Sandwich, who from that time

became governors of it. Before the Reformation, on the feast of St. Bartholomew, the mayor and commonalty visited the hospital in solemn procession, the laity of Sandwich leading the way, some with instruments of music, others, to the number of seven score and more, bearing wax lights provided for the occasion, followed; after these were the clergy, in their proper habits, chanting hymns, and carrying tapers. It does not appear that this hospital was actually incorporated by any royal patent till the twenty-seventh of Henry VIII., who confirmed the dispensation which Archbishop Cranmer made to it, the only public instrument of foundation before being the bull, before mentioned, of Pope Innocent IV.'

The hospital, which, we are sorry to say, wears a rather wobegone and unsightly appearance in these days, when such a spirit of architectural restoration is abroad, consists of sixteen tenements for poor and decayed men and women, who are still called 'Brethren' and 'Sisters,' and have a chapel and cemetery of their own. In the chapel there is an altar monument, covered with a slab of Sussex marble, on which lies the effigy of a man cased from head to foot in a coat of mail, with a shield over his body, and a sword lying along his left thigh. There can be little doubt that it is meant for the founder, Sir Henry de Sandwich; but opinions are divided as to whether it is a tomb or a cenotaph; and it is only fair to state that when the supposed tomb was

opened, several years ago, no coffin or bones were found in it. Mr. White tells us that 'when the Reformation took place, the chaplains officiating in this chapel were of course dismissed, and it does not appear that any regular provision has been made since for the maintenance of a minister to perform Divine Service in it, though a sermon is preached every month by one of the ministers of Sandwich. The benefactions to this hospital have been numerous and ample, and a portion of the charity estate has of late years been increased in value by the South-Eastern Railway passing through it. Sixteen brothers and sisters have each an annual pension of 48*l.* per annum. The inmates are appointed by the Corporation, and are usually such as have been reduced from better circumstances, there being no prescribed rule either as regards age or residence.'

Besides St. Bartholomew's, there is, in the corn market, a hospital dedicated to St. Thomas, with a chapel, and apartments for eight men and four women; and also another, in St. Peter's parish, bearing the name of St. John. There is no evidence as to the exact date of the foundation of this charity, but there is extant a grant or other deed, dated as far back as A.D. 1287, in which it is spoken of by name as 'Domus Dei et S. Joannis de Sandvico.' It was part of its original design, in addition to maintaining fifteen inmates, to extend the benefits of hospitality—like the old Maison Dieu at Dover—to

strangers and pilgrims on their way to, or return from, foreign parts.

Sandwich is rich also in other buildings of interest; and the gables and the corners of the streets are extensively adorned with bold and quaint carvings of a grotesque character. In High Street there is an ancient house, now or lately occupied by the Rev. H. Pemble, in which it is said that Queen Elizabeth lodged during one or more visits to the town: the building is in an excellent state of repair, and the rafters and other timbers of the upper part are certainly nearer four than three centuries old.

The Guildhall, or, as it is usually called, the Court Hall, was erected in A.D. 1579, during the mayoralty of one Edward Wood, whose initials are to be seen carved over the doorway. It was originally built of wood—perhaps in fantastical allusion to the worthy mayor's patronymic—but has since been cased with brick. On the first floor are the 'Council Chamber' and the offices where the business of the Corporation is transacted; and in an upper room still stands the ancient cucking-stool—that salutary cure for the punishment of scolding wives—which if it could have language, no doubt could tell us many a merry tale to laugh at as we sit over our dinner at the 'Bell,' or the 'Fleur de Lis,' the 'Salutation,' or the 'George and the Dragon.'

The churches of Sandwich look handsome and imposing when seen from a distance; but two out of

the three, at all events, will not bear a very close inspection, even from one who is a layman in the matter of ecclesiastical architecture. They were fine edifices once, no doubt, but the hand of time and decay has been heavy upon them; but heavier still, we suspect, have been the hands of the corporation and churchwardens. It appears, by reference to Mr. White's 'Directory,' that the greater part of both St. Mary's church and that of St. Peter fell to the ground, the former in 1667 and the latter in 1661. In St. Peter's are several interesting monuments, among others one of Adam Stanner, a priest, who lies covered by a coffin-shaped stone, surmounted by a stone adorned with mutilated Gothic characters. St. Mary's church must have once been very magnificent, to judge by the inventory of its silver and jewels, of which the former amounted to 724 ounces at the time of the Reformation.

In this church are numbers of monuments and inscriptions too numerous to mention here; among those in the chancel is a large stone robbed of its brasses, which commemorated the deaths of the Manwood family; also, a monument of stone much defaced, with the figures of a man and a woman kneeling, for Abraham Rutton and Susan his wife, with the date of 1608. In the thirty-fifth year of the reign of King Henry VIII., William, Lord Clinton, is said to have been interred under a gilded arch in the south wall, which arch was walled up in the time of King

Edward. An anchoritess had her cell at the east end of this church in the twentieth year of King Henry VIII. A short distance south-west of St. Mary's church was a church or chapel dedicated to St. Jacob, supposed by many to have been a parochial church: there is nothing left now to point out the situation of the building; the cemetery remains, and is occasionally used as a burial place for the use of St. Mary's parish. This churchyard seems to have got into lay hands at the suppression, for in 1578 it was enfeoffed by Edward Wood to certain persons for the use of the parish. At the south-west corner was a hermitage; the last hermit was John Steward, whose duty it was to minister to strangers and the poor, to bury the dead, and pray for the people in the chapel; it was destroyed, as well as others of the like sort, in the beginning of the reign of Edward VI., and on its destruction John Steward was appointed vicar of St. Mary's. It appears that this church or chapel was under the management of the officers of St. Mary's church; there was in it a brotherhood of St. Catherine, which was benefited by the will of John Wynchelse, of Sandwich. The ancient fabric appears to have been repaired in 1445 and 1478.

St. Clement's church, the largest and finest of all, stands at the east end of the town, on somewhat higher ground than the rest. It consists of a nave and chancel, both with spacious side-aisles, and a central tower of semi-Norman character, which was

formerly surmounted by a spire. The ceiling of both nave and chancel is of handsome panelled wood, and was once exquisitely coloured in blue and gold; and in the chancel there still remain the seats used by a religious confraternity when saying their services. The church is said formerly to have contained chapels named after St. James, St. Margaret, St. George, and St. Thomas; and to have been the home of a religious brotherhood, established for the honour of St. George of merry England, whose statue they carried yearly in solemn procession round the town. There are still some fine remains of mural monuments, and the pavement shows traces of abundant brasses, which were torn from their places by the ignorant zeal of the Puritans. The Dutch residents were once allowed to have prayers and a sermon here, as in the cathedral at Canterbury, upon paying towards the expenses of the service. When I visited the church a few months since, I found that the upper part of its tower was being pulled down in order to be rebuilt more strongly, and that its fine peal of bells was lying in the north chancel, sentenced to be sold by the churchwardens and other parishioners, in order to apply the money to the expense of repairing the fabric. A happily-conceived letter in the 'Times,' signed 'Campana'—probably with the double meaning of 'campaigner'—denouncing the sacrilege and vandalism of the good people of Sandwich, drew public attention to the matter, and in

about a fortnight afterwards the Archbishop of Canterbury sent down an inhibition, which stopped the sale, and saved the bells for a time.

When it is borne in mind that from the time of Athelstan to that of Charles II. (a thousand years) kings and princes have fought at or visited and resided in the town, that the fleets of England have constantly sailed thence, that its mariners and trained bands have done good service in the defence of their country, and that it has been the cradle and nursing mother of many of its manufactures—we can hardly suppose that Englishmen will allow such a noble fabric as this church, with its splendid peal of bells, standing in the centre of the town, to fall into ruins for the sake of a few hundred pounds.

A DAY AT ST. OSYTH'S PRIORY.

IF any of my readers wishes for perfect quiet, rest, and repose, and to be well out of the way of smoke and bustle, of duns and other visitors—in fact, has a particular desire to find within sixty miles of London a place which, for all practical purposes, shall be to him or to her 'the world's end'—by all means let him make up his mind to spend a few days at the little village of St. Osyth, on the Essex coast. I cannot promise him trout-fishing, or fly-fishing, or any other similar luxury which belongs to the 'quiet and gentle life'; but, at all events, here he will be able to spend his days in calm contemplation, without even the dissipation of fine scenery to distract his mind. Here—better, perhaps, than in any other village equally near to the great metropolis—he will be able to appreciate the sober advice of Horace—

> Omitte mirari beatæ
> Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.

I remember reading, many years ago, in 'Punch,' a paragraph headed 'Strange Insanity,' and stating

ST. OSYTH'S PRIORY.

that a respectable tradesman in the city had positively thrown himself into a cab, driven off to the Eastern Counties Railway Station at Shoreditch, and taken a ticket for Great Yarmouth. Well, perhaps it is equally an act of 'strange insanity' in this year of grace for anyone to drive off to Bishopsgate on a similar errand; for although the said line is no longer called the 'Eastern Counties,' but the 'Great Eastern,' it has not changed its nature with its name: it is still by far the worst managed line in the kingdom, the most unpunctual in its arrangements, the slowest in speed, the most churlish in its courtesies, the most indifferent in its servants. But if anybody wishes to see St. Osyth, and the remains of its once noble Priory, he *must* make up his mind to be thought a lunatic by London friends, and boldly take a ticket, not for Yarmouth, but for Colchester.

St. Osyth's Priory and the little village which, standing round the Priory walls, still bears the name of its patron saint, are a long twelve miles from the station at Colchester, and there is no direct daily communication between the old Roman Castrum-super-Colne and St. Osyth except a carrier's cart. But a branch line, that rejoices in about two trains *per diem* up and down, will take the visitor past Wivenhoe, where he will find himself in the neighbourhood of those 'natives' for which the estuary of the Colne has so long been famous, on his way to Brightlingsea. This place forms the head-quarters of the Essex oyster

fishery, with its tall church tower, and its miles of dreary mud-banks, which are the source of so much wealth to the traders and coasters, but appear to the visitor never to be covered with the tide. I suppose that it *is* occasionally high water on the flat Essex coast; but, at all events, whenever a visitor goes that way the tide always seems to be at its lowest. From Brightlingsea the persevering tourist can go on by train to Weeley, within some four miles of his destination.

A journey of three or four miles further, along crooked and somewhat intricate bye-roads, will bring the stranger near to the only extensive group of green foliage to be seen for miles along the estuary; these are the trees of the park which surrounds the ruins of St. Osyth's Priory. The park itself is not large—including, perhaps, from 200 to 300 acres—but it is graced with handsome timber, and has a pleasant, homely look. Skirting the park for a few hundred yards, our visitor finds himself in the village of St. Osyth, a dull, antiquated-looking place, and one which in every sense seems to be half a century behind the rest of the world.

The parish church is a picturesque structure in spite of the many barbarisms and churchwardenisms to which it has been subjected during the last three centuries. It is dedicated to St. Osyth, St. Peter, and St. Paul. Its tower is to a great extent of red brick; and the same colour enters largely into the rest of the edifice, which in former days must have been really

handsome. In the chancel and south aisle are some remarkable ancient monuments to the Lords d'Arcy, of 'Chiche'—the long-forgotten alias of the parish..

Thomas, Lord d'Arcy, who was interred in this church, held high office under Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and was created a knight of the Garter in 1551. Bishop Belmeis, the founder of the Priory, was also buried here in 1127, by desire of the canons.

Not far from the north-west corner of the church, the visitor will find himself on a broad open village green, called 'The Bury,' which runs up to the Priory walls, and is bounded by the great gateway shown in our illustration.

But little is known of St. Osyth (or St. 'Oosy,' as she is always called in Essex) except that she was the daughter of Frithwald, Fridwald, or Redoald, King of East Anglia, and wife to Sighere, King of the East Saxons, and that she founded and endowed a religious house on this spot, where she lived in single blessedness and sanctity until A.D. 635, when she was put to death by the Danes in one of their piratical descents upon our eastern coast, and shortly afterwards canonised as a martyr.[1] It appears that

[1] Alban Butler has the following account of this saint, whose anniversary he gives as October 7 :—'She was born at Quarendon, Bucks, and was daughter of Frewald, a Mercian prince, and niece to Editha, to whom belonged the town and manor of Aylesbury, where she was brought up with her pious aunt. Osyth was married young to a king of the East Angles; but the same day obtained his consent to live always a virgin. That king confirmed her in her religious purpose, bestowed on her the manor of Chick, in which she built a monastery.

the Danish pirates under Hinguar and Hubba did their work effectively, for we hear little or nothing more of any religious house at St. Osyth's, or Chiche, for nearly 500 years after her decease, though, as is clear from the sequel, her memory and her name were not effaced from the popular memory.

Leland in his 'Itinerary'[1] states of St. Osyth that she was the daughter of Fredwald, and was born at Querendon, now Quarendon, near Aylesbury, and that she was brought up with an aunt at Ellesborough among the Chiltern Hills, about three miles south of that town. He also states that 'for fear of the Danes,' St. Osyth's body was translated for awhile from Chiche to Aylesbury.

The royal foundress, we are told, was herself beheaded near an adjacent fountain, and her remains first interred before the door of her church; but afterwards, about the year 600, they were removed to Aylesbury, where it is traditionally asserted that many

She had governed this house many years with great sanctity, when she was crowned with martyrdom in the inroads of Hinguar and Hubba, the barbarous Danish leaders, being beheaded for her constancy in her faith and virtue, about the year 870; for fear of the Danish pirates, her body, after some time, was removed to Aylesbury, where it remained forty-six years, after which it was brought back to Chick or Chich, in Essex, near Colchester, which place was for some time called St. Osyth's, as Camden takes notice. A great abbey of regular canons was erected here, under her invocation, which continued to the dissolution, famous for its store of relics, and honoured with many miracles.' For further information as to St. Osyth, the reader is referred to Bishop Tanner's *Notitia Monastica*, *William of Malmesbury*, &c., &c.

[1] Vol. iv. fol. 192.

miracles were wrought through her intercession. A religious house was erected to the memory of St. Osyth at Aylesbury, on the spot where the parsonage now stands. The Essex tradition is that St. Osyth, when the convent was attacked by the Danes, fled down the park to a thicket, since called 'Nun's Wood,' where she was overtaken, and her head cut off; and that on the spot where the head fell a spring of water burst forth, which flows to this day. Another local tradition asserts that on one night in each year St. Osyth revisits the scene of her former abode, walking with her head under her arm; and it is this legend which probably gave rise to the sign of the 'Good Woman' at Widford, near Chelmsford—of whom, by the way, I may remark that she is currently said to be the only good woman in Essex!

After the Danes had obtained regal domination in England, Chich, or St. Osyth was given by King Canute to Godwin, the celebrated Earl of Kent, who in turn granted it to Christ Church, Canterbury; at the Doomsday Survey, however, it appears to have belonged to the See of London. But be this as it may, Bishop Tanner states in his 'Notitia Monastica,' that if there be any truth in the legendary writers, St. Osyth's is the most ancient monastic establishment in the county of Essex.

What step may have been taken during the latter part of the Saxon period to maintain a religious foundation here, is not recorded by Dugdale or by

any other ancient writer either of hagiology or topography. But it is certain that in or before A.D. 1118, Richard de Belmeis, or de Beauvais, the first of that name, then Bishop of London, founded at Chiche[1] a religious house for canons of the Augustinian order, in honour of the two great apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and of St. Osyth, virgin and martyr. It is said by one of the ecclesiatical historians that it was the wish and intention of the bishop himself to have thrown up the dignity and splendour of the episcopal see, and to have retired as a brother into this 'lene hospitium senectæ.' He died, however, before he carried his excellent intention into effect, and was buried by the monks in their church at St. Osyth, where they erected a handsome monument to his memory, with an appropriate inscription, which is given at length in Dugdale.

The Priory of St. Osyth appears to have been well endowed by the Mandevilles, De Veres, and other noble families, with lands in Essex and Suffolk, lying mainly in the parishes of Wigborough, Southminster, Brentwood, Clacton, Tendring, Mile End, Tolleshunt D'Arcy, Moulsham, Stowmarket, &c.

The first prior or abbot (for both titles appear to have been used indiscriminately) of the house was William Corboyl or Corboys, who became Archbishop

[1] 'Locus est in diœcesi Londiniensi apud Orientales Saxones Cic, gentili vocabulo, dictus, ubi est beatæ Osigithæ in miraculis famosæ vir inis requies.'—*William of Malmesbury*, 135, n. 10.

of Canterbury in 1123. Dugdale, in his 'Monasticon,' gives a list of thirteen priors or abbots who ruled over the house between the promotion of Corboyl and the election of John de Colchester, in 1533, who, in the following year, on July 9, together with twenty monks of his convent, subscribed to the King's supremacy. But little advantage did they derive from this step; for just five years after, in July, 1539, we read that the monastery was surrendered to the avaricious king by the same abbot and sixteen monks, when of course it passed into secular hands. At this time the annual revenues of the house, according to Dugdale, amounted in the gross to 758*l.*, and the clear income to 677*l.*

The site was granted by Henry to Thomas, Lord Cromwell, after whose attainder the property of course reverted to the Crown. In the fifth year of Edward VI. it was granted by the boy king's minister to Sir Thomas d'Arcy, who was raised to the peerage in the same year by the title of Lord d'Arcy, of Chiche. His lordship, and one or two other members of the d'Arcy family, lie buried in the chancel of St. Osyth's church, where their virtues are commemorated on handsome monuments, in the classic style of the Tudor and Stuart periods.

From the d'Arcys, St. Osyth passed by marriage to Sir Thomas Savage, afterwards Earl Rivers, with whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the estates were bequeathed

by the Hon. Richard Savage to his natural daughter, Bessy, who married General Frederic de Nassau, natural son of the Prince of Orange, grandfather of William III., who was endowed by his father with the lordship of Zuleistein, in Holland, and thereupon assumed that surname. His son, William Henry, came over to England from Holland in the train of William III., and in 1695 was created Earl of Rochford.[1]

Queen Elizabeth visited St. Osyth in the month of August, 1579, remaining three days as the guest of Lord d'Arcy, and going on to Colchester on September 1. George III. also, when he came down to inspect the camp at Colchester, more than once stayed at St. Osyth as the guest of the fourth Earl, who was one of his personal friends, and had filled several high posts both at the Court of St. James's and in a diplomatic capacity abroad.

On the extinction of the title of Rochford in 1830, the estate was devised by the fifth and last Earl to an illegitimate son, who bore the name of Nassau, but of whose descendants there is now no male

[1] The Nassaus, or de Auverquerques, formerly Earls of Grantham, were descendants of this noble family. Henry de Nassau, Lord of Auverquerque, came over to England from Holland with the Prince of Orange in 1670. He was subsequently the companion-in-arms of the prince, and at the battle of St. Dennis, in 1678, was fortunate enough to save his highness's life by striking to the ground an officer who was in the act of charging him. His lordship's eldest surviving son was created Earl of Grantham in 1698, but having at his decease in 1754 left no male issue, that title became extinct.

survivor a landholder in Essex. Within the last few years, accordingly, the estate was divided between two sisters, whose husbands helped to reduce it further; and at last it was sold to a worthy corn-merchant of Mark Lane, whose son now owns and inhabits the house and home of abbots and nobles, and which ere this has entertained royalty at its table.

In the galleries and sitting-rooms there were formerly some fine paintings of our early Hanoverian kings and princes, but these are now nearly all dispersed; and in the garden there is still to be seen an inscription which commemorates a visit of George III. to St. Osyth, nearly a century ago: but the poetry and charm of the place are gone; ugly and unsightly buildings in red brick, in a semi-gothic style, are being pieced on to the ancient edifice, with the very worst of taste, and in defiance of all the rules of art.

On the death of the last squire bearing the name of Nassau, the estate, furniture, paintings, &c., were sold by public auction. Of all the fine paintings originally contained in the mansion, only two now remain; these are a portrait of Queen Anne, and another of Prince George of Denmark; they were both originally the property of King George II., and were hung in the bedroom at Kensington Palace in which that monarch died. Together with the rest of the furniture of that room, they became, on the king's

death, the property of the Earl of Rochford, and were removed by him to St. Osyth, where a room was fitted up for their reception, and called the King's Room. The bed quilt, composed of cloth of gold and crimson velvet, was afterwards presented to the church as an altar-cloth, and did duty as such until a few years since, when it was replaced by a new and more appropriate covering. The bed quilt is now in the possession of the incumbent of St. Osyth.

About half a mile from the Priory in a direct line is St. Clare Hall, now a highly picturesque farm-house, surrounded by a moat. Tradition states that a subterranean passage exists from this house to the Priory. St. Clare Hall was formerly a religious house consecrated to St. Clare.

The large gateway, shown in our engraving, is probably not the original entrance of the Priory, for on the west side of it is a handsome Norman gateway, through which, in the twelfth century, the visitor must have found his way to the abbot's chambers. The present gateway, however, which leads into a grand and spacious quadrangle, is a very handsome and imposing structure, three storeys in height and battlemented, and as perfect now as the day when it was first erected. It is of hewn stone, mixed with flint, having two towers and two posterns, and in its general features reminds the traveller and antiquary of the Abbey-gate of St. John at Colchester and of the ecclesiastical remains at Bury St. Edmund's. On the

south and west sides of the quadrangle are stables and offices of more than ordinary extent, and bearing signs of great antiquity.

As you enter, the modern mansion of the Rochfords stands before you to the north; it was once far more extensive than at present, the buildings forming, with the stables, a perfect quadrangle. But one of the last owners pulled down the principal drawing-room and, with the ignorance of a Goth or Vandal, destroyed the Swiss Room, in order to make an opening to see the park beyond.

This 'Swiss Room' was one fitted up most luxuriously and tastefully by the Baroness de Brackell for her own boudoir. She was a Swiss by birth, and, not finding the Essex marshes quite as picturesque as her native mountains, she had the room fitted up with panels representing Swiss scenes in oil colours. Those who remember the chamber say that it was almost perfect as a work of art; and certainly it deserved a better fate. Will it be believed that in the middle of the nineteenth century, in spite of architects, antiquaries, and archæologists, this Vandal had the gilt mouldings which surrounded these panels chopped up for firewood, and the panels themselves cut up into strips, all but two, which were rescued from destruction, and are now lying in the room occupied by the gardener in the Great Gateway?

The husband of this same Goth or Vandal deserves also to be immortalised for having not only cut down a

large portion of the exquisite timber that once adorned the park, but also for having taken up and turned into ballast for his yacht the ancient leaden pipes which once conveyed a clear stream of water from the holy well of St. Osyth in Nun's Wood to various fountains scattered through the garden and grounds. The same gentleman, in his iconoclastic zeal, destroyed a beautiful stone figure which stood as the presiding genius or goddess of the well, supplying her place with an ugly brick wall around the well, and a wooden trap-door on the top of it. It would be a satisfaction to know that the Vandal's reign was at an end in St. Osyth.

On the eastern side of the quadrangle are some ancient and irregular domestic buildings, probably erected by the d'Arcys, but which are being rapidly modernised; and in the garden, about fifty yards to the east, stand the ruined remains of the ancient conventual buildings, mostly of the thirteenth century. Within the memory of the older inhabitants of St. Osyth, these were far more extensive than they are now; as, during the days of the Rochfords and Nassaus, they were extensively quarried for building purposes and for mending the roads.

The wind, too, has blown down some other portions of the wall, which now lie scattered on the ground, 'rudis indigestaque moles,' inspiring the visitor with a strong wish that the Essex Archæological Society could be empowered to pay the place an official visit, and issue its orders to the new owners

of the estate, in the ancient form, 'videant domini ne quid mœnia detrimenti capiant.' The most perfect portion of the ruins embraces two noble towers, which once must have been graceful and beautiful, though one, still called the 'Abbot's Tower,' is much larger and more highly finished than the other. It is four or five storeys high, and the top of it commands an extensive view of the German Ocean and of the entire Essex coast from Dengie Hundred nearly to Walton-on-the-Naze.

The Priory park was formerly noted for its splendid timber, of which there are still some remains; but on the death of the late Mr. Nassau, his daughters, to whom the estate came, sold all the timber that could possibly be rendered available, so that the beauty of the park was entirely destroyed. The hawthorns were remarkably fine; and four poplar trees still standing are said to have been the first planted in England. They were brought from Lombardy in 1758 by the Earl of Rochford, and planted by him in the park. The trunk of one of them measures upwards of sixteen feet in circumference.

Among the ivy-grown ruins in the gardens is a pier, bearing an offensive and bigoted Latin inscription, dated 1760, and stating that the walls around were in old time the scenes of sloth, indolence, and superstition. Under the Rochfords, I fear, they were not the scenes of either religion or virtue, if the truth must be told.

The conventual seal of this Priory, 'ad causas,' is engraved and fully described in the eighteenth volume of the 'Archæologia.'

The Priory of St. Osyth, so noble in its ruin and decay, has been often made a theme for poetical effusions. The lines of Crabbe on this subject are probably well known; he thus commences his poem, 'The Ancient Mansion':—

Come lead me, lassie, to the shade
Where willows grow beside the brook;
How well I know the sound it made,
When dashing o'er the stony rill
It murmured to St. Osyth's mill.

RICHBOROUGH CASTLE.

FROM the ancient city of Sandwich, a rural road, flanked by green meadows on either side, brings us after a two miles' drive, close under the ruins of the Castle of Richborough, the ancient Rutupium of Imperial Rome. Massive and grand are the walls of these ruins, as they frown down from the cliff, whose foot was once washed by the waves of the German Ocean, though now it stands inland, high, dry, and deserted, like old Winchilsea itself. The walls are clothed with the greenest and darkest ivy, which mixes its colour with the grey ruins so as to make a tempting subject for the artist's pencil; and they form a portion of the celebrated old Roman fortress which kept the entrance of the Portus Rutupinus, the estuary which separated the Isle of Thanet from the mainland something less than 2,000 years ago in the world's history. Yes! it may be hard to believe, but those golden corn-fields, which now bristle with ears of wheat, once bristled with the spears of Cæsar's soldiery; over what is now little better than a marsh between us

and the village of Minster, have sailed Roman galleys and Saxon and Danish keels. 'Those hills,' as Mr. Planché observes, 'have witnessed the worship of Woden: amongst the trees of one of them [1] nestles a village which still bears his name; that mill marks the site of a vast Pagan cemetery.' We are on classic ground: as we stand on the height of Richborough, we are reminded of the delicate-flavoured oysters which the Roman *gourmands* in the days of Nero or Vespasian would have fetched from what is now the meadow land at our feet, between us and Pegwell Bay, through which the Stour winds slowly and lazily —the oysters having long since given way to trout.

> Circæis nata forent, an
> Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove [2] edita fundo
> Ostrea. Juv. *Sat.* iv. 140–2.

It may be interesting to know that within the last few years large quantities of oyster-shells have been actually dug up here, among the Roman *débris* turned up on various occasions, and more particularly in the progress of the works for the railway between Minster and Deal, which runs immediately under the very eastern wall of the Castrum.

We find Rutupium mentioned twice in the Latin poet Ausonius, in the fourth century of our era, and

[1] Woodnesborough.

[2] Mr. Planché says, in his *Corner of Kent*, p. 12, 'There are not wanting those who assert that Sandwich was actually the ancient city of Rutupiæ, and it is so marked in some maps.' But that accomplished antiquary sees reason for doubting the accuracy of such a statement; as also do we.

again, somewhat later, by Ammianus Marcellinus, who is as precise in telling us what Roman legion was stationed there in the reigns of Julius Cæsar and Valentinian, and under what general it was sent, as the 'Times' of to-day can be in chronicling the latest arrangements at the Horse Guards as to the removal of a regiment of Hussars or Fusiliers from Hounslow to Dublin or Edinburgh.

There are those who claim for Richborough the honour of having been chosen as the landing-place of Julius Cæsar; but I fear that I cannot argue in favour of any such tradition or hypothesis. Indeed, it is impossible now to ascertain with certainty whether these sturdy ruins stood upon the site of a British fort raised by the native chief, Arviragus;[1] but it is as well known as if it were recorded in the undying pages of Tacitus, that the walls still existing were reared by the masters of the ancient world, that through that nearly perfect postern gate Roman emperors have entered and departed in military state, and that the shouts of joyous multitudes mingled with the reverential cries of 'Ave! Cæsar Imperator,' have arisen from the amphitheatre hard by, over which now alternately the plough passes and the corn-fields 'laugh and sing.' And to use Mr. Planché's own eloquent words, 'Those growing masses of masonry

[1] Aut de temone Britanno
Concidet Arviragus.
Juv. *Sat.* iv. 127.

which have resisted the assaults of time, tempest, and man for eighteen centuries, after all are the great fact which is more valuable than a thousand theories.' Vespasian, as an officer serving in Britain under Aulus Plautus before he succeeded to the purple, probably entered the natural harbour commanded by this fort. So, also, in all probability, did Claudius, who took Camalodunum (now Maldon, in Essex); Titus, who came hither as a military tribune under his father Vespasian; Agricola, possibly with Tacitus in his train; Hadrian; Severus, who is said to have completed the fortress, and who died at York; Constantius, and his son Constantine the Great; and Maximus, the competitor of Gratian for the Imperial throne—a Briton by birth, and who is spoken of contemptuously by Ausonius as the 'Robber of Rutupis.' All or most of these must have landed or embarked here, as the common port of communication in those days with Gaul; and even if it be not capable of proof, as some [1] will have it, that St. Paul himself came by this route to Britain to evangelise our heathen forefathers, at all events it is certain, if we can trust the Venerable Bede,[2] that St. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, and St. Lupus, Bishop of Troyes, must have seen Rutupiæ in all its glory.

The departure of the Roman legions, no doubt, gave a sad blow to the greatness of the city and

[1] See Hasted's *Kent*, p. 488.
[2] *Ecclesiastical History*, ch. xviii.

fortress, though Rutupiæ still retained its importance for some centuries both as a mart and as a haven. Vessels from the south still found a safer and shorter passage to the Thames and to London by passing through this estuary, than by rounding the North Foreland and the Nore.[1] But after the withdrawal of the eagles of Rome came the Jutes, or Saxons, under leaders whom tradition calls Hengist and Horsa, and who, according to the best authorities, landed at Ebbsfleet, in the Isle of Thanet. It is said that either Hengist or his son and successor Eric, established a Saxon or Jutish sovereignty in this part of Kent, and fixed on Rutupiæ as his residence, when the old Roman name gradually gave way to that of Reptaceaster,[2] or Ricsburgh (*i.e.* Ericsburgh). Strange to say, this dynasty appears to have held its own in peace and quiet for the best part of a century; and the extent of the sepulchral remains at Guilton, close by, and the character of the ornaments and weapons discovered *in situ* prove that a large and wealthy community lived and died in this neighbourhood previous to the conversion of the Kentish Jutes to Christianity.[3]

It was during the reign of Ethelbert, the great

[1] The large quantities of Saxon coins, from those of the earliest known date (called Seeattas) down to some of the ninth century, prove the continuous occupation of the site.

[2] Rutupis portum, qui portus a gente Anglorum nunc corrupte Reptacester vocatur.—Bede, *Eccl. Hist.* b. i. ch. i.

[3] Planché, *Corner of Kent*, pp. 24, 25.

grandson of Eric, that St. Augustine and his companions arrived in the port of Richborough, probably A.D. 597. Bede merely states that Austin landed in the Isle of Thanet; but Thorne, a monk of Canterbury, says more precisely, *in insulâ Thanet in loco qui dicitur* Ratisburgh (*i.e.* Richborough); and Leland tells us that at that time Richborough was considered to be a portion of Thanet. 'The holy missionary,' says Mr. Planché, 'on leaving the ship, trod, we are told, on a stone, which retained the print of his foot as though it had been clay. This stone was preserved in a chapel dedicated to St. Augustine, after his canonisation, and crowds of people flocked to it for many years on the anniversary of the day.' This statement, though of scanty historical worth, being traceable no further back than the fourteenth century, is at all events valuable as proving the general belief in the identity of the spot with some event in St. Austin's life, and establishing beyond all doubt and question the fact that the Rutupine Road and Richborough itself were, at the close of the sixth century, the principal landing-places for travellers to Britain from the shores of Gaul.

But even if Ebbsfleet in the Isle of Thanet, on the opposite side of the salt estuary, were the actual scene of St. Austin's landing, still there is little doubt that it was in or at the royal residence at Reptaceaster that the missionary and his clergy began their labours. At all events, in the 'Sandwich Manuscripts,' printed

by Mr. Boys in his collections—a compilation of the sixteenth century, from ancient chronicles and records—we find the following account, which has all the air of *vraisemblance*:—

'Upon the east part of Kent lyeth the Isle of Thanet, where Augustine and his fellows landed, being in number forty persons, as it is reported; who,

RUINS OF RICHBOROUGH CASTLE.

by his interpreter, sent to King Ethelbert, gave the King to understand that he, with his company, was come from Rome to bring unto him and his people the glad tidings of the Gospell, the way unto eternal life and blisse to all them that believe the same; which thing the King heareing, came shortly after *into his pallace or castle of Rupticester, or Rich-*

borrow, situate nigh the old city of Stonehore, and *the King sitting under the cliff or rock whereon the castle is built,* commanded Augustine with his followers to be brought before him.'

This graphic and interesting description is in perfect harmony with Bede's statement that the king had 'taken precautions that they should not come to him in any house, lest according to an ancient superstition they might impose on him, and so get the better of him:' and certainly it is far more probable that the Sovereign of Kent should have been seated on the sea-shore under the shadow of his own castle, and have commanded the attendance of the mysterious strangers, than that he should have crossed over to the opposite shores of the Isle of Thanet for the purpose of an interview with them.

It is well known to every reader of history that Ethelbert's queen, Bertha, was a French princess, and a Christian, and that she strongly influenced her husband in favour of the Christian missionaries. Leland writes, 'In the north side of the castel ys a hedde in the walle, now sore defaced with wether; they cawle it Quene Bertha hedde.' A piece of stone or marble, now completely worn smooth by weather, is still to be seen in the north postern gate of Richborough; but it is impossible for the most skilful antiquary to determine whether it is of Roman or Saxon workmanship.

There is, however, another spot at Richborough

which tradition identifies very distinctly with St. Austin's name, but which it quite pains one to find out will not bear a very close or minute inquiry, even at the hands of the most poetical of antiquaries.

'Within the area of the castle walls,' (says Mr. Planché) 'and much nearer to the bank than to the western wall, is what appears to have been the foundation of some building, which, from its cruciform shape, is now popularly known by the name of St. Augustine's Cross. Camden, however, seems to imply that in his day this name was not given particularly to this object. He says, "Wherever *the streets* have run the corn grows thin, which the common people call St. Austin's Cross;" but he is speaking of the fields whereon he supposes the city stood, and not of the area within the walls of the castrum. This is worthy of observation, as he does not mention "the cross" we are describing at all; though recent writers from the above passage have assumed that he has done so; and the inference therefore is, that it was not visible in Elizabeth's time, and that the appellation of "St. Austin's Cross" has been transferred to it at a much later period. Sumner, who appears to have written his 'Treatise on the Roman Ports and Forts of Kent' (published in 1693) during the reign of Charles II., seems to be the first who mentions it. The words "*Wherever* (ubicunque) the streets have run" distinctly prove that in Camden's day there were several crosses indicated by the partial growth of the

corn, and not one large mass of solid work, an object too remarkable to have escaped observation.'

In excavating round this structure, Mr. Boys discovered that it stood on a platform, five feet thick, 104 feet long, and nearly 145 feet wide, formed of a composition of boulders and coarse mortar, on which was laid a smooth floor of mortar, six inches thick. The cross itself, measuring from north to south forty-two feet by thirty-four, and from east to west nearly thirty feet by eight, had been faced with square stones, some of which remained *in situ*.

In 1822 a subterranean building was discovered beneath the platform, which was supposed to contain chambers used as store-rooms for the garrison, a granary, or an arsenal; but no indications of any entrance could be traced, either at that time, or as late as 1843, when the late Mr. Rolfe of Sandwich made a vigorous but unsuccessful attempt to penetrate the compact masonry.

Mr. C. Roach Smith in his 'Antiquities of Richborough' says, 'The popular notion that the cruciform foundation on the platform is the base of a cross need scarcely be refuted, and the opinion that it may have supported a Pharos is equally untenable.' Mr. Planché, however, dissents from Mr. Smith's view, and urges that the sandy nature of the soil would have rendered some such foundation necessary for the construction of a tower of sufficient size and height to serve as a lighthouse.

The rest of the story of Richborough is soon told. Intestine divisions encouraged foreign aggression; and towards the close of the seventh century, Cadwalla, enraged at his brother's violent, but well-deserved death, entered Kent at the head of a large army, wasted it with fire and sword, and reduced it to such a state that it never recovered its independence, but was annexed at the death of King Baldred in A.D. 823, to the rest of Egbert's dominions, and thus became absorbed in the realm of England. The place, now deserted by royalty, suffered frequent pillage at the hands of the Danes, more especially by Sweyne and his hordes in A.D. 990–994; and we have no proof that after this date Richborough was a place of strength or importance. The injury done to its harbour by the receding of the sea and the filling up of its harbour by sand, which began to operate as early as the seventh century, hastened on its ruin; and its commercial wealth and military importance were gradually transferred to its neighbour Sandwich, which had so far superseded Richborough in the reign of Canute as to be described as 'the most famous of all the ports of England.'

As early as the time of the Venerable Bede, who wrote at the beginning of the eighth century, we find that the estuary which severed Richborough from Thanet had degenerated into a tidal river, only about three furlongs across and fordable in more than one place.[1] An old map in Lewis's 'Isle of Thanet'

[1] Bede, *Eccl. Hist.* b. i. ch. xxv.

illustrates his description; and some time before the Norman invasion, Richborough had dwindled down into an insignificant hamlet. The upper portions of its castle meantime crumbled away beneath the hand of time, and the violence of lawless hands; and 'Ichabod,' was plainly written on its walls, those grey walls which still frown over the lowlands bidding defiance to both time and man. Still, even in its diminished shape, and shorn of its ancient glories, Richborough was repeatedly plundered and pillaged by the Saxons, the last instance previous to the Conquest being in 1048, when Sandwich also was ravaged, and its chief men slain.

'At this period,' says Mr. Planché, 'the powerful Godwin was Earl of Kent; and during his subsequent struggle with Edward the Confessor, the fleets of the king and of his turbulent subject alternately entered the Port, and threaded the diminishing channel of the Wansum; and in 1052 Godwin and his son Harold, sailed through this passage to the mouth of the Thames on their hostile expedition to London.'

The hamlet and castle of Richborough after the Conquest became part and parcel of the manor of Fleet, in the parish of Ash, which has passed through the hands of several noble families, amongst others those of D'Arques, D'Avranches, De Vere (Earl of Oxford), De Leybourne, and St. Leger, and now it belongs, by purchase, to the family and representatives of Mr. J. M. Fector, late M.P. for Dover. *Sic transit gloria rerum.*

A SUMMER DAY AT GREAT YARMOUTH.

ALTHOUGH the scenery of the eastern counties, as a rule, is far from attractive, I know not of a more interesting place or one more worthy of a visit than the 'ancient borough of Great Yarmouth.' Its historical associations are neither few nor poor; and in its corporate capacity it has a character quite its own, as also have its inhabitants, who are composed of the old Saxon stock planted here by Cerdic and his followers, with a strong infusion of the Danish[1] element. As you stand upon its long and handsome quay, you might easily fancy that you were in some seaport town of Belgium, were it not for the simple fact that such a quay is not to be found in Europe, except only at Seville.

We will leave it to antiquaries to settle the old dispute as to what place is the veritable Garianonum

[1] Many Danish terms are still in use along this coast. For instance the deep water between the sandbanks is called a 'gatt,' just as in Denmark.

of the Roman era, and whether that name in reality belongs to Burgh Castle or to Caistor—both villages in the immediate neighbourhood of Yarmouth. Garianonum is placed by Spelman at Caistor, instead of at Burgh, on the alleged ground that the latter is too far from the sea. Spelman, however, did not know that the sea really washed its walls in former times, and that a wide estuary penetrated inland nearly as far as Norwich. Camden identifies Garianonum with Burgh Castle; and in support of his view it should be mentioned that anchors, buoys, and sea-shells have been found there, together with Roman coins, from Domitian downwards. Moreover, the western side is open, the Romans considering that it was sufficiently protected by their ships. At Caistor, or Castra, were probably the 'æstiva' or summer quarters of the Roman legions. The castle there was erected in the first half of the fifteenth century, by the family of Falstolf, and it was for some centuries the residence of the Pastons, Earls of Yarmouth. Sir John Falstolf was esquire to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and distinguished himself at Agincourt, and at the Battle of the Herrings, so called from the salt fish which he was convoying. It would be almost superfluous to add that these Falstolfs were in no way connected with Shakspeare's Falstaff, had not the confusion been repeatedly made. Enough to state that both at Burgh and at Caistor, great quantities of coins and other relics of the Roman

empire from Galba to Constantine, have been dug up, and that the name of Caistor and the massive ruins at Burgh remain to this day as standing proofs that the vicinity of Yarmouth was an important station for the legions of Rome.

There could have been no Roman station *at* Yarmouth itself, for the very good reason that while the Roman eagles waved over Britain, the spot on which Yarmouth stands was not land, but sea. Like many other places situated at the mouth of rivers, Yarmouth has sprung up on soil partly alluvial and partly deposited by the tides and currents of the German ocean. It is not a little singular that while at Aldborough and Dunwich to the south, and at Cromer to the north, we have been losing acres of *terra firma*, year by year for centuries, and while old Neptune, by eating away the cliffs, has contrived to swallow whole a bishop's see and the metropolis of the East Angles, here, on the contrary, he has rejoiced to give back his stolen property, and yearly to deposit some yards of the cleanest and firmest sand which he had been holding in solution. This process has been going on gradually but surely for nearly two thousand years.

The fact is that the Yare, the Waveney, and the Bure, which intersect Norfolk and divide it from Suffolk, appeared to have entered into a conspiracy either with or against the god of the sea. Flowing through a fertile, gravelly, and loamy soil, they each

bring down from the interior rich deposits; and these being beaten back by the tidal action of the sea, in the course of many centuries have formed a large inland estuary called the Breydon waters. At length they blocked up their own mouths, and formed what would have been a delta, if the northern channel had not become dried up, leaving their waters to find their way into the ocean by a narrow bed to the south. The result has been that a long tongue of dry land sprang into existence during the Roman, Saxon, and Danish eras, reaching from the old Castrum or Caistor to Gorlestone. Thus arose out of the waters the firm sandy beach upon which, nearly 1,400 years ago, Cerdic the Saxon leapt from his primitive ship of war, and from which he forced his way into the country of the East Angles, and settled amongst their northern and southern 'folk.' If we may believe the local traditions, it was only a few years before the Norman Conquest that houses began to be built upon what now is the old town of Yarmouth, then a very narrow island. Soon after the Conquest the northern outlet of the three rivers became choked up, and the island grew into a part of the solid mainland. Yarmouth soon became an important place, and it numbered as many as seventy burgesses in the time of Edward the Confessor.

The rest of the early history of the town is soon told. Within half a century, Herbert de Losynga, Bishop of Norwich, in compassion for the fishermen

who had built their huts on this lonely spot, founded a church on the north side of the present town, and dedicated it to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of fishers. In consequence of the concourse of fishermen from different parts of England, and especially (so say the records of the borough) from the Cinque Ports, to catch herrings at certain seasons of the year, and of the convenience of the open sand for drying and curing what they caught, the Barons of the Cinque Ports sent their bailiffs to attend the fishery for forty days in each year, and ultimately contrived to exercise a jurisdiction of their own. The town, however, was too independent to play second fiddle to the 'Men of Kent'; and so, at the request of its citizens, King Henry I. was pleased to invest one of their number with the authority of provost, who was annually chosen by the burgesses.

The good town of Yarmouth continued to flourish under this kind of government until the reign of King John, who, with several bad points in his character, united one virtue—a taste for incorporating the rising towns in his dominions, and more especially the seaports. He granted the burgesses of Yarmouth a charter, the original of which, still in existence, is kept in the Guildhall. The borough soon rose in tonnage and independence, and in the course of a few years became the most important seaport between the Thames and the Humber. Henry III. granted to the burgesses of Yarmouth leave and licence to

fortify the town with a wall and moat; but the walls were not finished for a century afterwards. When completed, they inclosed a space of more than 2,200 yards, running south and west from the north-east wall of St. Nicholas' churchyard. The town had, in all, ten gates and sixteen towers. Its walls were

OLD TOWER, STANDING IN 1863.

surrounded by a deep moat, and the bridges at each gate were kept most carefully with watch and ward. The eastern wall, of course, was then close to the sea; though now, owing to the receding of the waves, there is a space of more than a quarter of a mile between it and the ocean. In the intervening space stands the

modern town of Yarmouth, with its noble marine drive of a mile and a half in length.

The town, thus fortified, was deemed proof against all assailants with bows and arrows, battering-rams, and the other engines of attack then known; but when gunpowder was discovered, it was rightly judged that the walls would not hold out against a siege without several additional outworks. When, therefore, Henry VIII. declared war against France and Scotland, the government of the day ordered the walls on the east side to be ramparted up and backed with earth; and this was done with such speed that in ten weeks the town was pronounced impregnable. The works were enlarged and completed by Elizabeth in the year before the coming of the Spanish Armada. Several portions of the old walls may still be seen between the houses in the back of Chapel Street, and along the edge of the churchyard of St. Nicholas. The towers by which the town was defended were named after King Henry, the Black Prince, &c.; three of the towers still stand in a more or less perfect condition—one at the north, and two at the south-east of the town. The gates under them have long since disappeared. They were narrow and inconvenient, like those of Temple Bar, and, not having equally rich associations or influential friends, were sentenced to demolition. The northern gate was of more than common interest, as tradition records that it was built out of the earnings of the workmen who

buried the dead bodies at the time when the plague visited Yarmouth. Most probably, the real artisans were members of some guild or religious association whose special duty it was to perform that last of the 'corporal acts of mercy.'

After the alarm of the Spanish Armada had passed away, the burgesses of Yarmouth raised a large mound of earth outside the southern gate, to command the river and the South Denes, and crowned it with large pieces of ordnance, at a cost of 125*l.*; the place is still known as the South Mount. It was by this southern gate that William III. entered, when he landed at Yarmouth in 1692, and was sumptuously entertained by the municipal authorities.

We will not specify the various charters which, from time to time, have been granted to the 'ancient borough,' beyond mentioning that Charles II. superseded by a mayor the two 'bailiffs' who had previously ruled jointly, and reduced the numbers of the aldermen and councillors. It appears, however, that the good people of Yarmouth did not much like being thus shorn of their second chief magistrate, and, partly in the spirit of discontent, and partly for purposes of real practical use, elected annually a 'water bailiff,' who exercised on the beach a summary jurisdiction in disputes relating to the fisheries, though not, of course, in the king's name. This popular election, however, came to an end on the passing of the Municipal Reform Bill of 1836.

The town of Great Yarmouth is built for the most part in little narrow lanes, or 'rows,' as they are called, 156 in number, which run eastwards from the quays towards the sea. Very many of these 'rows' have a thoroughly foreign aspect. They are mostly unpaved, and so narrow that common waggons and carts cannot go up or down them; but the people use instead a curious vehicle, called a Yarmouth cart, consisting of a narrow frame, the front part of which constitutes the shafts and the hinder part rests upon a single pair of wheels.

Along the South Quay stand some handsome mansions of the merchant princes of Yarmouth, bearing testimony to the wealth of the town a century or two ago. One of these, formerly the residence of Ireton or Bradshaw, presents a specimen of very magnificent oak carving in the interior. It was built in the reign of Elizabeth by a wealthy merchant of Yarmouth, named Benjamin Cowper, who represented the town in Parliament, when it was the custom, if not the law, for boroughs to return resident burgesses, and for the counties to send up suitable Knights of the shire. He was also a member of the Company of Merchant Adventurers incorporated by that Queen; and their shield of arms, put up by him, still remains in one of the apartments. It is probable that he shared in the 'rich spoils' obtained from the expeditions fitted out by Raleigh, Drake, and Norris; for Yarmouth supplied those bold seamen with ships and

money, and took a special interest in the expedition to Cadiz under Essex, who shortly after that successful exploit became member for the borough.

Be this as it may, Cowper erected a spacious mansion surrounding the four sides of an inner court, and adorned the panelled apartments with carvings of great beauty, in the style now so well known as Elizabethan. To one of the rooms a peculiar interest is attached, because there is a tradition, well supported by corroborative circumstances, that in it the death of King Charles I. on the scaffold was finally decided on.

Clarendon tells us, that after the unfortunate monarch had been brought to Hampton Court, and the army had mastered the parliament, 'there were many secret consults what to do with the king;' the Independents being of opinion that 'they should never be able to settle a new form of government whilst he lived.' It is certain that a secret conference of great importance was held in the chamber above mentioned, by some of the friends and adherents of Cromwell, and many of the leading officers of the army. The apartment in which it took place is on the first floor, having three windows looking upon the Quay. It is thirty feet long by eighteen feet wide. The walls are panelled from floor to ceiling, and richly adorned with carved work. At one end is a chimney-piece of massive but elegant design, profusely and exquisitely carved. The ceiling is enriched by projecting mouldings, with pendant bosses at the

intersections, and the compartments into which it is divided are ornamented with fruits and flowers, among which the rose, the grape, and the pomegranate predominate.

At the time of which we are speaking this house was in the possession of John Carter, an acknowledged leader of the Independents, and a firm adherent of Cromwell, with whose family his own became intimately connected by marriage.[1] Carter was one of the bailiffs or chief magistrates at Yarmouth, when the town declared for the Parliament. He immediately concerted measures to put it into a state of defence, raised a regiment of militia, of which he undertook the command, subscribed the Solemn League and Covenant, and greatly influenced the municipal counsels during that great national struggle which ended in the defeat and imprisonment of the king.

Let us imagine the conference. At an oaken table in this long and somewhat gloomy apartment, the door of which was strictly guarded, sat the determined owner of the house, dressed in the buff jerkin which is still religiously preserved. Beside him was the Recorder, Miles Corbet, an astute lawyer and resolute partisan, ready and willing to sit in judgment on his sovereign, and to send him to an ignominious death. William Burton, another burgess and leading elder (whose son married a daughter of Desborough,

[1] Carter's son married a daughter of General Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law.

and whose name was, at the Restoration, ordered to be erased from all public documents), was probably there, with Bendish and some others; whilst on the other side sat Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law; Desborough, his brother-in-law, a stern republican; Fleetwood and Bradshaw; Barkstead, whose regiment had garrisoned the town; Scroope, who had previously been sent to Yarmouth by the Committee of Parliament; and Goffe, who with Burton, afterwards represented the town in the parliament of the Commonwealth. These men deliberated upon the crimes committed by the king against the liberties of the people, descanted upon the dissatisfaction of the army, urged the impossibility of trusting to any engagement entered into by the king, and insisted that any compromise would end only in their own destruction.

The subject was, however, too weighty a one to be slightly disposed of. It was a grave matter, especially in those days, to talk about killing a king! The debate was consequently an animated and a protracted one. At what hour this momentous conference commenced we are not informed; but we are told that the dinner which had been ordered at four o'clock, was put off from time to time till eleven o'clock at night. Those who had been so long in conference then came down-stairs, took a hasty repast, and immediately departed, some for London and others for the quarters of the army.

A commission was soon afterwards issued for the

trial of the king. We all know that he refused to plead to the 'pretended High Court of Justice.' Nevertheless, he was condemned; and Bradshaw, Cromwell, Ireton, Fleetwood, Barkstead, Scroope, Goffe, and Corbet, with many others, signed the warrant for his execution.

INTERIOR OF MANSION.

The engraving shows the room in which this conference was held. The house was the property and residence of Charles J. Palmer, Esq., F.S.A., who some years since carefully restored it to its original condition, and published, for private distribution, forty engraved illustrations of it.

During the war with the great Napoleon a considerable addition was made to the importance of Yarmouth by its being made the chief rendezvous for the fleet, and Nelson (himself a Norfolk man) was frequently here.[1] In 1810 the ex-king of Sweden landed here, just as, three years before, Louis XVIII. sought a refuge on its shores as an exile, under the assumed name of Count de Lille.

A jetty was first built out into the sea at Yarmouth in 1560; but, having fallen into absolute decay, it was replaced early in the present century by the present building, which is consecrated to memory as the spot from which Nelson, Duncan, Gambier, Jervis, and many other gallant heroes, stepped on board their ships, when Yarmouth Roads were the rendezvous of the British fleet in the northern and eastern seas. When first opened, it ran 450 feet into the sea; but the sand deposited by the receding waves has reduced its length to about half that length at ordinary high-tides. Two handsome piers, one at the north and the other at the south of the town, add much to its attractions; and Yarmouth is well provided with other places of amusement in the shape of a theatre, a public library, and some assembly-rooms, which are places of recreation during the summer season. To these must be added the

[1] The visitor to Yarmouth will be much struck by the beauty of the Nelson Column on the South Denes: it is 144 feet in height, and was erected in 1817–18, by a public subscription in the county of Norfolk.

races and regatta, and a more than fair proportion of reviews and public balls. Consequently, it is not to be wondered at that the annual visitors to Yarmouth in the summer and autumn are steadily increasing in numbers, and that it is found necessary year by year to build increasing accommodation for their reception. The fashionable season is the latter part of the summer and the beginning of autumn.

Yarmouth Roads afford excellent anchorage, and they are seldom empty of a large fleet of merchantmen and colliers, though the numbers vary much, according to the state of the weather. We have counted as many as 1,300 sail in the roads.

The anchorage is protected by the Scroby and Corton sands, which run parallel with the beach at the distance of something more than a mile from the shore. At very low tides portions of these sands are dry; but they are generally covered by a shallow depth of water, which with the least wind, and often without any wind at all, is lashed into furious breakers. The beach itself, and indeed the entire coast of Norfolk, is most dangerous to coasters; as the tombstones in the churchyard can tell the visitor. When a storm visits this coast, it seldom leaves its work half done. Thus in 1789 no less than thirty-five vessels were driven ashore on the last day of October between Happisburg and Corton; and the records of the town relate that in the year 1692 above 200 sail of ships and at least 1,000 souls belonging to

the ports of Norfolk, including Yarmouth, were lost in one night between Lowestoft and Lynn. It is singular that it is not with an easterly gale that the greatest damage is done on the Yarmouth coast though it lies so open to the east, the waves being broken and spent upon the sands in the offing. The severest storms are those which come up under a north-westerly wind, which forces up the waters out of the Northern Sea in vast excess of the average. Such was the case only so lately as the month of May 1860, when the whole Norfolk coast was swept by a terrific gale, which strewed its sands with wrecks and caused a sad loss of life. On that occasion even the life-boat crew felt that it was impossible for human hands to make way with their gallant vessel against the joint force of wind and tide, and were obliged, therefore, to leave several sufferers to their fate. Still, for the most part of the summer, the sea is smooth and calm, and the bathing is safe, the ordinary tides rising and falling little more than six or seven feet.

Among the various public buildings of Yarmouth we should particularise the Town Hall upon the South Quay, built in 1716; the Naval Hospital, erected in 1809-11 at a cost of 120,000*l.*, now occupied as a Naval Lunatic Asylum; and the Armoury and Naval Arsenal, built under Wyatt in 1806, when Yarmouth Roads were the head-quarters of the fleet; it was calculated to hold stores for six ships and six sloops, and 10,000 stand of arms; but the establish-

ment has recently been broken up, and the place turned into quarters for the militia. The Theatre was built in 1778; the Baths were opened in 1759, and the Public Rooms adjoining in 1788: the original drawbridge connecting the two quays together was erected in 1786. The Custom House, a handsome building on the middle of the South Quay, was formerly the residence of the ancient and respectable family of Sayers,[1] who still are well represented at Yarmouth. Besides the above, there was a curious and old-fashioned Guildhall at the entrance to the churchyard of St. Nicholas, but it has recently been taken down.

St. Nicholas, Yarmouth, is one of the finest and handsomest parish churches in England; it is 230 feet long, by 108 broad; and in its original design was cruciform, with a handsome tower and spire in the centre. Before the Reformation it was rich in its decorations, and celebrated for the 'Miracle Plays' performed within its walls; but its chief glory was a certain 'Miraculous Star.' In the church-books we still find entries of items for 'leading in' the Miraculous Star, and for making a new one: and for making a 'thread line' and a new 'forelock' for the 'Paschal.' The organ of St. Nicholas is said to be the finest known, except that at Haarlem. There is in the church a curious and valuable library, and a

[1] One of this family, Captain Sayers, when in command of the Revenue cruiser, 'Ranger,' in 1817, captured a lugger of Folkestone, off the Yorkshire coast, with a cargo of smuggled silk, tobacco, &c., valued at 13,000*l.*

desk of singular construction, so arranged as to turn round and present the books on any of the shelves to the reader's hand without displacing others.

St. Nicholas may very well take rank among our foremost parish churches, if not with the old Abbey of St. Alban's, at all events with St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, St. Botolph at Boston, and St. Michael's at Coventry ; and as exhibiting the harmony of several styles in combination, perhaps it is superior to any and all of these.

Of the original church, built by Bishop Herbert de Losynga, in 1101, nothing remains but portions of the central tower ; but this tower has served to rule and modify the entire form of the church through all its subsequent changes, and has therefore been preserved intact. In 1190, a new and larger fabric was built, consisting of a nave of eight bays with lean-to aisles, but retaining the tower ; the form of the fabric was rendered cruciform by the addition of transepts. These aisles were pulled down about the middle of the thirteenth century, when they were rebuilt, with a width of 40 feet each (the nave being only 24 feet), to make room for numerous mortuary chapels, formed by wooden partitions in the great aisles, the fashion which then prevailed ; and the church was reconsecrated in A.D. 1286. The next step in enlarging the fabric was the extension of the chancel eastwards ; these works were in the Geometrical Decorated style of the early part of the fourteenth century. The

vaulted porch to the south aisle was added at the same time. The transepts were raised in height soon afterwards, thus blocking up the lower windows of the tower.

If we were to transport ourselves 500 years back we should see St. Nicholas' church in all its glory, a complete and stately church, with its aisles and transepts all sharply defined and equal in height, and adorned with a lofty pinnacle at every corner, containing a stone staircase, leading to the gutters and roof. The tower was surmounted by a spire that rose to 184 feet; and within, the church was rich in furniture. A chapel of 'Our Lady of Arneburg' decked the eastern end of the chancel; the northern aisle of the chancel had a 'pair of fair organs'; the chancel itself was crossed by a lofty rood loft, and adorned with a reredos, the work of Roger de Hadiscoe. 'In and about the church,' says a writer in the 'Ecclesiologist,' 'nineteen separate chapels are enumerated, each with its altar and lights burning before the statue of its patron saint. Sacred dramas and miracle plays were represented in the spacious aisles of the chancel, of the stage properties of which some curious records exist; the walls were decorated with rich hangings of arras and with paintings, of which some fragments remain, particularly an interesting portion of one in the north chancel aisle, from the subject of the murder of St. Thomas à Becket; the sedilia were richly carved and painted; faint traces of figures of angels of very exquisite character are still visible upon

those in the south chancel aisle; from the roof a ship was suspended as a type of the Church. All the roofs were waggon-shaped, and had panelled boarded ceilings with moulded ribs and carved bosses, on which armorial bearings and other designs were painted; in fact, the whole of its immense interior was most profusely and sumptuously enriched.'

'From this period we must date the decline of this splendid fabric. About the year 1400, the angles of the roof were lowered, and the interior reduced to what is known as a 'waggon-roof' shape; being at the same time decorated with curious bosses and emblazoned coats of arms;[1] and the noble Decorated windows of the transepts and aisles were replaced by others of meagre Perpendicular details.

After the Reformation the state of the fabric became even worse. The Corporation of the town had imbibed the 'new doctrines' practically as well as theoretically; and they seem to have thought that they could scarcely take too active a part in destroying all relics of mediæval devotion. The curious images which decorated the old rood loft were torn down and carried to the river side, where an open space called 'The Laughing Image Corner,' still perpetuates the memory of the scene of their destruction. Miracle-plays were frequently performed within the walls of the chancel for the benefit of the unlettered

[1] See a curious paper on 'Roof of Yarmouth Church,' by T. W. King, Esq., York Herald, 'Norfolk Archæology,' v. ii.

fishermen ; and the floor was richly inlaid with monumental brasses until 1551, when they were all taken up and sent to London to be cast into weights for the use of the town.

The Puritans of the seventeenth century accomplished much that had been left undone by the Reformers of the sixteenth. The churchyard cross was probably destroyed at this date ; and under Cromwell the chancel and its aisles were bricked up and severed from the rest of the edifice, the chancel itself being given up for a chapel to the 'Independents,' who were with difficulty expelled at the Restoration.

In 1633 part of the spire was destroyed by a fire, when it was shortened, and what was left was afterwards rebuilt in equally bad taste. In 1784 the east end of the chancel fell down, and the wall was rebuilt, ten feet being cut off the length of the edifice. Early in the present century, the fine stone carving of the exterior was hacked away wholesale in order to fit the building for a coating of plaster, which is now doomed wholly to disappear ; high and unsightly brickwork buttresses were built up against the noble western front, and the tower was encased with bands of cast-iron. So bad, indeed, had the fabric become that at one time it was proposed to abandon the building to its fate, and to build a new church on another site.

In 1845 a happier era was inaugurated. The then incumbent, Mr. Mackenzie, appealed for aid towards restoring the fabric, and the interior rapidly assumed

a more fitting aspect at a cost of 5,000*l.* But it was not till 1863 that it was resolved to undertake the work of revival on a larger and more effective scale at a cost of 25,000*l.* Under Mr. Mackenzie's successor, Archdeacon Nevill, and the present vicar, Mr. Venables, the south aisle has been pulled down, and rebuilt stone for stone; the rest of the edifice has been brought back to its original form and beauty, its floor has been relaid, and chairs substituted for its ugly pews, and the chancel adorned with carved work and painted windows. The spire, which serves as a landmark to the ships outside the Yarmouth Roads, it is to be hoped will be restored to its original height.

A lofty stone cross, according to the general custom, once marked the ground of St. Nicholas' churchyard as consecrated; but every vestige of it has long since gone, together with the yew tree which no doubt grew near it. The adjoining gardens, which once formed part of the monastic grounds, are still the property of the Dean and Chapter of Norwich; and in them there still stand several pear and mulberry trees, planted by the monks in former days; one of the latter is the largest in the east of England.

At the era of the Reformation the new doctrines were received with much favour at Yarmouth; and we read of one William Swanton, a chaplain, who interrupted the sermon on a Sunday, in 1535, by denouncing the honour given to saints' pictures and images, and avowing his belief that 'holy water is good sauce

for a capon'; as also of four merchants of the town, who greatly disturbed the congregation by uttering 'heretical words' of a like import; one of the latter, with an eye to business which savours of neither faith nor works, but rather of worldliness, bargained loudly for a last of herrings while the preacher was in the pulpit.

Adjoining the parish church are the remains of the old Benedictine monastery, recently restored in excellent taste, and now used as the national school. A public breakfast used to be given here to the inhabitants every Christmas Day; this caused great scandal, and an attempt was made to suppress it in 1614; but the parishioners liked this part of the old religion too well to abandon it without a struggle, so they brought the matter before the Lords of the Privy Council, but without success, and eventually it was put down by authority.

The constant and easy intercourse by sea between Yarmouth and Holland, where the reformed religion had assumed a freer action, had so powerful an effect upon the inhabitants of Yarmouth that we find the ecclesiastical authorities at Norwich had to put the laws into motion for the suppression of 'Sectaries,' and Queen Elizabeth supported her ministers by commanding the 'Anabaptists, and such like heretics, who had flocked to the coast towns of England, to depart the realm within twenty days.' On this occasion an Anabaptist preacher, named Cayne, was imprisoned; and with admirable impartiality one John Wright, 'a Jesuit or seminary priest,' and a Franciscan friar,

whose name is not recorded, then lying as prisoners in Yarmouth Gaol, were 'sent over the seas' by the bailiffs of the town, apparently on their own authority. A chapel used by the Dutch, in which a Mr. Brinsley had preached, was also forcibly closed by the authorities, and turned into a warehouse. The Rev. Thomas Bridge, who, having held a living in Norwich, had become an Independent, and had settled in Yarmouth, preached here frequently and powerfully during the Commonwealth, and after fighting a hard battle for his ground, obtained the use of the chancel of the parish church as a chapel for his congregation, and he continued to minister there until the Restoration (the Presbyterians having their own ministry), when he was ejected.

We have already hinted that the borough of Yarmouth, in its corporate capacity, has on various occasions shown a high and independent spirit, as if its inhabitants were resolved to 'hold their own' against all rivals. Nor is this to be wondered at, considering the maritime position of the town, and the distinguished character of many of those individuals who have been entrusted with its liberties. The High Steward of Great Yarmouth, in the words of the Charter of Charles II., must be *unus præclarus vir*; and there can be no doubt that few towns can show a nobler list of distinguished names than Yarmouth. Among the High Stewards, since the reign of Edward VI. have been Dudley, Duke of Northumberland; Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk; Dudley, Earl of

Leicester; Cecil, Lord Burleigh; Devereux, Earl of Essex; Howard, Earl of Nottingham; Sydney, Earl of Leicester; Sackville, Earl of Dorset; Henry Cromwell (the Protector's youngest son); Hyde, Earl of Clarendon; Paston, Viscount and Earl of Yarmouth; Sir Robert Walpole, and his son and grandson, successors to his title of Earl of Orford; George, first Marquis Townshend; and Lords Bayning, Sydney, Lichfield, and Sondes. In the list of the Recorders of the borough occur the names of Miles Corbet, the regicide; the Honorable Robert Walpole, &c.

The Seal of the Corporation of Yarmouth is of the early date of 1251. It consists of the patron saint, St. Nicholas, seated in a chair of state, with his pastoral staff in his hand, and an angel on either side, with the inscription 'O PASTOR VERE, TIBI SUBJECTIS MISERERE'; on the reverse is a ship of the twelfth or thirteenth century, and the legend 'Sig: Comunit: de: Gernemutha.'

At one time, viz. in 1667, the cool independence of the good people of Yarmouth rose so high that they took upon themselves to begin a coinage; and in that year, farthings (now very rarely to be met with) were struck off by them. King Charles, as might be expected, was very indignant at their presumption, and forced the citizens to pay the fine of 1,000*l.* before he would grant them his royal pardon. The same thing, we have heard, happened at Beccles, a town situated some ten or twelve miles inland, but with what result we are not informed.

But this sketch of Great Yarmouth would not be complete without some notice of its fisheries, which are of ancient celebrity.

> Then followed Yar, soft washing Norwitch wall,
> And with him brought a present joyfully,
> Of his one fish unto their festival,
> Whose like none else could show.
>
> Spenser's *Faërie Queene*, IV., canto xi.

During the mackerel season, the beach at Yarmouth, near the jetty, affords a most amusing scene; great quantities of fish are continually brought ashore in large flat boats, called ferryboats, and sold upon the beach. The fish are then washed, packed up in hampers, or 'peds,' and sent off to the railway. The mackerel fishery realises many thousands annually, and employs a large number of vessels, with ten hands in each. The herring fishery,[1] however, is even a greater source of profit to the town, nearly double the number of both boats and hands being engaged in it.

The mackerel fishery begins the early part of May, and terminates in the first week in July; it is a complete voyage of adventure, both to owners and men, each participating in the amount of stock raised, according to their several stations and interests.

[1] That the herring fishery of Yarmouth was formerly deemed interesting, is evident from Tom Nashe's *Lenten Stuffe*, a curious pamphlet, written in 1598, containing eighty-three quarto pages; the title of it is 'Nashe's Lenten Stuffe; containing the Description and First Procreation and Increase of the Towne of Great Yarmouth, in Norffolke: with a New Play, never played before, of the Praise of the Red Herrings: Fitte of all Clearks of Noblemen's Kitchins to be read; and not unnecessary by all Serving Men, that have short Boord-Wages, to be remembered.'

The deep-sea white-herring fishery comes next in succession; the boats are obliged to be at the place of rendezvous, Brassey Sound, in the island of Shetland, by June 22, where their nets, stores, and materials are examined, and their men mustered by the officer of the fishery residing there, who is appointed by the Board of Commission at Edinburgh. There is a bounty allowed of 3*l.* per ton on the admeasurement of the boat, and 4*s.* per barrel on the number of barrels of fish caught, and this fishery is regulated by Act of Parliament.

The red herring, or home fiishery, for which this town and Lowestoft have been for a long time celebrated, commences a little before Michaelmas (though of modern years the seasons have been somewhat later than formerly), when the fish appear at first in small quantities upon the Norfolk shore, and in the neighbourhood of the sands. 'The latter part of October,' says the author of a local guide-book, 'is the season for the greatest plenty, and when the fish have attained their full growth (which seems not to be the case at first), they are ready to spawn and then become shotten; this event is hastened by stormy weather. The fish are caught in equal quantities in the mid-seas and near sands, and the range is from Smith's Knoll (seldom to the north of it), to the Foreland.'

The method of catching and curing herrings is as follows:—At the beginning of the season the boats sail off to sea, about ten leagues north-east from this port, in order to meet the shoals, or second part of the

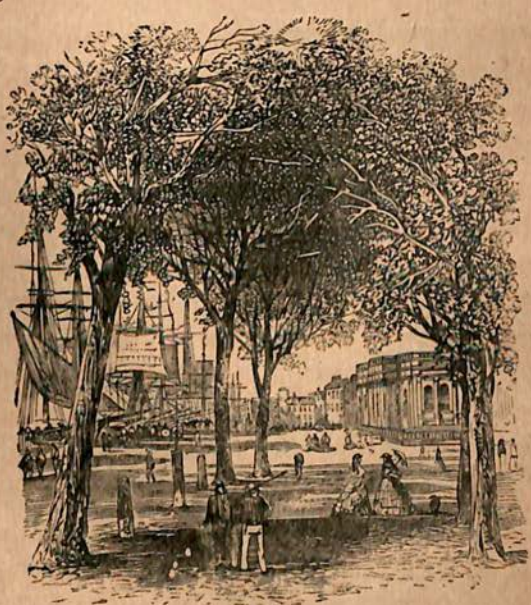
first division of herrings, which separate off the north part of Scotland. Being arrived on the fishing-ground in the evening (the proper time for fishing), they shoot out their nets, extending about 2,200 yards in length, and eight in depth, which, by the help of small casks, called bowls, fastened on one side at a distance of thirty to forty yards from each other, are suspended in a perpendicular position beneath the surface of the water. If the quantity of fish caught in one night amount only to a few thousands, they are salted, and the vessels continue on the fishing-ground two or three nights longer, salting the fish as they are caught, till they have obtained a considerable quantity, when they bring them into the roads, where they are landed and lodged in the fish houses. Sometimes, when the quantity of fish is very small, they will continue on the fishing-ground a week or ten days; but, in general, they bring them in every two or three days, and sometimes oftener, especially when the quantity amounts to six or seven lasts,[1] which often happens; and instances not unfrequently occur of a single boat bringing into the roads at one time fourteen to sixteen lasts. As soon as the herrings are brought on shore, they are carried to the fish-offices, where they are salted and laid in heaps on the floors, about two feet deep; after they have continued in this situation about fifty hours, the salt is washed from them by putting them into baskets and plunging

[1] A fisherman's last of herrings is thirteen thousand two hundred, and a merchant's last, ten thousand.

them in water; thence they are carried to an adjoining apartment, where, after being pierced through the gills by small wooden spits, about four feet long, they are handed to the men in the upper part of the house, who place them at proper distances, beginning nearly as high as the top of the roof, and proceeding downwards, where they are cured or made red. The house being thus filled with herrings, many small wood fires are kindled underneath upon the floor, whose number is in proportion to the size of the room, and the smoke which ascends from these fires dries or cures the herrings. After the fish have hung in this manner about seven days, the fires are extinguished, that the oil and fat may drip down; about two days after, the fires are rekindled, and, after two more such drippings the fires are kept continually burning until the herrings are perfectly cured; but this requires a longer or shorter time, according as they are designed for foreign or home consumption. After the herrings have hung a proper time, they are taken down (or 'struck'), and packed away in barrels, containing eight hundred or one thousand each, and then shipped off for market. The ships receive the barrels on board in the harbour, and sail direct for the Mediterranean ports. The trade formerly was chiefly confined to foreign parts, especially to Catholic countries, only a small quantity being reserved for home consumption, but of late years the home consumption has greatly increased. This fishing terminates in November.

In 1784 there were equipped at this port, two

Greenland ships, called 'The Yarmouth' and 'The Norfolk'; and afterwards no less than eight ships were fitted out for the Greenland and Davis's Straits whale fisheries; this continued for several years, but owing to some partial failure of success, and perhaps still more to the want of a little perseverance, this trade was on a sudden relinquished, the ships and stores were sold at a great loss, and the whole concern totally abandoned. It is, however, to be hoped that this trade will hereafter be revived again through that enterprising spirit for which Yarmouth is so highly distinguished.



THE QUAY.

OLD MORETON HALL.

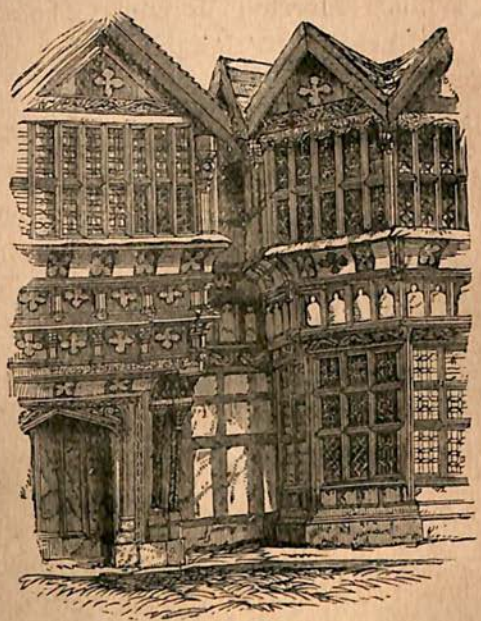
OLD MORETON HALL.

CHESHIRE has been aptly termed by antiquaries and genealogists the seed-plot of nobility; and if we may believe Mr. E. P. Shirley's 'Noble and Gentle Men of England,' it contains at this day a larger number of old county families than any other of our English counties, in proportion to its size; and no unworthy compeers of the Grosvenors, Egertons, Leighs, Wilbrahams, Davenports, Warburtons, and Stanleys of the time were the heads of the Moretons of Moreton in successive generations, until they became extinct in the male line.

Old Moreton Hall, long the seat of one, and it is believed the elder, branch of the Moretons, is one of the most curious timber houses in Cheshire, or, indeed, in the kingdom. It dates from the fifteenth century, but it marks the site of an older mansion, of which some faint traces still remain. It stands on the road leading from Congleton towards Newcastle, towards the south-east corner of the county, amidst

a sandy plain, looking across towards the borders of Staffordshire.

According to Lysons, the Hall belonged at an early period to the noble and knightly family of Moreton, whose heiress, about the reign of Henry III.,



INTERIOR OF COURT ; MORETON HALL.

married Gralam de Lostock. His son, after the usage of the times, took the name of Moreton, from his property, and was the grandfather of Gralam de Moreton, who was living A.D. 1354. The descendants of this personage continued possessed of this hall in strict male descent till the death of Sir Walter Moreton,

Recorder of London, a little more than a century ago, who, in 1763, bequeathed the estate to his nephew, the Rev. Richard Taylor, vicar of West Firle, in Sussex, who assumed the name of Moreton under his father's will, and was the father of the late owner, the Rev. William Moreton Moreton. The seat and property now belongs to this gentleman's daughter and heiress.

It appears that Moreton and the adjoining estate of Rode (or Odrode, as it was once called) were joint manors in the old Saxon times, or as some topographers assert, two separate manors within one 'ville.' After the Conquest they passed into the hands of two Norman grantees, Hugh, predecessor of the Barons of Montalt, and William Fitz Nigel, of Halton. The manors were subsequently divided, and gave their names to two distinct families.

This division of the manor of Rhode between the old family of Rhode and the Moretons was probably the cause of some curious differences which arose between those two houses, and which were, it is to be hoped, set at rest by an 'awarde made in the 5th year of our Soverain Lord King Henry VIII.' by one William Brereton, Esq. These seem to have arisen out of the moot question of personal precedency, and they were settled rather comically on the following terms, that, 'whichever of the said gentlemen may dispend in lands by title of inheritance 10 mark or above more than the other, he shall have the pre-

eminence of siting in the church and in going in procession, and with all other like cases in that behalf.' The document, signed by Brereton, is still in the possession of the Moreton family, whose pedigree is proved by the Heralds' Visitations, and by successive 'Inquisitiones Post Mortem,' reaching down to the reign of Elizabeth.

The 'Old Hall,' as it is called in the neighbourhood, to distinguish it from a modern mansion, close by, which has vainly endeavoured to assume its name, stands only a short distance from the road, and is approached by a small stone bridge over a moat, which encloses about a statute acre of ground; but of the entire building three sides only are now standing.

Entering over the bridge from the south side, we find ourselves at the portal of a very ancient gateway, which admits us into the court. The buildings over this gateway are very lofty, and were probably used as sleeping rooms, except the long gallery above, and a room on the south side opening into it.

The sides of the gallery are almost entirely composed of a series of bay windows; the roof is of oak resting on brackets, and formed into square compartments filled with quatrefoils. Scattered about over the parlour of the hall and large parlour are the following inscriptions, carved in the woodwork, together with the arms and crest of Moreton:—

'GOD IS AL IN AL THING.
THIS WINDOWS WHIRE MADE BY WILLIAM MORETON IN THE YEARE OF OURE LORD MDLIX.
RICHARD DALE, CARPEDER, MADE THIS WINDOW, BY THE GRAC' OF GOD.

It was almost needless for Lysons to have added that the chapel and other parts of the building 'might have been of an earlier date.'

Over the window at the west-end is a figure of Fortune resting on a wheel, with the motto 'Qui modo scandit corruet statim,' and at the other end is another figure with a globe and an inscription, 'The Speare of Destiny, whose rule is Knowledge.'

Ormerod, in his well-known 'History of Cheshire,' thus describes the Hall:—'The principal apartment on the north side of the court is lighted by a large bow window forming five sides of an octagon. Beyond is the dining parlour, over the mantel-piece in which are the arms of royalty, and in the windows are the arms of Brereton and Moreton, and the badge of the House of Lancaster. Another pane, which has been destroyed, in all probability contained a repetition of the white rose, to which the Moretons had a twofold reason for attachment—the well-known predilection of the gentlemen of Cheshire for the princes of that line, and also the circumstance of their being military tenants under the duchy of Lancaster, to which by consequence their fealty was due.'

The bow windows of the Hall and the adjoining

apartment, according to the same authority, appear to have been added at a later date. The most ancient side of the house is undoubtedly the eastern. In this is a small and very curious chapel, divided into the regular form of a chapel and ante-chapel, separated by a wooden screen. The extreme length of the apartment is about thirty feet; the ceiling is very low. The chapel proper is about twelve feet by nine; the rest of the space is occupied by the ante-chapel.

At the east end is a pointed window; and texts of Scripture are painted in black letter within compartments on the walls. The old chapel, we are sorry to say, is not as carefully preserved as it deserves to be. The texts from the Bible are now scarcely legible.[1]

The old glass patterns in the windows are of exquisite shapes and forms. On one of them are the following lines, cut with a diamond in an old-fashioned hand:—

> Man can noe more knowe weoman's mynde by teares
> Than by her shaddow judge what clothes shee weares.

Underneath are written the names of Jonathan Woodnotte and Marie Woodnotte, with the date 1621. We wonder how these Woodnottes were connected with the Moretons, and what made Jonathan so spiteful against womankind. Can any of our readers assist us in solving the mystery?

'The materials of the old house,' says Ormerod,

[1] They are not from the authorised English version.

'are timber, wickerwork, and plaster; the timber, as usual, is disposed in squares, filled up fancifully with quatrefoils and other patterns. The stables and other offices are ranged at a more respectful distance than is usual in old mansions. Within the moat, at the north-west angle, is a circular mound, which probably once supported a tower of the earlier mansion—which from this circumstance we should infer was probably fortified—and at the south-east angle is another circular mound of much larger dimensions, situated outside the present moat, but apparently included originally within trenches communicating with it.'

As the house wanted repairing in one of the large beams which supported the projecting upper gable as far back as Elizabeth's time, we cannot be wrong in believing that the edifice dates from the reign of Henry VII. or Henry VIII., more especially since it is well known that these moated houses, adorned with black and white diapers of timbers and plaster, succeeded the ancient castellated residences, and in their turn gave way to the Tudor and Elizabethan mansions.

There is a report that Queen Elizabeth paid Moreton a visit in one of her royal progresses, and that she danced in the long gallery; but the story is not very well founded. It probably arose from some poetical attempt to account for the royal arms, which are still to be seen, handsomely carved, in a panel over the chimney-piece of the dining parlour,

though the escutcheon is certainly of an older date than Elizabeth's reign, and contains the armorial bearings of Henry VII. or VIII., or Edward VI.

Lysons, who gives two large engravings of Moreton Hall, says in his 'Magna Britannia,' that it is 'a very remarkable building almost wholly of timber, and one which, from the singularity of its form and its high state of preservation, is more worthy of attention than any other of the same kind in Cheshire. It is surrounded,' he says, 'by a moat, and occupies three sides of a court [quadrangle], on the north side of which is the hall with a large bow window, being five sides of an octagon. On the east side of the court is the chapel, on the walls of which are painted various inscriptions in text hand, and other ornaments. . . . The whole of the upper side of this side of the building, being sixty-eight feet in length, is occupied by a very light gallery, having a continued range of windows on every side of it.' The curious manner in which the timberwork of this building and the glazing of the windows are disposed will be best understood from the illustrations. One of the most interesting general views of 'the Old Hall,' is from the top of a hill called Mole Cop, where the eye catches a bird's-eye view of the moat and entire form of the building, grouping with the range of offices, and a large artificial pool, which lies below the hill at the back of the buildings.

In the parish church of Astbury, which stands at

some distance from the 'Old Hall,' are the monuments of the Moretons, including one to the memory of the Recorder of London already mentioned. His father was Bishop of Kildare and Meath, and his grandfather was a Prebendary of Chester, who had married a niece of Archbishop Laud. The Prebendary's brother was in high diplomatic employ, and had been sent by Charles I. as Ambassador to Genoa and to Tuscany. The family appear in their time to have allied themselves with the Breretons, Bellots, Rodes, Yardleys, Calveleys, Suttons, and Davenports, and others of the best Cheshire squires.

There was another branch of the family who were seated at another house in the neighbourhood, called Great Moreton Hall, which is thus described by Lysons in his 'Topographia Britannica':—

'It is a spacious building of timber and plaster, furnished with gables in the style of the early part of the seventeenth century. It has, however, been much altered of late, and previous to these alterations windows of comparatively modern appearance had been substituted for the original ones, and the timber work concealed by stucco. In front of the house used to stand the steps of an ancient cross, much resembling another at Lymme, in the same county. But these were removed about the year 1806.

These Moretons of Great Moreton, soon after the reign of Henry IV., became extinct, their property passing, by the marriage of an heiress, to the Bellets

or Bellots, of Gayton, in Norfolk (who at one time enjoyed a baronetcy, now long extinct), and from them, in the same way, or by bequest, to the Powises, who recently sold the estates to the father of the late owner, Mr. G. H. Ackers, who built a new mansion on the estate.

CUMNOR HALL.

A SUMMER DAY AT CUMNOR.

WHO that has read 'Kenilworth' can fail to remember Cumnor Hall and Tony Forster and the sad fate of Amy Robsart? And who that has read Percy's 'Reliques' can call to mind without a tear the ballad of Mickle, which begins—

> The dews of summer night did fall;
> The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
> Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
> And many an oak that grew thereby?

And how many Oxford men have never forgotten the walk to Cumnor along the 'Seven-Bridge Road,' and the good-humoured face and nut-brown ale of the modern representative of old 'Giles Gosling,' whilom 'mine host' of the village inn of Cumnor, the 'Bear and Ragged Staff'? Among others, I remember the walk thither, and the church, and the inn, and the nut-brown ale too, as well as if I had gone on my pilgrimage there yesterday; so, with my reader's leave, I will act as his cicerone, in case he should like to pay Cumnor a visit whilst staying with

his old friends the Dons of St. Austen's College, on the banks of the Isis.

One fine morning in June, 18—, just before commemoration, my friend, Grey of —— College, and I set out for Cumnor. Turning our back on 'the High,' and leaving the old castle on our left, we passed what now is the site of two railway stations—there was no rail to Oxford in my day, nor would the 'dons' hear of the 'via ferrea' coming nearer than Steventon—and pursued the aforesaid 'Seven-Bridge Road,' till we reached the rising ground where the roads diverge, the right fork leading to Wytham and Ensham, while a sign-post on the left says, 'To Cumnor.' We left the long waste of meadows, on which we had so often skated in the winter, or skiffed about in flood times, and found ourselves on rising ground. Our path was a quiet, tranquil road, and wherever the path was more than ordinarily level, we read to each other, as we journeyed on, passages from 'Kenilworth,' about the home of old Robsart, Tresilian at the cave, his heart's dear lady, the pageant at the castle, and the tragical fate of poor Amy.

At the end of a walk of little more than three miles we entered the pretty village of Cumnor, and hailed it as classic ground, as having been visited and carefully reconnoitred from end to end by Sir Walter before he wrote his 'Kenilworth.' As Alfred Crowquill writes:—

'Here prattled in the plenitude of their conceit

Giles Gosling and swaggering *Mike Lambourne* to the Varneys and Tresilians, who, in company with right merry master *Goldthread* of Abingdon, quaffed pottles of sack and malmsey and cinnamon ales, and flung down freely their clinking angels; to the support of the grim-looking *bear* clinging sulkily to his ragged club upon the sign-tree at the threshold. Here the invalided monks of Abingdon spent their holidays, to the gratification of the community, who profited by their purse and store; and here (when the monks were gone) came sad things! for which many tears have fallen. There stood *Tony Forster* in his good fame, bending basely to the vile counsel of his lord of Leicester, and standing mute in cold expectation, whilst miscreants, more savage than vultures or remorseless brutes, laid cruel clutches upon the *Gentle Amie* of Cumnor Hall.'

But to pass from poetry to plain prose. The village of Cumnor, or Cumnar, as it was formerly written, stands on the fertile brow of a hill which overlooks a large part of the west of Oxfordshire and the eastern parts of Gloucestershire. The local topographers say that it contains about a hundred houses in the main village and its outlying hamlets, and that it has a mineral spring, which was formerly much resorted to for its 'cooling and laxative virtues.' A fine eminence within the parish, on the Oxford side, not far from a conspicuous clump of fir trees, was chosen by the Government in 1799 for the trigono-

metrical survey; and this station was used, with another on Shotover, for determining the place of the Observatory at Oxford.

The early history of the parish is much mixed up with that of the neighbouring Abbey of Abingdon, one of the earliest and richest of the old ecclesiastical foundations of our Saxon forefathers; and the abbots of that place made Cumnor their country residence probably as far back as a thousand years ago.[1] Even after the Conquest, when the glories of this abbey had been eclipsed by those of Reading and other more recent foundations, the abbot of Abingdon was immensely wealthy, for he held broad lands in Oxfordshire, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, and Berkshire, and at the suppression of the monasteries his rents were about 2,000*l.* a year. The last abbot was Thomas Rowland, alias Pentecost; he probably received the latter name on account of the date of his birth, just as in Catholic families it is customary to call children born about Easter by the name of Pascal. We find that, in the twenty-ninth year of Henry's reign, this Thomas Rowland and his monks resigned the Abbey of Abingdon to the King's Commissioners,

[1] The Abbey of Abingdon (Abbatis Oppidum) was founded about A.D. 675, by Heane, nephew to Cissa, the Viceroy of the Western Saxons. The monks forsook it in the time of Alfred, for fear of the Danes; but in A.D. 955 it was restored by King Edred and King Edgar, and under the care of Ethelwold, the abbot. The King of the Western Saxons, Cadwalla, gave twenty hides of land to the abbey, and of these a portion lay in Cumnor, or Comenore.

and that the former received the *rationabilis annualis pensio* of 200*l.* a year for life, with 'the whole capital mansion of Cumnor, its dwellings and stables, granaries, dove-cotes, and other buildings adjacent and appertaining thereto, and a close of ground also, called Cumnor Park.' Abbot Rowland resided at Cumnor—drawing his pension regularly, of course, but perhaps not very contentedly—until his death, in the reign of Edward VI.[1] The grounds which belonged to the great House or Hall at Cumnor are still green with turf and stately trees, and show that they once belonged to a fine country mansion. Some persons have imagined that the house was not what would now be called a mansion, but merely a monastic cell and place of retreat, in case the plague or the sweating sickness broke out at Abingdon; but although it may have served such a purpose as well, it is clear that old Cumnor House was built on too large a scale for any such purpose as that of a mere devotional cell. The monks of Abingdon, we may be sure, did not come to Cumnor for devotion alone, but for recreation too. They had a natural predilection for a healthy place, to which they could repair for change of air; and if that place was a park, and that park happened to be stocked with deer, and it

[1] His will was proved April 21, 1540, in which he prayed that his bones might rest in the chancel of Cumnor Church. His arms, impaling those of his monastery, occur in the Harleian MSS. No. 1139, art. 6th. They are included in the Abbey seal, which is engraved in Dugdale's *Monasticon.*

happened to be the right time of year for venison, we may be quite sure that a savoury meat dinner was constantly served up to the abbot, at all events, as often as he visited Cumnor.

In 1546, the King, by letters patent, granted the lordship, manor, and tithes of Cumnor to George Owen and John Bridges, with all their rights and appurtenances, including the capital messuage called Cumnor Place, and the close adjoining called Cumnor Park. In succession of time, the property passed, by various grants and purchases, into the hands of the family of Bertie, now represented by the Earl of Abingdon, to whom, I believe, nearly all the parish belongs.

About the year 1811, the old hall became tottering and untenantable, and, being found to be hopelessly unsafe, it was pulled down by the orders of the late Earl. A sketch of the venerable structure as it was just previous to its demolition may be seen in Lysons' 'Berkshire.' The principal entrance was on the north side, facing the southern wall of the parish church. A long gallery occupied the middle story of that front of the building. The painted glass from the ancient windows, and the old entrance gateway, are still preserved by the Earl of Abingdon at Wytham Abbey.

The 'Bear and Ragged Staff,' already mentioned, no doubt occupies the site of what was an inn or hostelry as early as the reign of Elizabeth. It is a

low thatched cottage, snug and neat, but quite a village inn, and nothing more; and when we visited it in 184–, was kept, not by a 'Gosling,' but by a certain old Mr. Capel, a perfect incarnation of good-nature, and a good specimen of Berkshire health and strength. The walls of the little inn were not built yesterday, as you can see by looking down to the grating of the cellarage, under a deep and rudely arched window of pre-Reformation date. The road in front of the 'Bear' is hollowed out in the chalk, and the inn consequently stands on an eminence. Opposite, upon the south side of the road, you see from Giles Gosling's doorstep the ascending ground of the picturesque churchyard, and the venerable pile of the parish church, an edifice dating from the fourteenth or fifteenth century, but not earlier. Behind the church are the long lines and ridges of green turf, which meet the once pleasant terraces and garden embankments of the ancient hall, along which Amy Robsart used doubtless to pace on summer evenings in her loneliness.

'The clustering hovels and cottages and small farms of the village are upon the diverging road. The residences in the centre of the place are mostly clean-thatched buildings, of considerable age, and they have plots of flower-garden before them, adorned with clematis and huge hollyhocks, and with slender sweet willows and sweet-williams, the very pride of all. There is a graceful diversity; some patronise a

lignum vitæ, some a fruitful juniper; and jasmins and passion-flowers alternate with less presumptive verdure in the rear of gorgeous rose-trees and the proud sceptres of blushing dahlias. The burial-ground is open to the north and east, where it is partially skirted by a few light whispering trees. The style of the ancient cross remains amongst the mossy tombstones. There are many pleasing epitaphs carven upon the gravestones, and upon the flat wooden rails which are stretched across the soft green turf. There is a remembrance of "John East—a very skilful shepherd, who lived in the service of one family upwards of sixty years."' Honour to his fidelity!

The church,[1] when you approach it nearer, strikes you as handsome and imposing, in spite of its architectural diversities. Taking into our reckoning the northern porch, which occupies a more central position than usual, it is cruciform. The porch leads into the north aisle, at the east end of which is what was once a small chapel. Between the porch and the tower, the north wall is pierced with a window, on the quatrefoil tracery of which you see a portion of painted glass, representing a lady at her devotions in the costume of the sixteenth century, with an inscription scarcely legible. The aisle is separated from the nave by massive round pillars supporting three solid and bold arches of masonry. Near the

[1] See the vignette on title page.

west end of the north aisle is a curious old Bible, bound in wood—boards, indeed, and no mistake—and iron; it is fastened to the desk board of a pew by a strong iron chain, and it has some names, which we did not transcribe, upon its sombre covers. It was printed early in the reign of James I., and contains, by way of preface, a history of the preceding translations of Scripture. It is a fine specimen of the English Bibles which were ordered by the Reformers to be placed in all our parish churches. The western gallery is as ugly and unsightly as—such structures usually are, and the font is heavy and uninteresting. The chancel is lighted by some narrow side windows, and by an eastern lancet window of three lights, surmounted by an equal number of quatrefoils. On the floor of the chancel there are several monuments, and within the communion rails we see brasses to Edyth and Katherine Staverton, relations, it is said, of Anthony Forster's wife. His own tomb is on the north side of the chancel—a monument of grey marble, surmounted by a canopy of the same, and flanked by two pillars.

On the back of this tomb and under the embattled canopy upon brass are engraved a man in armour, and his wife, in the habit of the times, both kneeling before a faldstool, with figures of three children kneeling behind their mother, with Latin inscriptions under each figure. The first of these epitaphs describes the pedigree, intellect, eloquence, piety, activity, patriotism,

and benevolence of Master Anthony. The second in off-hand style lauds the gentility, chastity, devotion, and kindliness of his dame. Six lines written beneath the foregoing in praise of Forster himself are thus Englishised by Ashmole :—

> Skill'd in the softest notes the Muses sing,
> Or on the harp to touch the sounding string ;
> Pleas'd with the florist's tender-nursing care,
> Or architect, stupendous piles to rear.
> Read in the tongues the ancient sages taught,
> And learned works confess how well he wrote.

How such falsehood came to be engraved upon his tomb, we must leave to antiquaries to discover, contented to ask whether the possession of such rare qualities, if true, counterbalance the sin of murder at the bar of divine justice.

The carvings on the tall heads of the seats in the church are very curious, and varied in their grotesque designs, including angels and toads and human heads ; while two remarkable faces of a broad oaken escutcheon, rising laterally from the seats, display the instruments of the Passion of our Lord, including the seamless robe, the reed and the sponge, the lance, the dice, the scourge, the pillar, the lantern of Judas, the cock which crew in rebuke of Peter, &c.

The chancel contains a piscina of no very marked design, and the nave has several mural tablets in commemoration of sundry village worthies, including 'Norris Hodson, Shipwright and Mariner,' and one of Anson's crew in the Squadron of 1741. The rest

of the church does not call for any particular remark.

We loitered around the scanty ruins which still mark the site of old Cumnor Place; and from the western wall of the peaceful cemetery where

> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,

we looked down on the dykes and terraces which are still visible in the forlorn garden grounds, and the trees which remain as representatives of the once goodly park and pleasaunce. The titled miscreant, garbed in court attire, seemed ready to start from every sheltering nook of the classic ground on which we trod—Anthony Forster, not the villain of Sir Walter, but the accomplished gentleman, on whom the marble waxed so eloquent, lying like a vulgar tombstone, as indeed it was. We seemed to see again Tresilian loitering about in masquerading dress, and to hear the hoarse bluster and angry repartees of Mike Lambourne, blended with the sage rebukes of courteous Giles Gosling of the 'Bear.' But our day-dreams were soon broken; our eye rested on peaceful and pretty cottages, unmistakeably of the nineteenth century, and belonging to the day-labourers on the Earl's estate, with their comfortable, cosy, thatched roofs and honeysuckled porches, with rosy-faced children playing in the garden before them. So bidding our adieu to the sexton who had shown us over the church, and to mine host of the 'Bear and Ragged

Staff,' we bent our steps home to St. Austen's in time to see the beams of the setting sun light up the dome of the Radcliffe, the spire of St. Mary's, and the many towers and turrets of Oxford, which stand out so clear and sharp against the evening sky across the green and grassy meadows that lie before us and around us. As we journeyed homewards, we talked over the sad tale of Amy Robsart, which my friend Grey repeated to me at length, having thievishly borrowed the greater part of his story, as I afterwards discovered, from the 'Wanderings of a Pen and Pencil,' by Messrs. Palmer and A. Crowquill. The story ran as follows:—

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was one of the gallants and favourites of the 'Virgin' Queen Elizabeth. Of him it has been said, with truth, that he was 'too mean to be noble, too vain to be truly great.' But he was worse than this; he had a bad heart, and boundless were the aims of his ambition. His poisonings and his treacheries were the common talk of the age. He had all the minor vices blended together in equal proportions, and none of the higher failings of man's nature—so to speak. In addition to all, he was an accomplished hypocrite, and in voice and outward manner and demeanour played the Puritan to perfection, and was deemed by the fools and knaves of that way of thinking, a perfect master of sanctity. This man had proposed to Mary Queen of Scots, possibly less out of love for herself than in order to

test his devotion to her harsh and cruel relative; for had not Elizabeth herself listened to his protestations of affection, and loved him—so far as she was capable of love—until she found out that he was a greater hypocrite than herself?

On June 4, 1560, in the reign of Edward VI., there was great feasting at court, for Sir Robert Dudley (the Earl of Leicester) was then espoused to Amy, the young and beautiful daughter of Sir John Robsart, at the mansion of Sheen, in Surrey, where the young king himself graced the nuptials with his presence. The bride herself, though untitled, was of good family and a considerable heiress, being descended from a noble Norfolk house; of her ancestors by the father's side, one had been a peer of the realm under Henry V., and two of them wore the blue ribbon of the Garter in the reigns of that king and of his son.

Ten years roll on, and England has two young queens, both fair and fond of gaiety, and husbandless —the one a maid, the other a widow, scarcely out of her teens. As he thought upon their royal attractions, the fair and good young wife whom the Church had given to him became a more and more inconvenient millstone round his neck, and proportionately loathsome to his fastidious taste; and as he looked less and less upon her pure face, and more upon his bold scheme of place and power, the more he desired to be well rid of her. The rest of the tale is soon told

and it shall be told in the words of 'Alfred Crowquill':—

'One Sir Richard Varney, a lacquey, of base origin, was near to him—a creature in his daily retinue, and counselled to his own fancy by this varlet, he meditated Amy's destruction, imagining that a speedy participation in the regal dignity would prove a sufficient placebo for the intermitting spasms of an uneasy conscience. Anthony Forster, a gentleman of repute whom he had served in his need with sundry plump offices, resided then at Cumnor Place. With bland persuasions, and his adopted Puritanical face, he first persuaded his poor tender lady wife, who grew deadly faint with increasing negligences, to take up her residence for a while at that healthful mansion. She went, in obedience to him, and the net was drawn around her, nearer and more dangerously day after day. There are some letters extant, which have been wickedly rehearsed, as indicating her homely mind, and her distance in mental qualifications from her courtly husband; and, forsooth, they refer to her notes transmitted to Leicester concerning "her fleeces," her "farming items," and such other matronly simplicities. Who is so far removed from skill of human hearts as not to perceive that the despised sweetheart of other days was striving to recall her truant lord to domestic scenes, and to display her anxiety for his interest, manifested even in the small things of his estate and revenue? But be it as it will, her doom was

near. First, these forward agents of patronised villany tried to poison her; but Doctor Bayly of Oxford, who was called in to give aid to the exertion, refused to co-operate, and he was dismissed with contumely and much opprobrium. Her melancholy increased, every face was turned from her, and disease was engendered in her wearied frame.'

Like the sad woman in Tennyson's poem of 'Mariana'—

> Her tears fell with the dews at even;
> Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
> She could not look on the sweet heaven,
> Either at morn or eventide.
> After the flitting of the bats,
> When thickest dark did trance the sky,
> She drew her casement-curtain by,
> And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
> She only said, 'The night is dreary,
> He cometh not,' she said;
> She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
> I would that I were dead!'

'Alfred Crowquill' continues:—

'On the 8th day of September, 1560, they persuaded the timid Lady Leicester to change her sleeping apartment, for one of better convenience on their own account, the canopy of her bed lying near to a postern door opening from the wall. The servants were all commanded off upon various embassies to Abingdon, a town some few miles distant. Indeed, it was market-day at Abingdon, and the day was as fair as if none but angels lived in the sunshine, and all good and unfortunate people were protected by the smile of

a wondrous Providence. At the evening hour it was her custom, oppressed by languor and mental pain, to retire for her rest to her chamber; and on this occasion, also, she lay down once for all to her portion of slumber. Sir Richard Varney and a brutal serving man (and Master Anthony Forster, it is narrated) entered upon tiptoe by the secret way, and like hideous devils, as they were, they grasped her slender ivory throat, and strangled her!'

It appears that Lady Dudley's Chamber, as it was ever afterwards called, stood above the room which lay beyond 'the great hall,' at the top of a flight of stone steps, at the end of the northern gallery, which led down into the quadrangle, and to the same hall which was at right angles to the large gallery. At the foot of these steps they threw down Amy's hapless body, pretending that she had been accidentally killed by a fall from above. It is said that though her body was mangled, and her neck livid, there was no blood or wound visible on her head; and that her domestics, on returning from Abingdon, strongly suspected foul play. Amy's father, too, persuaded of the worst, procured the disinterment of his daughter's body, and the appointment of an inquest before the coroner. But where earls and court favourites are playing for a high stake, gold is too often able to suppress truth; and, an open verdict having been returned, her body was reinterred in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, with such decent pomp as Leicester thought it desirable to

bestow on her, in order to prove to the world the depth of his affection for her. But justice, or rather vengeance, followed the miscreants by whose hands the black deed was done.

The base wretch who strangled her was soon after imprisoned for a felony upon the borders of Wales, and desiring to unburden his conscience of the murder, he was made away with privately in his dungeon. Varney, according to authentic information, died soon afterwards in London, blaspheming God upon his death-bed, and declaring that he was ripped into fragments by devils from hell! and when Bald Butler's wife, who was related by marriage to the Earl of Leicester, approached her dying hour, she made a confession of the entire villany.

The death of the luckless Amy Robsart happened about two years after the accession of Elizabeth to the throne. Leicester then lost no time in marrying privately, not either of the royal fair ones, but the youthful widow of Lord Sheffield, formerly the Lady Douglas Howard, daughter of William Lord Howard, the Queen's uncle. This second lady he tried hard to get rid of by poison, but the potions or drugs that he administered were successful only so far as to make her an invalid for many months, and to rob her, it is said, of her luxuriant tresses and of the nails of her hands and feet. Leicester afterwards espoused, as a third wife, the Lady Essex, a marriage which was grievously offensive to his royal mistress. The story

goes—and one cannot help hoping that it may be true—that at length he was himself poisoned by a draught administered under a mistake by his wife at Cornbury Lodge, on the borders of Woodstock Forest, or, according to another account, at Kenilworth, in 1588.

Previous to the publication of 'Kenilworth,' Sir Walter Scott, happening to be at Oxford, paid a visit to Cumnor—where he was well remembered at the time when we last lunched at the 'Bear and Ragged Staff'—and, with his accustomed sagacity, obtained from the monuments in the church and churchyard the names of Tony Forster and Mike Lambourne.

'The fiction of the novel,' says the author we have already quoted, 'is most evident in the character of Forster, which is a pure invention; to say the best of it; and Amy, having deceased so early in the reign of Elizabeth, must be necessarily released from participation in those chapters of the book which refer to Kenilworth. It was Lady Sheffield he attempted to poison upon the Queen's visit to the Castle, because, as Miss Strickland observes, in a note to her "Lives of the Queens of England"—"he had then fallen in love with Lettice Knollys, the cousin of the Queen, and then wife to Walter Devereux, the Earl of Essex, and mother of that Earl afterwards a minion of the Queen's." The two women were called his "old and new testaments," perhaps because he had *sworn* to both of them. This second wife was afterwards married to Sir Edward Stafford. Forster, who had been a cheerful, hospitable, open-hearted gentleman,

before he participated in this deadly crime, grew sickly, reserved, and melancholy, and very soon afterwards he dropped into the grave. About this time, and even until the destruction of the tenement, ghosts were frequent at Cumnor Place ; and often, they say, the spectre of poor Amy, attired in courtly apparel, pearls and brocade, was seen to linger in faint beautiful coloured light upon the great stairs at nightfall. The place was abhorred, even until it was forsaken.'

It would make the stoutest-hearted of visitors sad, even at this distance of time, if we could hear all the grievous things that were whispered around, and from mouth to mouth, when the death-knell was tolled for 'Master Tony,' in the grey church tower, and his body was borne with plumes and staves, and men in sable array, from that small narrow arch which still is to be seen in the ivy-clad wall, and was consigned to its grave, deeply scooped in the chancel floor. Surely, we thought, however, as we wandered slowly down the village, his spirit will not wander here, either by the summer twilight or by the pale, cold moon of December, for purity and vice are kept at further distance beyond the grave than here ; and therefore, as Amy Robsart is seen from time to time to haunt the grassy slopes which adjoin what once was her home, the peasants of Cumnor need have no fear or dread of nocturnal visits from either the principal, though lordly, villain, or his scarcely less villanous agent, Mr. Anthony Forster.

THE MOTE, IGHTHAM.

FROM the pretty town of Sevenoaks, a walk of some four miles or more, first through the classic park of Knowle, and under its spreading oaks and beeches, and then through copses of hazels, along an upland ridge, looking down upon the hop-gardens of the Weald of Kent, will suddenly bring the traveller or tourist in sight of a pleasant and imposing country seat, which, when it first breaks upon his view, at the bottom of a dell, among the surrounding trees, must make him fancy, if he has ever been at Oxford or Cambridge, that one of their mediæval colleges has been suddenly transported into Kent by fairy hands. There stands the central tower; there are the gables, and the long red roof, and the mullioned windows; and a nearer approach reveals to him the porter's lodge and a handsome quadrangle within. And if he is fortunate enough to come provided with an introduction to the owner, or with an educated eye for artistic effect, or a love of archæology, and carries

IGHTHAM MOTE FRONT VIEW.

with him the bearing and manners of a gentleman, on crossing the bridge which spans the waters of the moat he will be sure to meet with a courteous, and even hospitable, reception.

The village of Ightham is about half-way between Sevenoaks and Wrotham. The manor was formerly held by the Crevequers, who, in the reign of King John, owned considerable property in various parts of Kent, and subsequently by the Criolls, from whom it was alienated by William de Inge, who was a Justice of the Common Pleas, *temp.* Edward II. It afterwards passed through several hands, and finally came into the possession of the James family, the present lord of the manor being Colonel Grevis-James, of Ightham Court. Ightham Court Lodge is a respectable old building, standing about a quarter of a mile from the village, whilst, in the neighbouring parish of Plaxtol, are the remains of an ancient manor-house of the time of Edward I., now called Old Soar.

Ightham Mote is a most interesting specimen of a somewhat rare class of building, a fortified dwelling-house of a gentleman of the fourteenth century; and it still preserves perhaps more nearly its original condition than any other specimen of domestic architecture in this county. It stands about two miles to the south of the main street of the village of Ightham, concealed among leafy woods, in a somewhat deep ravine; and the waters of a rivulet, trickling down from a small lake, supply the moat which surrounds

the house on all sides, and from which the edifice takes its name. I should add that, through all the neighbourhood the house is known, not as Ightham Mote, or the Moat House, but simply as 'the Mote'; and a writer, who signs his name A. J. K., in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for December 1835, suggests that the house was originally constructed on an island or eyot, and that the whole parish took its name from this fact. This, however, is scarcely probable; though the writer urges that the word Ightham comes from the Saxon ıʒʒaȣ, an island, and that ıʒʒaȣ-ham was easily contracted into Ightham.[1] The stone of which the mansion is built (Kentish rag) is supposed to have been dug out of the moat.

I must leave it for antiquaries more learned than myself to decide upon the exact difference between a castle, properly so called, and a fortified residence, such as that which I purpose here to describe, and to say at what date the latter edifice superseded the former. But I will say that Moated Houses, or Moats, are not uncommon in Kent, and that a long catalogue might be made of manor-houses still standing, which have been strengthened by the introduction of a ditch of water washing the base of their walls. Leeds Castle, near Maidstone, and Hever

[1] Another suggestion as to the derivation of the name, which we have received from a well-known Kentish antiquary, is that Ightham—or otherwise, Eightham—signifies the eight 'hams' or villages which lie within its verge, namely, Ightham proper, St. Clare, Borough Green, Redwell, Oldbury, Beaulieu, Ivy Hatch, and The Mote.

Castle, near Penshurst, are instances in point; and between Hever and Ightham there is a very marked resemblance, at all events in their general features.

However, five centuries ago, the castles of the barons and the moated houses of the lesser gentry presented a striking evidence of the military character of the tenure of lands under the crown. 'Every great landholder, by knight's service, erected and resided in his castle; his retainers formed the garrison; he became a prince paramount in his own fee or lordship; he often obtained licence to exercise therein the highest judicial rights, and his friendship and alliance was frequently of no small importance to the sovereign of the realm. In cases of disputed title to the crown, the lords of these castles were enabled on many occasions to prolong the contest between the claimants; they opened their gates, perhaps, to the vanquished or retiring party, who, safe within their entrenched and embattled circuit, had time to gain breath and to renew the struggle with recruited fortunes. Instances of this application of the political strength of domestic castles are particularly numerous in the war between Matilda and Stephen; and memorable traits of their importance abound in every period of our history, down to the rebellion of fanatical republicanism by which it was tarnished in the seventeenth century.'

During the anarchy that prevailed in the reign of Stephen, and at various later dates, when the laws

were weakened by the disputed claims of the White and the Red Rose, these feudatory knights and 'gentlemen' too often had their hands stained with blood, and the evil reputation of oppressors of their poorer and weaker brethren. It is true that Henry II. reformed some of the abuses to which these private fortresses gave birth; and from his time it was made incumbent on any landowner who wished to embattle or crenellate his house, or even to secure it by a moat, to obtain a licence for that purpose from the crown.[1]

There is no record of any military encounter having taken place at Ightham; but it is certain that there was a strong place here as early as the reign of Henry II., when Ightham belonged to Ivo de Haut, who represented a younger branch of the great Kentish family of that name, who resided at Hautebourn, in the parish of Petham, in East Kent. In the reign of Henry III. its owner was Sir Piers Fitz Haut, steward of the king's household; in that of Richard III. we find it still occupied by a gentleman of the same stock, Richard Haut, who in the eighteenth and twenty-second years of Edward IV. had been sheriff of Kent. He joined the Duke of Buckingham in his abortive attempt in favour of the

[1] In the reign of Edward II. the moated castle at Leeds, in Kent, the mansion of Lord Badlesmere, shut its gates against the queen, and was, in consequence, regularly beleaguered by a royal force. The castellan, Thomas Colepepper, on surrender, was hanged as a traitor, and the noble owner of the castle himself narrowly escaped the same fate. —*Gentleman's Magazine*, Feb. 1837, p. 154.

Earl of Richmond, his manors became forfeited to the crown, and the Mote was given to Sir Robert Brakenbury, the Lieutenant of the Tower, whose name so frequently occurs in the annals of that period, and to whose honour it is recorded that he refused to be concerned in taking away the lives of the youthful princes, his prisoners, showing that whatever his official allegiance to his master, his person 'was yet the cover of a fairer mind, than to be butcher of an innocent child.' Brakenbury sealed his fidelity, in other respects, to his sovereign at Bosworth Field, where he was slain. On the accession of Richmond to the throne the Mote was restored to Edward Haut, son of Richard Haut, who lost his head at Pontefract. It afterwards passed through female heirs into the possession of other names, as of Clement, Pakenham, Alleyn, till in the reign of James I. it became vested in Sir William Selby, of Branxton, in Northumberland, a military officer of repute in the Low Country and Irish wars: he died in 1611, at the age of eighty. And with his descendants in the female line it remained till a comparatively recent date; one of the Brownes, of the family of the (now dormant) Viscounts Montagu, having married the heiress of the Selbys, and taken her name.

A little brook, which rises about a mile above the house, is dammed up into a small lake, out of which the superfluous water trickles down into a basin, which art has turned without much effort into a

quadrangular moat, as it flows past the west side of the mansion. The constructors of the house had but to dig a channel round the other three sides, and their work was completed. They deepened the channel slightly, and the moat assumed the regularity of a fosse.

The house is nearly a square, with a frontage each way of about 100 feet. The principal front seen in the view faces the west. In the centre is a handsome gate-tower, above which rises a staircase turret; the approach to this tower is by a bridge composed of two low arches, which doubtless was erected at the time when the ancient drawbridge was removed. The gate-tower was evidently the keep or master-tower of the mansion. Passing through the portal, we enter the court, in the front of which is the hall, the remaining space being filled up by buildings, the upper stories of which are in the old English *half-timbered* style, the gables acutely pointed, and the windows surmounted by the label moulding known as the Tudor, a presumptive evidence that Richard Haut, in the reign of Henry VII., had made large additions to and alterations in the fabric. At this period the large window, divided by mullions into five compartments, was introduced into the front of the hall. The main body of that structure may be safely referred to the period of Henry III. or Edward I.; it was probably the work of Sir Piers Fitz Haut.[1]

[1] Mr. J. H. Parker gives the date of erection as probably about the year 1340.

IGHTHAM MOTE. Interior View.

The hall is still a magnificent feature in the building. It is thirty feet in length, and twenty in breadth; and in the centre is still the louvre in the roof, through which the smoke ascended in the days of the Hauts. It needs restoration sadly; but, adorned with tapestry and with family portraits, it would soon resume its ancient character. With the exception of the great window and the fireplace, the hall is supposed to be of one date. Huge timber logs, placed on massive hand-irons, still blaze in winter in the fireplace, which is of stone. The roof of the hall, which doubtless had originally its rafters exposed to view, has undergone some alterations, being now ceiled over; but at either end we still see two of the acutely pointed arches which mark the date of its erection. The weatherings of the entrance door at either end are adorned with heads, one, that of a female wearing a chaplet of roses—a custom frequently alluded to by Chaucer:—

> She gatherith flouris white and redde,
> To make a sotill garland for hir hedde.

Between the hall and the chapel, on the eastern side of Ightham Mote, is the crypt, now used as a beer-cellar, which is finely arched over with stone vaulting of early English date.

Ascending an oaken staircase, we find ourselves at the door of the old family chapel, coeval with the rest of the house, though adorned with details of Tudor and even more recent date. It is not used

for service now ; but it is an exquisite little chamber, and one which carries the mind and feelings back to a far-distant day. Although the communion-table and altar-rails have disappeared, the pulpit, and the old seats, arranged stall-wise, are still there ; whilst at the east end is the priest's confessional, communicating with a room which, no doubt, was occupied, in pre-

THE CHAPEL.

Reformation days, by the family chaplain. At this end of the chapel is also to be seen the carcase of a curious organ, said to have been the very earliest set up in England. It is now, of course, thoroughly beyond repair. It bears the following inscription :— 'Ludovicus Thewes me fecit 1579.'

The chief occupants of the chapel now, I fear, are

the rats and the mice, and an innumerable quantity of bees, which, it appears, have for many years located themselves under the boards of the floor, in such a way that it is impossible to dislodge them. They make their way through crevices into the chapel in the summer in hundreds, but perish, being unable to find their way out again. The ceiling of the building, which is waggon-roofed, is painted in compartments with the portcullis, a badge of Henry VII., and with a quiver and arrows, possibly a cognisance of the house of Haut. St. George, with his ensanguined cross, is still to be seen in bright colours in the windows; and the tendrils of dark ivy clustering round the panes make a picturesque but melancholy appendage to this house of prayer. 'One could fancy,' feelingly writes a local topographer, 'that one saw before him old Haut returning bodily from Bosworth's bloody fray, and offering up his praises in this his own family oratory, to the God of battles for the event of that contest which had restored to him his home and patrimonial estates.'

Mr. J. H. Parker, no mean authority on such matters, in his lecture before the Archæological Institute in 1863, stated that there were the remains of an older chapel than the one above described, situated over the cellar; but I must confess that, at the time of my visit, I failed to detect any trace of it.

Returning into the great quadrangle, we enter, beneath a pointed arch, a low corridor, which leads to

the private dwelling-rooms of the house, which remind us forcibly of the rooms tenanted by college dons on the banks of the Isis and the Cam. Low, snug, and substantial, with windows set in deeply splayed recesses, looking one way on the bright waters of the moat, and the other into what I feel sorely tempted to call the College quadrangle, to my mind they present the very picture of comfort and good taste; though some, gifted with more poetic natures, would say rather that here they were able to realise some of those finely wrought sketches of the olden time, from the hands of Sir Walter Scott, and people the vacant space with 'noble lords and ladies gay.' The walls are hung with plenty of old prints, and some family pictures; but very many of what should have been the choicest heirlooms of 'the Mote' passed away into other houses some thirty years ago, being dispersed by the hand of the auctioneer, when the property was bequeathed to one who was not the heir-at-law.

Repassing the bridge, we see facing us the old stables and other out-houses, stand under rising ground, and showing, even in the late autumn when it was my good fortune to visit Ightham Mote, as rich a mass of colour as I ever saw in an early Turner or De Wint. The whole of the mansion, indeed, both inside and outside, would afford materials to the water-colour painter for a week or a fortnight's constant work; and even then he would tear himself from the spot with a

feeling that he had left behind him as many 'bits' as he had been able to carry away in his sketch-book. The most thoroughly picturesque portion of the entire building, perhaps, is the back, or eastern side, shown in our vignette below, which exhibits traces of every style of art, and every shade of colour—the effect of which is immensely heightened by the dark cedars

EASTERN FRONT.

and yew trees, which here hang over the outer edge of the moat.

The garden on the side of the house wears a sombre and antiquated look, and suggests scenes from the days of Queen Anne, when courtiers in ruffles and long, coloured coats, and with wigs and gold-headed canes, walked along and talked with dainty ladies,

fan in hand, between straight avenues of yews and cypresses cut into fantastic shapes. To me, the scene irresistibly recalled the gardens of Trinity and St. John's; and it needed the clear ripple of the babbling brook as it trickled from the lake into the moat proper, and the scream of a peacock on the wall near the stables, to remind me that I was not in the classic groves of Alma Mater, but in the weald of Kent, with a walk of four long miles between me and the nearest railway-station.

Amongst the other interesting spots in the parish of Ightham I may mention a very curious ancient house of oak and lath and plaster, with very fine gables and chimneys, and which once was in all probability the village inn,[1] and the extensive Roman entrenchment on the bold eminence of Oldborough or Oldbury Hill.[2]

The parish church is a handsome building, dedicated to St. Peter, and contains many interesting

[1] A fine drawing of this inn, by John Buckler, F.S.A., will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1835.

[2] 'A Roman way crosses the parish of Ightham and the centre of the station of Oldbury, which I take to have been the "castra æstiva" of Vagniacæ, Sevenoaks. This was part of that great transverse line of military communication which ran in a parallel direction with the remarkable chalk hills that form a sort of natural wall to the weald or woody country; this line may be traced far westward into the adjoining counties; the chalk-ridge extending from Folkestone, in Kent, to the town of Farnham, at the extreme south-west of Surrey. The heights commanding this line exhibit to the practised eye clear marks of a continuous chain of Roman military posts.'—*Gentleman's Magazine*, Feb. 1857, p. 156.

monuments, more particularly those to the family of Selby. That of Dame Dorothy, the relict of the second Sir William Selby, Knt., who died in 1641, is erected at the east end of the chancel, and displays a half-length figure of the deceased, within an oval recess. Within this recess are two tablets, upon the uppermost of which is a representation of Adam and Eve in Paradise, whilst upon the lower, which is of slate, a curious allegorical picture is depicted. This latter, which is behind the dame's head, represents the Pope seated at a table, in conclave with two cardinals, a monk, a friar, and an individual with a cloven foot, who is in the centre, and who seems to be the life and soul of the party. They are giving instructions to Guido Fawkes. In the background are seen two ships in full sail, supposed to be on their way to England; whilst at the right-hand corner are represented the Houses of Parliament, with the vaulted cellars, in which are placed barrels of gunpowder with faggots laid over them, and Guido Fawkes with lanthorn in hand is advancing towards them. The inscription recording her many virtues and death runs thus:—

D. D. D.

TO THE PRECIOUS NAME AND HONOUR OF
DAME DOROTHY SELBY.

She a Dorcas was
Whose curious needle turned the abused stage
Of this lewd world into the golden age;

Whose pen of steel and silken ink enrolled
The acts of Jonah in records of gold,—
Whose art disclosed that Plot, which had it taken,
Rome had triumphed, and Briton's walls had shaken.
In heart a Lydia, and in tongue a Hannah,
In zeal a Ruth, in wedlock a Susannah;
Prudently simple, providently wary;
To the world a Martha, and to heaven a Mary.

Who put on immortality in the year { of her Pilgrimage 69, / of her Redeemer 1641.

It is traditionally asserted that Dame Dorothy Selby discovered the meaning of the anonymous letter written to Lord Monteagle, to whom she was nearly related, warning him not to attend the Houses of Parliament at the time of the Gunpowder Plot, which the above lines, together with the incised slab that is introduced on the monument behind the dame's head, would certainly seem to imply. The circumstance was alluded to at some length by Major Luard-Selby in a paper read by that gentleman before the Archæological Institute in 1863, and which gave rise to considerable controversy in the pages of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for November and December 1863, and also for January 1864, by a gentleman who signs himself 'Excursionist,' and by Mr. Thomas Selby. The purport of this controversy on the one side goes to show that although Dame Dorothy had executed some admirable works in tapestry, one of which was 'The Story of Guido Fawkes,' no evidence had ever been adduced to show

that she was the means of saving the king and country from such an awful calamity as the success of the Gunpowder Plot would have inflicted. The reply of Mr. T. Selby to the remarks of 'Excursionist' was certainly in favour of Major Luard-Selby's endeavour to prove that the inscription on this lady's tomb indicates her to have been in some sense the revealer of the Gunpowder Plot, either by writing to Lord Monteagle, or, at all events, of causing the letter to be delivered to him. Far, however, it is from my province to determine which of the two is right in unravelling the hidden mystery:

> When doctors disagree,
> Who's to decide 'twixt you and me?

The 'Archæological Journal,' vol. xiii. p. 417, states that there are several similar memorials to that of Dame Dorothy Selby in existence, and that one of these is an engraved plate at the residence of Sir Chetham Mallet, at Shepton Mallet, Somerset, which closely resembles the tablet at Ightham. The journal continues: 'There can be little doubt that the supposed allusion to Lady Selby, as having written the letter to Lord Monteagle, is wholly unfounded. It is said that some of her needlework was suspended behind the monument, and this very possibly may have been the production of the lady's "art," displaying some subjects of the popish machinations, similar to that above described.'

Besides the tomb of the Selbys, above mentioned,

the parish church of Ightham contains a very fine and perfect example of the military costume of the fourteenth century, in the recumbent figure of Sir Thomas Cawne, on a tomb upon the north side of the chancel.

OLD SHOREHAM.

A SUMMER DAY AT SHOREHAM AND BRAMBER.

A HALF-HOUR'S journey westward by railway will carry the visitor who happens to be staying at Brighton into a retired and secluded country, which will offer him a very pleasant contrast to the eternal bustle and scorching sun of the Marine Parade and the King's Road. Let him take a return ticket either to Shoreham or to Bramber, and allow himself a summer afternoon for a holiday, and he will return to his lodgings at 'London-super-Mare' without any temptation to cry out with the Emperor Titus, '*Perdidi diem.*'

The river Adur, which rises out of St. Leonard's Forest near Horsham, found its way into the open sea, seven or eight centuries ago, some six or seven miles west of Brighton, at a place which now bears the name of Old Shoreham—the village on the shore. Partly through the gradual receding of the sea, consequent on the alluvial deposits brought down by the

Adur, and partly through the growth of a bank of pebbles thrown up across the river's mouth by the action of the tide, the once flourishing port and town has sunk into a tiny rural village, the chief ornament of which is its exquisite Norman church, which, small as it is, is known to all ecclesiologists and Church architects as one of the best specimens of its time. Fifty years ago the place was described by Britton as having dwindled down into a village of about thirty houses, and only 188 inhabitants. In 1861, mainly owing to the influx of hands employed upon the railway, the population had risen again to a somewhat larger amount.

Some years ago a great part of the fabric of the church, including the transepts, lay in ruins; but its fine semi-circular arches and the curious zig-zag mouldings, dating from an early period after the Conquest, attracted the attention of the Cambridge Camden Society, under whose auspices the building was restored by Mr. Ferrey, in excellent taste and in the most substantial manner, about the year 1840. I am not about to inflict on my readers a chapter on Church architecture; so I will beg them, if they desire further information, to pay the church a visit of inspection. They will find the central tower, with its arcade of three arches, and with its two circular panels under the parapet on each face, particularly worthy of their notice. Close by the church is a long wooden bridge which crosses the Adur and the adjacent

marshes; it is about a third of a mile in length, and, though it looks far older, was built in 1781 under an Act of Parliament, which authorised the raising of

THE PAD INN, LANCING.

5,000*l.* for that purpose in shares of 5*l.* each. The bridge afterwards passed into the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, who levied black mail, like a baron of

olden time, by exacting a toll of a halfpenny from every passer by, until a few years ago, when the ducal interest was bought up by the Brighton and Horsham Railway Company, and the bridge is now free to all her Majesty's liege subjects. I give above an illustration of the bridge, in very shortened perspective. At the further end of the bridge, in the parish of Lancing, under the hill side, stands an old inn, the Pad,[1] well known in former times possibly to smugglers, and certainly to many a respectable bagman who travelled his rounds in those days between Chichester and Worthing and the little watering-place of Brighthelmstone, and who liked to lounge an hour away there while waiting for the ferry-boat. The cut on the previous page shows the inn, as it now stands.

About a third of a mile further south from the east end of the bridge stands what is called New Shoreham, the novelty of which appears somewhat like that of certain middle-aged ladies, as shown by the fact that its magnificent church, of which the chancel and transepts alone are standing, is a fine specimen of Early English architecture interspersed with some Norman details. Like the church at Old Shoreham,[2] it was erected by the family of De Braose.

[1] So called from the custom once so frequent in Cornwall of employing pad horses for commercial and other travellers.

[2] Mr. Sharpe does not consider that the church of Old Shoreham is at all anterior in date to that of New Shoreham. He supports his

It appears that soon after the Conquest the same joint action of the river and the tide which gave birth to the tongue of land on which Great Yarmouth now stands,[1] raised also out of the sea many acres of *terra firma* between Old Shoreham and the ocean, a part of which was probably chosen by a college of monks as a site for that venerable church which forms so conspicuous a landmark to vessels in the Channel, and so pleasing an object of sight from the parade at Brighton. With the exception of the interior of the chancel, which has been restored by the Cambridge Camden Society, very little has been done at present towards repairing the signs of decay which time has marked upon the outward appearance of these walls; but even in its present state the edifice is sound and substantial, and looks as if it were destined to defy the lapse of ages to undermine it. Britton says that the nave is destroyed, and points in proof of his assertion to the 'confused masses of walls' which stand in the churchyard guarding the western doorway; and Mr. Mackenzie Walcot, no mean authority on such a subject, confirms his opinion. But we all know that it was the custom of the time to build these stately edifices by instalments; and so far as we can learn there is no reliable local tradition which

argument by the deed of William de Braose, who, in A.D. 1076, gives to the abbot and monks of the church of St. Florence, at Saumur, in Anjou, four churches in the Rape of Bramber, including that of St. Nicholas de Soraham.

[1] See above, p. 143.

asserts that the nave, though certainly begun, was ever completed. Mr. Britton, in his 'Beauties of England and Wales,' thus describes the building:—

'The lofty square tower rising from the centre of the transepts consists of two stories, the first entirely Saxon, having two arched recesses with columns, and within each recess an arched window. At the sides, and between each recess, are breaks, and columns at the angle of the tower. The second story also has two recesses with columns, having arches of the pointed form; two windows again occur, but their arches are circular, and their openings are divided into three small lights, by columns which support small circular arches. These lights and columns, as an antiquary has observed,[1] give the strongest warrant for supposing that they were some of the early hints towards forming the system of mullion-work, which constituted the invariable ornament of windows in subsequent ages. The east front is a beautiful elevation, and in good condition. It consists of three tiers: in the first are three circular-arched recesses with columns; and in the centre recess is a circular-headed window. On the right and left are the fronts of the side aisles with one circular recess, and a window of the same kind to each; above these are other circular recesses and breaks at the angles. The second, or principal tier, wholly in the pointed style, presents three grand

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1807.

windows incorporated as it were into one, divided by clusters of columns with rich capitals, having pointed heads to the arches and architraves of many mouldings. The third tier has one large central circular window with several small recesses of various forms and dimensions on each side. The front finishes with a pediment. The details of the interior are remarkable for their elegance, richness, and diversity; so that this edifice altogether may be said to present an excellent school for the study of our ancient architecture.'

The groined roof of the church is very fine, being adorned with moulded groin-ribs, triple vaulting shafts, and floriated capitals, with deep round impost mouldings, all bearing testimony to the period to which they belong. The old font is a fine speciman of Norman work. Mr. Edmund Sharpe, in his Monograph upon the church, implies that nothing certain is known about the demolition of the nave. The clerestory is lofty and well-proportioned, and the larger member of the cruciform structure being gone, the whole fabric looks higher, and therefore more imposing, than it really is. Mr. Sharpe supposes that the choir was built in A.D. 1130, the original fabric being entirely Norman, and that originally it had an apsidal termination to the choir, which appears to have been an afterthought. The tower, he thinks, was surmounted by a square lantern, capped by a low pyramidical spire, like many specimens of the kind still to

be seen in Normandy. One great feature of this building is the heavy solid vertical buttress which, *simplex munditiis,* carries the flying buttresses which support the vaulting of the choir. The east end is of great beauty, but its chief merits consist in the fine rose window in the third or gable story, and in the manner in which the upper work of the Lancet period has been adapted to the work of the Transitional period below.

It is strange that in Dugdale's 'Monasticon' no record remains of the foundation to which New Shoreham Church belonged. He mentions it merely incidentally in a grant of certain property to a foreign abbey by one of the Lords of Bramber.

With the exception of a second little chapel in the main street, now turned into a granary, the town of Shoreham has few attractions to present to the antiquary; this building was once either a priory of Carmelites or White Friars, or else a hospital dedicated to St. James.

Shoreham has a tidal harbour, the entrance to which has long been, and still is, dangerous, on account of the frequent shifting of the shingle and sand,[1] and the existence of a bar of mud and a low flat rock outside the entrance, which is nearly visible at low water. At spring tides the flood rises about eighteen feet, and twelve at common tides. The principal

[1] It is said that the mouth of the Adur is now three miles to the east of its former *débouche.*

occupation of the town is ship-building, in which about 500 hands are employed, and vessels of 800 tons have been launched there. The shipping trade of the port consists of exports of timber and imports of coals, corn, and Irish provisions. Shoreham is also a port for warehousing French, Dutch, Russian, West Indian, African, and Mediterranean produce: 1,000 ships of 90,000 tons, and employing 5,000 seamen, enter the harbour annually, according to Mr. Walcot. At some seasons of the year, also, there is a brisk business carried on in the sea fisheries, and more particularly in oyster dredging; and the trade in this article is all the more lively on account of the proximity of the Brighton and London markets.

Mr. Sharpe also tells us that in the year 1346 Shoreham furnished no less than six-and-twenty ships to the Channel fleets fitted out by Edward III., being one more vessel than was supplied by London, two more than Bristol, and five more than Dover, and only falling short by two of the quotas furnished respectively by Fowey, Yarmouth, and Dartmouth, and equalling Plymouth. The chief other events in its history are the landing of King John here with an army in March 1199, immediately after the death of Richard Cœur de Lion; his re-embarkation here in the following June to hold a conference with the King of France; and the embarkation of Charles II. from its shores, Oct. 15, 1651, in his flight to the Continent after the battle of Worcester.

New Shoreham, five or six centuries ago, had grown so important a place that Edward I. erected it into a Parliamentary borough, and it continued to return two members to St. Stephen's till about a century ago, when the inquiries of a Parliamentary Committee brought to light a scene of the most shameful corruption. 'It appeared,' says Mr. Britton, 'that a majority of the electors had formed themselves into a society, under the denomination of the "Christian Club"; the ostensible object of which was the promotion of charity and benevolence, and the accomplishment of such other purposes as corresponded with the character which the members had assumed. Under this cloak they made a traffic of their oaths and consciences, selling their borough to the highest bidder, while the rest of the inhabitants were deprived of every legal benefit from their votes. To prevent any similar combination the Parliament passed an Act to disfranchise every member of the Christian Society, and to extend the votes for Shoreham to the whole Rape of Bramber.'

I will ask the reader now to turn his back on Old and New Shoreham, and to accompany me along the road or railway, as he pleases, some miles up the valley of the Adur, to Bramber, the village from which the 'Rape' or Hundred takes its name. The river which runs by it was once navigable thus far or even farther for small vessels. Together with the adjoining village of Steyning (which is remarkable for

one of the handsomest churches in the county of Sussex), Bramber returned a member to Parliament down to the time of the Reform Act of 1832; and the Court Room, in which the 'loyal and independent' burgesses, some twenty or thirty in number, we believe, used to meet as free Englishmen to elect their representative (who was really the nominee of the Duke of Rutland and Lord Calthorpe), is still in existence, forming the public room of the village inn.[1] It is worthy of a visit for the sake of the quaint portraits and other pictures of local interest which adorn its walls, though in a somewhat dilapidated condition. 'Ichabod' is the only inscription that we should care to see written beneath them, consistently with our respect for historic truth and *bonâ fide* popular representation.

The village of Bramber consists of one long straggling street, and at the north-west end of it, close to the railway station, is the little village church, dedicated to St. Nicholas,[2] or rather its nave, a most pic-

[1] The remembrance of the fun which was afforded to the inhabitants by the chairing of the members is not forgotten. An old woman told me, when I visited Bramber, that the member was preceded by flags and bands of music, and a procession of girls all dressed in white. But these merry-makings were put an end to by the ruthless Reform Act of 1832.

[2] The dedication of the church to St. Nicholas, by itself, goes far to prove that vessels once sailed up to the walls of Bramber. Mr. M. Walcot adds that they came up even as far as Steyning, and that the inland termination of the harbour there was called St. Cuthman's Port. 'The commodiousness of the haven, by reason of bankes and of barres of sand cast up at the river's mouth, is quite gone,' says Cam-

turesque old building, nestling, as it were for protection, in the ample fosse close beneath the stern and ivy-clad walls of the old castle, erected on a site which belonged at the Conqueror's survey to William de Braose. His descendants in the twelfth century obtained the king's permission to erect a castle here, and they chose for its site a hill which rose steeply on all sides, and which by the aid of art was rendered nearly impregnable. Its walls surround the top of this eminence, enclosing a space of some fifteen acres, and the scanty remnants of those which are still left standing show that it must have been originally a fortress of very great strength. The most curious point connected with the castle is, that history is silent alike as to its birth and its death. We know neither the precise date of its erection nor of its destruction. History does not tell us that it ever stood a siege; and accordingly many antiquaries are of Grose's opinion, viz. that, taking into account the vast thickness of its walls and the small effect of time upon the remaining fragments, the noble fortress was purposely demolished by gunpowder, in all probability for the sake of the materials. Mr. Walcot solves the question

den; 'whereas, in foregoing times, it was wont to carry ships with full saile as far as to Brember, which is now a good waye from the sea.' —Holland's *Camden*, p. 313. It should be added that in Bramber church are the remains of four arches and piers which originally carried the tower, of veritable early Norman work; these were probably part of the original church built by the Lord of Bramber within nine years after the Conquest, and conveyed by him to the monks at Saumur,

very simply, by supposing that the sour soldiers of Cromwell were quartered here, and that they blew up the building with gunpowder. It is strange that, if this be the true solution, no tradition of the fact is to be found on the spot. The castle was strengthened on the outside by a triple trench, which is now overgrown with thick bushes and underwood, forming a very pleasing contrast to the grey ruins by which they are crowned.

The following is the sad story which tradition has handed down respecting the former lords of this castle :—

'In the year 1208 King John, suspecting some of his nobility, sent to demand hostages for their fidelity. Among the rest, his messengers required of Willam de Braose the surrender of his children. To this demand the wife of that nobleman, according to Matthew Paris, returned for answer, that she would never trust her children with the king, who had so basely murdered his own nephew, Prince Arthur, whom he was in honour bound to protect. This reply was reported to the monarch, whom it highly incensed ; and he secretly despatched his soldiers to seize the whole family ; but, having received intimation of his design, they fled to Ireland, where, in the year 1210, he contrived to get them into his hands, sent them over to England, and, closely confining them in Windsor Castle, caused them to be starved to death. Stowe informs us that William de Braose

himself escaped to France, but did not long survive this catastrophe.

King John, having seized the estates of his unfortunate victim, gave this castle and manor to his second son, Richard, Earl of Cornwall; but shortly before his death he restored part of these possessions to Reginald, son of the former owner, who, on the accession of Henry III., procured of that prince the restitution of the whole. The last of the family of Braose who held this castle, having married his daughter to John, son and heir of Roger de Mowbray, made a special settlement of the honour and estate upon them and their heirs. Mowbray forfeited both, together with his life, by joining the Earl of Lancaster, and other nobles, against the Despensers, the favourites of Edward II.; but his possessions were restored by Edward III. to his son, who attended that monarch in two expeditions to France. When the French threatened in their turn to invade the English coasts, he was directed to remain in this castle, whence he might sally forth and annoy the enemy. In this family it remained till the reign of Henry VII., when, on the death of John de Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, who fell at the battle of Bosworth, his estates escheated to the Crown; and this castle and manor, with several other lordships in the county, were conferred on Thomas, Lord de la War.'

There is a romantic legend attached to two monuments in the chancel of Bramber Church; one was

that of a lady, the other of a knight, with a crescent on his helmet. Eustace de Braose, affianced to Alice de Bouverie, and a crusader, while in the Holy Land, become enamoured of Zulma, a beautiful Syrian girl. In the Battle of Ascalon he slew her brother Azim, the most redoubtable warrior of Saladin's army, and her love was turned into bitter revenge. Dissembling her anger, she swore him to observe her commands, and to return to claim his English bride. Loth and sorrowful he came back to Bramber, and espoused that lady; but on his wedding night Zulma stood before them, and commanded him to die, giving him a poisoned dagger. Wild shrieks rang through the castle, the hall was emptied of the wassailers, and the bower women who flew to the chamber of Alice found her a maniac gazing with wild eyes on two lifeless forms that lay upon the floor, the false Eustace and his unhappy Zulma.

If the visitor have time while at Steyning and Bramber, I should recommend him to pay a visit to the College of St. Nicholas at Lancing, a handsome new Gothic building, from which he will get a fine view of the whole valley of the Adur, with both the Shorehams at his feet; and to Wiston House, the seat of the Gorings, celebrated for its great hall, which is 40 feet in height, length, and breadth, and is surmounted by a handsome ceiling of the Caroline era. It is a fine old English gentleman's mansion, situated

on the edge of the downs. It was built by Sir Thomas Shirley, one of three brothers who went as wanderers to the East, and whose adventures formed the plot of a play which was acted on the stage in its day. One of the brothers married a relative of the Shah of Persia.

The evenings are closing in fast, or else we would recommend our tourist friend, in his way home to Brighton, to call in upon the peaceful—shall I say parsonage or hermitage?—of the Rev. Charles Townsend, at Kingston-on-the-Sea, close to the mouth of Shoreham Harbour. I can only say that if he is fortunate enough to come to his wicket-gate provided with the 'open sesame' of an introduction, he will see one of the most charming cottage residences in England, and make the acquaintance of an elderly clergyman, one quite of the old school, at once a poet, a scholar, and a divine; the quondam friend of Samuel Rogers, and Wordsworth, and Wm. Stuart Rose, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy, and about whom he is full of pleasant and cheerful anecdote, though he has long since passed his threescore years and ten. You will find the old man reading Virgil in his summer house; or indoors with his pocket Horace and Cowley, and Herrick open on the table before him; and we should be much surprised if you were to escape from those hospitable Lares without tasting a glass of old

Falernian or Cæcuban wine, and some delicious garden fruit, which, instead of being grown in that little classic Hortus of the 'Senex Corycius' of Kingston, might for taste and smell have come from the gardens of the Hesperides.

[1] Alas! since the above paper was written Charles Townsend has passed away, and there is one scholar and one poet less in the world. —R. I. P.

A SUMMER DAY AT BEAULIEU.

IT was a lovely afternoon towards the end of summer when, after a hot and dusty walk of some four miles, across a breezy heath, from Hythe, on the west side of the Southampton river, I found myself descending the well-shaded hill at the foot of which lie the ruins of Beaulieu Abbey, and the village to which the abbey gave, and still gives, its name. And well does it deserve the name of Beaulieu—'Bellus locus,'[1] the beautiful place: for though I have walked over many English counties, and visited with open and curious eyes as many English villages as most people, I never looked upon a fairer English scene. To my left and before me lay a noble sheet of water, which on inquiry turned out to be part of a tidal tributary of the Solent, the river Exe, though it looked like a lake or landlocked harbour, and forcibly recalled to my

[1] There was another monastery called Beaulieu, or de Bello Loco, at Millbrook, near Ampthill, in Bedfordshire. It was a cell subordinate to the Abbey of St. Alban's. A description of it will be found in Dugdale's *Monasticon*, vol. iii.

BEAULIEU ABBEY.

memory the Dart at Sharpham, between Dartmouth and Totnes. Before me, bathed in a blaze of light, stood the old abbey-mill, the red roofs and chimneys of which presented the most pleasing contrast to the white waves that issued from the mill-tail, and the yellow seaweed which strewed the sides of this 'peerless pool,' the beauty of which is heightened by the way in which the noble oaks and other trees on either side feather down to the very edge of its placid waters. The charm of the scene is perhaps increased by the colour of the water, which is a deep reddish-brown.

To my right, in the midst of a park of velvet turf, stood, among ruined arches and pillars, what might have been a fair village church of early English date, though without a tower, but which, on a closer inspection, showed itself to be the ancient refectory of the Abbey of Beaulieu, converted to the purposes of a parish church, and surmounted with a little wooden turret at one of its gables. Hard by were the ruins of what must have been a stately and imposing fabric, and which still are glorious in their decay; while a deep and calm fishpond reflected their outline, and suggested a thought of the good old days when the abbot and monks of the Cistercian order fasted, or feasted, as the case might be, on dainty tench and still daintier carp and eels, caught in their own preserves.[1]

[1] The fish caught in the stewponds at Beaulieu still bear the reputation of being fine beyond the average.

Beaulieu, however, with all its charms of situation and of bygone memories, is but little known to tourists and artists. That the former should not discover it, is what might be expected in these days of easy and luxurious travelling; for it is far from being easily accessible—seven long miles of the New Forest, from Lyndhurst station, and the same from Brockenhurst;—and the route on foot from Hythe is apt to escape their notice. But for the shoals of artists who travel summer after summer in search of the picturesque, to pass Beaulieu by, is really a sin, or something very like it. Let me hope to see better justice done to it on the walls of the exhibition in Trafalgar Square next year, and for many a year to come.

The quiet beauty of Beaulieu, indeed, is such as to inspire even the writers of topographical guide-books with eloquence. For an instance take the following description, which we give verbatim from 'Black's Tourist's Guide to the Southern Counties of England':—'Well did this lovely nook, with its low-wooded hills, its broad shimmering estuary, its cloistered boughs, deserve the appellation, which still distinguishes it—Bellus Locus, Beau Lieu, or the "fair place." The ruins lie on the slope of a gentle hill, washed by an inlet of the Solent, where the little Exe pours out its tributary waters. All around cluster the cottages and blooming gardens of Beaulieu village; and though the old monastic vineyard no longer exists, a vigorous vine trails over almost every

cottage-door. Meadow, and heath, and pasture, and cornfield, and forest avenues, extend from this point even to Hythe and Dibden (the deep dene, or valley), and descending the estuary, the blue Solent broadens before us in light, and life, and glory; while beyond, the beautiful "Vectis" uprears her lofty downs. What a spot for a life of monastic seclusion! How the soul might feed on images, and thoughts, and fancies, ever new and ever beautiful! From trees and from waters, from leaf and from blossom, from lawny slope and ferny hollow, extracting fresh matter for love and wonder, till the place "became religion," and wakened the purest and holiest impulses.'

> It stood embosomed in a happy valley,
> Crowned by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
> Stood like Caractacus, in act to rally
> His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunderstroke;
> And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
> The dappled foresters; as day awoke,
> The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
> To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird.

Having duly refreshed myself after my walk at the Montagu Arms, an ancient hostelry overshadowed by a fine old elm-tree, and one where the traveller and visitor will find every comfort, I sallied forth on my tour of inspection. My first object, of course, was the church. As this was built for the refectory of the Abbey, it does not stand east and west, but north and south; and it is necessary to state this in order to make my description intelligible.

The interior has been 'plainly' and substantially repewed within the present century, so that it is as 'neat' as any Puritan or dissenter could wish to see it; except at the southern or altar end, where some more tasteful open oak benches and stalls have been recently erected. There is no chancel arch, so that the whole building forms what may be called a nave, and is complete in itself. On the west side is a magnificent stone pulpit, projecting from the wall, and approached by a flight of stone steps and a vaulted passage cut in the thickness of the wall. It forms half of an octagon, and was the ancient 'ambo' of the refectory in olden times; so that doubtless from it one of the monks in turn read either a chapter in the Bible, or more probably the legends of the saints, to the rest of his brethren while they sat at their midday meal. It is lit by four Early English lancet windows, containing painted glass by O'Connor, in which stand out boldly the figures of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Augustin, and St. Bernard, and Bishop Montagu; the latter, we suppose, in compliment to the noble family of Montagu, from whom the abbey and manor of Beaulieu were inherited by their present owners. The church is surmounted by the old wooden roof, of that shape which is generally known as a waggon roof; it is lowered probably from its original pitch; but the panelling still is adorned by the original bosses, representing popes, monks, bishops, and the royal founder, which were curiously painted

by monkish hands, and have been carefully revived according to the ancient pattern. The door at the northern end is adorned with the original iron scroll-work.

There is little else to remark in the interior of the church, except it be the monument to Lord Montagu, and another, very handsome of its kind, to a lady named Mary or 'Mall Do,'[1] whose maiden name was Elliott, and who was a benefactor to the parish. In the churchyard tradition says that there once was a curious tombstone to the memory of this or another lady, Mall Dore, a local witch of great repute in former times, but of whom, strange to say, I could hear nothing definite in Beaulieu. Evidently 'the schoolmaster is abroad' here as elsewhere, and the good people are fast unlearning their local legendary lore. The only approach to witchcraft that I could detect was a belief, boldly avowed and as boldly contradicted at the bar of the Montagu Arms, in the course of the evening which I spent in the place, that old farmer B——'s waggon and horses some five-and-twenty years ago got stuck at the bottom of the hill, and could not or would not move; and that it was

[1] The inscription on the monument is as follows :—

M erciless fate, to our great griefe and wo,
A prey hath here made of our deere Mall Do ;
R ak^te up in dust, and hid in earthe and clay,
Y et live her soule and virtues now and aye.
D eathe is a debte all owe, which must be payde,
O h ! that she knew, and of't was not afraide.

thought and said at the time that they were 'witched' by some ancient dame or crone whose name I forget, and who now lies beneath the turf in Beaulieu churchyard. It occurred to my sceptical mind to suggest that perhaps the weight of the waggon and its load had very much more to do with the matter than witchcraft, or anything at all supernatural. The monument to Mall Dore was erected to her memory by the eccentric Duke of Montagu; but it was removed many years ago, and no copy of its inscription can be found.

But it is time that I gave some account of the past history of a building so rich in bygone glories and so famous in its day, when it was the home and haunt of loyalty.

The Abbey of Beaulieu,[1] or Bewley, as it is always called in the neighbourhood, where the Norman name has passed clean away out of mind, was founded by King John, about the year 1204; and, if we except the monastery of Hales Owen, in Shropshire, it enjoys the proud distinction of being the only religious house either founded or endowed by that not very religious, or, at all events, very scrupulous, personage, who, to use a familiar phrase, was far more anxious to 'shake the bags of hoarding abbots' than to add to their contents. The event, whether it be fact or fiction, which led to its establishment, shall be told

[1] 'Abbatia in Nova Foresta quæ vocitatur Bellus locus,' is its designation in ancient documents.

in the words of that most excellent of travellers' companions, Murray's 'Handbook for Hampshire.'

'According to a story told in the Chartulary[1] of the abbey (preserved among the Cotton MSS.), John, who for some unexplained reason had become fiercely enraged with the English Cistercians, induced their abbots to attend a parliament at Lincoln, and then threatened to have them trodden to death under the feet of wild horses. But during the following night a terrible dream came to visit the king on his couch. It seemed to him that he was led before a certain judge, beside whom the insulted abbots were ranged in order. The judge, having heard their complaint, ordered them to inflict a severe scourging on the royal back. This they did; and when the king woke the next morning he declared that he still suffered from the effects of the punishment. Much alarmed, he consulted one of his chaplains, who persuaded him to forgive the abbots, and to make some further expiation for his crime. He accordingly founded Beaulieu Abbey, and peopled it with a colony of thirty monks from the parent house at Citeaux.'[2]

However legendary this story may be, it is certain

[1] A list of the contents of the Chartulary of Beaulieu is given by Dugdale. It contains, *inter alia*, the grant of Pope Alexander, giving permission for mass to be celebrated in the granges surrounding the Abbey.

[2] The head house of the Cistercian order was at Cistercium or Citeaux, in France. But Beaulieu, according to Dugdale, had several subordinate cells; amongst others, those of Lanachebran, or St. Kervan, in Cornwall, and of Faringdon, in Berkshire.

that much land, both here and in Berkshire, was bestowed by King John on his foundation, which he designed to be his burial-place. The district surrounding the abbey was diafforested, and released from all ordinary 'suits and services.' Innocent III. granted the right of sanctuary, and freed the land from episcopal jurisdiction. It was not, however, until 1246 that the works were completed and solemnly dedicated, in the presence of Henry III. and his queen, Richard Earl of Cornwall, and a long string of prelates and nobles. The king, it is said, was so gratified with the splendour of the dedication feast, that he remitted a considerable fine which the abbot had incurred by a trespass in the New Forest.

The sanctuary of Beaulieu Abbey afforded refuge to two unfortunate royal ladies at the same eventful crisis. Ann Neville, wife of Warwick the king-maker, fled thither, Easter Eve, 1471, the day after the battle of Barnet, where her husband had fallen, and was speedily joined by the unhappy Margaret of Anjou, who had landed at Weymouth on the very day of the battle, and proceeded to Cerne Abbey in Dorsetshire. On hearing of the disastrous issue of the day, she fled with her son Prince Edward to Beaulieu until the arrival of the Earl of Devon with others of her party restored her to energy. From Beaulieu she proceeded with her army to Tewkesbury, where

> —the aspiring blood of Lancaster
> Sank in the ground,

and where Shakspeare becomes our historian.

'In 1497, Perkin Warbeck, after landing at Whitsand Bay and besieging Exeter, suddenly fled from the army of Henry VII. which he had encountered before Taunton, and took sanctuary at Beaulieu. Lord Daubeney at once invested the abbey with a body of 300 men, so as to prevent all hope of escape; and Warbeck, after remaining here for some time, was persuaded to deliver himself up on promise of a pardon. We all know how the promise was kept, and that after an imprisonment in the Tower he died a felon's death at Tyburn. Less distinguished personages, however, sheltered themselves from justice in the sanctuary of Beaulieu; and when in 1539 the abbey was condemned to lose its privilege, Langton, the monastic visitor, pleads for it to Cromwell, and describes the misery that would fall upon the "thirty-two sanctuarymen who were here for debt, felony, and murder, if they were driven forth, or sent to other sanctuaries. They had here their wives and children, and dwelling-houses, and ground, whereby they live with their families."' (Froude, 'History of England,' iii. 414.)

During the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, the abbey stood proudly forth even among the great Cistercian monasteries, and was renowned for the learning, the hospitality, the wealth, and the piety of its members.[1] But when Henry VIII. came

[1] A full account of Beaulieu will be found in Dugdale, in his *Monasticon Anglicanum*, vol. v. He gives, from the register of Newenham,

to the throne, evil days were at hand. The page of history tells us how the royal tyrant's edict went forth, and how the good and the bad, the honest and corrupt among the abbeys and convents of England were ordered to be dismantled and levelled to the dust. It is needless to add that Beaulieu was included among the greater religious houses which were doomed by the king, and that its members were driven forth from the 'Fair Place' which had been their home, like so many Cains, as wanderers on the face of the earth: for right well, or, at least, right effectually did Henry's minions carry out the work of destruction.

They broke down, not only the painted windows and carved screens and statues, but even the beautiful and massive abbey church itself, from tower to base, and laid its walls literally level with the dust. This in itself must have been no easy task, for the ground-plan, still clearly traceable, shows that it was built after the pattern of Winchester Cathedral, of which it fell only seven feet short from east to west. Its walls were singularly massive and solid; the buttresses must have stood out in very bold relief, considering the date of the erection of the edifice; and the beauty of the fabric must have been much increased

a list of the abbots of Beaulieu, twenty in number, from Hugh, the first abbot, down to Thomas Stephens, who appears to have held that post at the Dissolution. In 26 Henry VIII. the gross amount of the revenues of Beaulieu was given at 428*l.* 6*s.* 8¼*d.*; the clear income being 326*l.* 13*s.* 2¾*d.*

by the fact that, like Salisbury Cathedral, it was all built within some three or four decades of years, so that the style was uniform throughout, just at the period when the chaste severity of the Early English style was giving way to the elegance of the Decorated era. The church itself consisted of a spacious nave and side aisles—of which the southern aisle adjoined the cloisters—a central tower, transepts with aisles, and at the east end a circular apse, with procession path and chapels beyond; thus exhibiting 'an arrangement very unusually found in England.' Into this church there were two entrance doors from the north cloister, one of which is still tolerably perfect; but not a remnant of the rest of the edifice is visible above the ground; though, thanks to the care of the Duke of Buccleuch and of the vicar, the whole outline of the foundations has been traced out, and marked with a solid stone fencing, which, though it scarcely rises above the velvet turf, will serve for many a long day to perpetuate its memory. Every pillar, every buttress, and even every minute detail in form of each clustering column, stands out marked upon this ground plan, just as accurately as each sunken rock or sand-bank in Portsmouth Harbour or the Southampton Water is marked out in the charts published under the sanction of the Trinity House. Within the marked outline of the walls, it appears, the entire flooring of the church was of fine encaustic tiles, which are still preserved in all their fresh-

ness a few inches beneath the turf. They have been purposely laid bare in four or five places for the inspection of the curious visitor; but, by order of the Duke of Buccleuch, they are covered with little trap-doors of wood, to preserve them from the weather, or tourists, or both. Thus, singularly enough, the walls are all gone; but the pavement still remains entire.

Among the other great personages who once were laid to their rest in this 'fair place' was Isabella, first wife of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, king of the Romans, and brother of Henry III. 'Her grave,' says Murray, 'was lately discovered in front of what once was the high altar, and a stone still exists bearing her name. There is a tradition, too,' adds the writer, 'that Eleanor of Aquitaine, queen of Henry II., the mother of the founder and of Cœur de Lion, was interred here; but she really was buried at Fontevrault, where her tomb may still be seen.'[1]

The work of destruction which was wrought on the fabric of the church fell less heavily upon the adjoining building, which served as the monks' dormitory, no doubt because it was better suited to the utilitarian purposes of the 'levellers.' Sadly and wantonly mutilated as it is, yet it still stands with its walls and roof in good repair, though its stone floor-

[1] The spot where Queen Eleanor is said to have been buried was pointed out to me by the worthy and intelligent old man who acts as porter at the Abbey gateway, and custos of the ruins; and not even my reference to 'Murray' could dispel the illusion from his mind.

ing and its windows are gone. The kitchen,[1] and some cellars, too, are still entire; and over the kitchen fire-place stands the very self-same wooden beam which witnessed the cooking of many a sumptuous monastic dish on high days in time previous to the Reformation. It is black with age and smoke, and nearly as hard as stone. Opposite to the fire-place, still entire, is a cupboard with a shelf, which the monks no doubt used for the plates when washed. The kitchen has what once must have been a very fine groined roof, and in its main features resembles a college kitchen at Oxford or Cambridge. The work in this part of the buildings is rough in its character, and the dormitory windows in the upper range are small and plain to a very remarkable degree, and evidently were not meant for the use of astronomers. The steps which led down from the dormitory into the south transept of the church may still be seen, though they are in a very bad condition. Over the kitchen is a raised portion of the dormitory, which was probably used for a hospital or sick room, and no doubt another portion of this upper room served as a guest-chamber, though it is not possible to identify it accurately. In this chamber there is a primitive lavatory, consisting of a single slab of

[1] It is right to mention that some antiquaries do not consider that this room was the original kitchen of the monastery, but think that it was adapted to the purpose of a kitchen at a comparatively recent date.

rough hewn stone, one corner of which sinks into a hole leading to a drain pipe.

From the dormitory we pass down a double flight of solid and substantial steps into the cloisters, which, unlike the refectory and dormitory, are quite a ruin. Here and there a few feet of the ancient pavement remains, consisting of black and white stones, arranged lozenge-wise, and a few of the sedilia, on which the monks sat to read their 'office,' and to meditate on sacred subjects, are still entire, thanks to the care of the Duke of Buccleuch, and of his son, Lord Henry Scott, upon whom, if the local report be true, the Duke has bestowed 'the manor and estate of Beaulieu' by deed of gift,[1] and who is taking good care, to say the least, that the work of ruin shall proceed no further. Most of the outer wall of the cloisters is gone; but in the western wall, near the refectory door, are the remains of a second lavatory; and it is still possible to trace the mark of the leaden pipe which once supplied it with fresh and pure water. The walks here have been carefully gravelled, adhering as far as possible to the ancient plan; and a few evergreens have been planted, in exquisite

[1] If this be really so, the duke has done a very sensible and rational thing; for it is said in Beaulieu that his grace owns twelve estates, and that Beaulieu is the smallest of them all, though the manor is twenty-eight miles round. A resident squire is always an advantage to a country parish; and the duke, even if he never went out of England and Scotland and never lived in London, could spend at the most only a month in the year on each of his estates. No wonder that the guide-books describe Beaulieu as the 'occasional' residence of his grace.

keeping with the scene. The walls are ruddy with pinks and other flowers, and fragrant with the esculent thyme, the parent root of which no doubt escaped from out of the monastic garden, in order to hand down its progeny to the present age. The visitor will notice on the east side three very beautiful arches, shown in our illustration; these mark the entrance to what once was the chapter house of the abbey. The pillars once had interspersed among them tall and slender shafts of Purbeck marble; but these have all been removed. On the ground—we can scarcely say with truth the floor—of the chapter house, there rise out of the turf a stone coffin and some plain sepulchral slabs, but the inscriptions are all 'clean gone.' On the north of this building stood the sacristy, and opposite to it was a passage leading to the abbot's residence, succeeded by the 'Scriptorium,' or day-room of the monks, which served for the purposes of library and common-room. It was, apparently, divided, as at the daughter-house at Netley,[1] by a row of columns down the centre. In the western wall of the cloister, are seven large arched recesses, which the compiler of Murray's 'Hand-book thinks to have been the monks' cells, but which appeared to my eyes to be merely stone seats for meditation, as I have said already. All these buildings are of the same date with the refectory and the

[1] When Netley Abbey was founded, it was from Beaulieu that its first monks, thirty in number, were taken.

church, and afford fine specimens of the Early English style as it developed into the Decorated. In the cloisters, and in the vault or cellar below the dormitory, are stored huge piles of bosses, capitals, and fragments of pillars, all exquisitely carved and finished, which have been collected from the walls and buildings of the castle. Among them I noticed the remains of a 'stoup' for holy water, which some zealous but unscrupulous visitor had lately broken off from one of the arches in the cloister, though the faithful custos [1] had so far acted the part of the *genius loci* as not to allow it to be carried away. Murray informs us that some of these fragments were brought back lately from Hurst Castle, the walls of which were built by Henry VIII. out of the ruins of the abbey, and which thus have been restored to their original site after a divorce of above three centuries.

Dugdale says that the common seal of the Abbey attached to the deed of surrender in the Augmentation Office was very elaborate, the subject being the Virgin and Child, with a number of persons on their knees praying on each side of them, the whole surmounted by a triple canopy. Underneath is a shield with the arms of the Abbey; a crosier in a crown and on the sides of the shield a fleur-de-lys and a lion passant. The legend runs. 'Sigillum comune monasterij belli loci regis.'

[1] Though a *rusticus abnormis sapiens*, he is an enthusiast about the church, and on the whole very well informed about its past history.

About one hundred yards north of the church are some roofless remains of a large building, traditionally called the brewery and wine-press. The tradition may be true or not; but, as little of the edifice is standing, except the wall at either end, it is impossible to determine the question with certainty. It is certain, however, that part of the field lying beyond it is still called the Vineyard; and the late Lord Montagu's steward in 1793 informed Mr. Warner, the author of a work on Southern Hampshire, that he then had in his cellars a small quantity of brandy which was made about seventy years before from the vines growing on that spot. It may be added that the vine still grows very extensively on the walls of many of the cottages in Beaulieu, proving even to this incredulous age that the monks, from whose gardens the parent vines must have come, were no bad students of the Georgics of Virgil, so far as related to horticulture.

A kind of long terrace is connected with a building which contained an aqueduct, the water of which was led from a spring at some distance. The general situation is well seen from this spot. Woods encircle the abbey now as in King John's time; and in the green oak-dotted meadows surrounding the ruins we may picture the Cistercians quietly labouring. To the north a broad green plot, called Cheapside, was the site of the old market, and also of an annual fair. The monastic fish-ponds are seen east of the church. The

wall of the precincts, much of which remains, is a mile and a quarter in circumference.

At the Dissolution, the revenues of the abbey are said to have amounted to no more than 326*l.*; but in spite of this fact, the 'manor' of Beaulieu was taken in hand by Henry, who granted it—no doubt for a consideration—to Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, from whose family it passed into the hands of the Dukes of Montagu, by the marriage of Ralph, first Duke of that title, with a daughter of Lord Southampton in the time of William III. Towards the end of the last century, one of the Montagus who held the estate was created Earl of Beaulieu; but the title soon became extinct, the fair abbey lands passing by marriage to Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch, whose second son had the estate settled on him, and was created Lord Montagu. He left no son; and so Beaulieu reverted to the head of the family, the present duke, who, no doubt, in bestowing it on his second son, looks forward to a day when the title of Montagu or Beaulieu will be revived in his favour, and 'the bold Buccleuchs' shall again wear a second English coronet.

Half way between the church and the village stands the old gate-house, now, as of old, occupied by the faithful servant of whom I have already spoken and who acts as

Janitor ipse domûs . . . . custosque sacelli.

The clock above the gate still sounds the hours, and

the original timbers of the gateway have withstood the effects of time and destruction. Like the long wall of the precincts to the south, the gateway is overhung with thick masses and festoons of ivy. On entering, you find yourself in front of what was formerly the Abbot's Lodging, but is now called the Palace, and is used as a residence by Lord Henry Scott. It may be seen when the family are away from home. Immediately within the entrance is a groined apartment or hall of Decorated character, which, according to Mr. J. H. Parker, of Oxford—no mean authority on ancient domestic architecture—is a 'remarkably good specimen of the kind of entrance-hall frequently found in buildings of this class.' In the upper rooms is to be seen some good wooden panelling of the time of the Tudors. The grotesque heads which adorn the exterior string-course of the upper story are worthy of notice, as each head and face is marked with a distinctive character. The house is now being gradually restored, and within the last few weeks the elegant tracery of a square-headed Decorated window in the south wall of the upper story has been brought to light. A new bridge, also, is thrown, for the sake of convenience, across the moat which surrounds this singular building. It should be added that the moat, together with the turreted wall, and the four quaint circular turrets at its angles, is said to have been the work of 'John the Planter,' the eccentric Duke of Montagu, whom we have already

mentioned. He is said to have been in constant fear that, as he lived on the southern coast, unless his house was thus defended and literally made into 'his castle,' some French privateer would take advantage of the tide as it ran up the creek, quietly land at Beaulieu in the night, and carry off its ducal owner as a prisoner to France. I should add that my 'custos' told me that Margaret of Anjou escaped from her enemies and took refuge in one of these quaint foreign-looking towers, and that I did not care to dispel the fond illusion from his mind, though I could see at a glance that they were the work of a much later date than the era of that unhappy queen. I ought, perhaps, here to add that part of what once was the old abbey mill now forms Lady Henry Scott's croquet lawn.

Every visitor who sees this pleasant place will agree that no more exquisite site could have been chosen for their home by the white-robed Cistercians, who, by their toil and labour here, 'made the forest smile' indeed. They were good judges of the capabilities of sites; and who shall blame them if it was their wont to select, as, for instance, at Netley and Tintern, a situation placed among deep woods, and on the banks of a stream which could supply them with fish, and where there were meadows and lowlands to be reclaimed by the industry of their hands? The fine turf of the smiling park which comprised the abbey precincts shows that they did not toil in vain;

and the rose and vine-covered cottages of the villages still attest the genial warmth of the situation, and the innate or acquired goodness of the soil. The monks' conduit, which still supplies the village with water, stands on the upper slope of the park. About it, the writer of Mr. Murray's 'Hand-book' tells us that 'some years ago the village was haunted by an evil demon, in the shape of a low fever, produced by the unwholesome water which the inhabitants used to drink. The late proprietor, Lord Montagu, constructed a large reservoir, and had water from the monks' spring conveyed to every house in the village;' a measure which, as he adds, very effectually laid the demon. It was probably by similar benefits that the monks four or five centuries ago gained a like reputation for supernatural powers.

The Hand-book, on which we have already drawn so extensively, tells us that on the manor, which contained 888 acres, there were, beside the church, some granges, to each of which no doubt chapels were attached for the benefit of the outlying parishioners, who were too far off to be able to 'assist' at mass at the abbey. Three such granges still remain; and Beaufré, the old Ox-farm of the monks, is to this day the principal farm of the manor. For, while the monks celebrated high mass and sang their vespers in the abbey of Beaulieu, they were not forgetful of the spiritual wants of those natives of the 'manor' who lived at a distance from the central church. For

these outlying parts they provided what would, now-a-days, be called missionary stations, and to several of their 'granges' or home-farms they attached substantial chapels, where mass was said on Sundays and the greater Saints' days, and the children were periodically catechised. Such a chapel was once to be seen at Bouverie, or Beaufré, as the monks' Ox-farm was called, although no traces of it now remain. There are old people, however, still alive at Beaulieu, who remember an ancient chapel at the farm called Park, which stands about two miles distant, in a charming situation, commanding a fine view of the Solent and of the Isle of Wight beyond, through the deep woods in which it is embosomed. They say that the chapel was between forty and fifty feet long, and separated into two compartments by a stone division, which reached to the roof, and of which fragments are still to be seen stored away in the cloisters and dormitory at Beaulieu. It was pulled down during the tenure of the property by the late Lord Montagu, about half a century ago.

A walk of another mile will take the visitor to St. Leonard's, another grange, where the gables of the chapel, now used for occasional services by the incumbent of Beaulieu, form a most picturesque object when seen peeping through the trees, and affording a pleasing contrast to the ivy-grown *spicarium* or barn which adjoins them. This is one of the largest monastic barns in the kingdom, and is still in good

condition, though more than five hundred summers have passed over its venerable head.

Not far from this grange and chapel is a little hamlet called Sowley, where there is a fresh-water lake covering some 150 acres, and still well stocked, as of old time in the days of the monks, with fish of various kinds. Murray's 'Handbook' tells us that in ancient times it was called Colgrimesmere, or Fresh-water, and that more recently it was made practically useful as a head of water to work the great hammer of some iron-works established here, where the iron-stone from Hordle Cliffs was smelted. These works have long been closed, as also are the ship-building yards, a little below on the Exe at Buckler's Hard, where the eccentric Duke of Montagu (John the 'Planter') at one time endeavoured to 'plant' a town and docks, as a depôt for the produce of one of the West India Islands, with the intention of driving a trade that should supersede the ports of both Bristol and Southampton. Here, during last century, were built several frigates; among others the 'Illustrious' (74), the 'Vigilant' (74), the 'Agamemnon' (64), the 'Indefatigable' (64), the 'Europe' (64), the 'Greenwich' (50), the 'Hannibal' (50), the 'Woolwich' (44), and, last *and* least, the 'Beaulieu' (36).

To the honour of the new owner of the 'manor'[1]

[1] The poor people never speak of the 'parish' of Beaulieu, but always call it the *manor*, just as Essex people contemptuously call a stranger 'one from the "*shires*."'

of Beaulieu, should here be recorded the fact that no sooner was he installed in possession of the estate, than he secured the services of a trained nurse from the London hospitals, to whom he has given a house and a salary, strictly charging her to see that no poor person on the 'manor' is without proper food and medical attendance in case of illness or sudden distress. Would that all large landowners would learn by his example to be equally considerate to their poorer neighbours and brethren![1] How few of our wealthier owners of broad acres would miss the hundred pounds a-year that such an arrangement must entail; and how many would find it answer, even as a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, by raising the value of the leases which they grant, and securing for themselves a better class of tenantry and a more grateful and attached set of dependants on those estates, of which, after all, in the sight of heaven, they are not really owners but stewards and trustees!

[1] It is only right to add that the lords of the manor for this century past have always supported excellent schools at Beaulieu, and at a considerable cost.

MEMORIES OF KENILWORTH.

To treat of Kenilworth seems to amount to presumption in the face of Sir Walter Scott's beautifully woven web of truth and fiction, of which Kenilworth is at once the scene and the name. But he spoke of only one short, though brilliant, epoch in its eventful story; and closely as that grand old castle is associated in the minds of the lovers of history and romance with the haughty Earl of Leicester and his stately queen and guest, there is many another tale besides, and many another royal name connected with it; and many a doughtier deed of arms has roused the echoes of the stronghold than the jousts and tourneys of the tilt-yard, which formed part of the 'princely pleasures of Kenilworth,' in the times of Robert Dudley.

Few who now visit the ruins of the castle can help asking themselves what those noble walls have seen, what they have enclosed, and whom they have resisted; and many are the secrets which they have

kept but too well; for there have been mysteries which shall never be disclosed, and the beginning of many a story has found there an end, known but to very few besides the victim himself!

But, setting aside that which tradition darkly hints at, the broad page of authentic history unfolds much of the deepest interest to those who gaze on those massive walls; and while the solid masonry of Cæsar's tower invokes a feeling of reverence, the lighter grace of Lancaster's building—whose endurance proves its strength—forms a midway step between the sternness of the earlier period and the now perishing and crumbling structure of the Earl of Leicester—the latest built, yet doomed to earliest decay.

There is a wonderful majesty about the most ancient part of the castle—that called Cæsar's tower; and the perfect plainness and rigidity of the architecture would almost authorise the belief, which some entertain, that it dates from the time of the Romans. It is built of the rich red-coloured stone of the country, and the lines of the stone-work are now almost as sharp and clear as if newly hewn; the depth of the windows shows the thickness of the walls, which cannot be otherwise examined, as there is now no means of getting into the interior of this part, though it appears to be little more than a shell; and imagination is free to people its deep dungeons with forgotten skeletons and rust-worn fetters. This lies to the north, and, facing the west, rises the most beautiful part of all

KENILWORTH.

—Lancaster's building—of which much remains; though far less grand and gloomy than Cæsar's tower, it speaks of strength, for its walls have stood the storms of five hundred years, and yet the tall windows of the banqueting-hall remain standing out against the western sky, while parts of their original tracery form dark lines against the sunset. This hall was eighty-six feet long and forty-five wide. On the south are more picturesque walls, of the same red stone, worn in places to a rich yellow, and supported on the outside with graceful buttresses, and decorated with carved stone-work. In the inner side of this range of the building is a ruined oratory, which was probably circular when in its perfect shape, and now clothed inside and out with the thickest ivy, whose stem is so large that at first sight it might be taken for a pillar of the building. On the south-east lie Leicester's buildings, plain in style, and, in the stone mullions of their windows, which unfortunately are fast giving way and crumbling to ruin, adhering to the picturesque taste of the Elizabethan age in which they were erected. To the north stands the gate-house, constructed at the same time by the Earl of Leicester, and forming the principal, if not the only entrance through the castle walls, which surrounded a space of about six acres, and were guarded at intervals by towers: two of these were also built by Leicester, at the end of the tilt-yard, and were called the Battery tower, and Mortimer's tower. Beyond them, southwards,

stretched the tilt-yard, the scene of many brilliant tournaments; and, in the Battery tower, sat the ladies to see them, 'all clad in silken mantles.' On the west of this tilt-yard, and south of the castle, lay 'the pool,' or lake; while on the northern side, but within the walls, lay the Pleasaunce, which we will describe further on.

It is from the time of Henry I., seven centuries ago, that the first accounts of Kenilworth date, for it was then given by the king to Geoffrey de Clinton, a Norman, of no great family, but probably of great parts, for he was raised out of the dust by the king, and advanced to be Lord Chancellor and Treasurer, and afterwards Chief Justice of England. Dugdale says that he took great delight in the place, on account of its spacious woods, and large and pleasant lake; and he it was who first built that great and strong castle, which was the glory of these parts. Near it he also founded in A.D. 1122, a monastery of Black Canons, of the order of St. Austin. It was at first a priory, but was made an abbey before the Dissolution, at which time its possessions were valued at 643*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.* The castle cannot have continued in his undisturbed possession for very long, for it appears that in 1156 the sheriff accounted for the profit of the park; and in the year 1173 it was possessed and garrisoned by the king, Henry II., who, besides storing it with plenty of bread, corn, and barley, laid in also a hundred hogs, forty cows, and a hundred

and twenty cheeses. This was at the time when his kingdom was troubled by the rebellion incited by his own eldest son, Prince Henry, whom he crowned at the age of fifteen, and who, too impatient to wait for the possession of the reality of the royal dignity which was thus shadowed forth to him, engaged in open war against his father, strongly supported by France and Scotland; and ruthlessly did he destroy that father's peace, till a rapid fever seized him, and carried him to the grave, a miserable penitent. During the commotion consequent on this insurrection, Geoffrey de Clinton, son to the founder, made one fierce and valiant effort to recover his father's possessions, but without success, and they remained in the hands of the king.

In the beginning of King John's reign, Henry de Clinton, grandson to the original possessor, formally resigned to the crown all his rights to the manor, the woods, and the pools. History does not tell his motive; whether loyalty, a sum of money, or compulsion, led to it, we know not; but, considering King John's usual system of business, we may safely conclude it was the last. William de Cantilupe was then made governor, and, amongst other expenses, he laid out 102*l.* for making a new chamber and a wardrobe. And in 1219, we find an entry of 150*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.* for rebuilding a tower, which had fallen down the previous Christmas. In 1244, Henry III. made Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, governor of the castle;

and five years later granted the custody of it to Alianore his sister, wife of Simon, to hold during her life. At this time the woods belonging to it, lying near the road between Coventry and Warwick, were very thick; and therefore the constable had commands to cut down six acres in breadth, of the underwood, for the security of passengers. In 1254, Henry passed another grant, giving it to Alianore and her husband jointly for their lives; and great cause he had to repent of this deed, for four years after, Simon de Montfort became the chief ringleader in the great rebellion of the barons.

And now in good earnest was Kenilworth, the scene of warlike preparations; for Leicester was determined that that parchment deed which gave him the castle for his own and his wife's life, should not be restored to the giver except by force of arms, and even then that which had lightly come should not lightly go. So he sent thither John Giffard as governor, with orders never to yield it. He garrisoned and provisioned the castle fully, and fortified it wonderfully, storing it with many kinds of warlike engines never seen or heard of in England before. Giffard seems to have behaved with the decision and resolution which his master expected of him; for he had no sooner established himself in Kenilworth, than suspecting the Earl of Warwick to be favourable to the king, he marched thither, surprised Warwick Castle most deceitfully, and carried the earl and his wife

and family prisoners to his own fortress, demolishing great part of their castle, lest it should aid the royal party.

Simon de Montfort himself was meantime pursuing the advantage he had gained at the battle of Lewes, where he had taken prisoner two kings, Henry III. and his brother Richard, the nominal King of the Romans, and Prince Edward also. This success by no means relaxed his energy, for his next step was to send his younger son and namesake to the north to attack the barons of those parts who refused to acknowledge his authority. His son, who worthily bore his father's name, returned triumphantly to Kenilworth with more than twenty captured banners waving on the breeze. Here awhile he rested, and the De Montforts were at the height of their haughty power. But as where the lights are brightest the shadows are ever darkest, so was their downfall at hand. Prince Edward, by the fleetness of his horse, had escaped from Hereford; and all the loyal barons having flocked to him, and surrounded him with a numerous army, he was on the watch for the moment when a bold stroke should turn the fortunes of the day. Young Simon had made a sudden attack on the fair city of Winchester, and having plundered and despoiled it, was returning in all haste to Kenilworth, whither his father was also advancing to meet him. All this was made known to the prince by the means of Ralph de Ardern, who employed as a spy a

woman called Margoth, who cunningly travelled in man's attire; and he resolved to turn the news to account. In order to lull suspicion, he gave out that he was on the march for Salisbury, and even sent on an advanced guard of foot bearing with them accoutrements for horse, in order to strengthen the assertion; but when opposite to Kenilworth, he changed his route, and coming cautiously by night, under cover of those glorious Warwickshire trees, into a wooded valley, he armed his men in the deepest silence. · Suddenly was heard a distant rumble, which coming gradually nearer, proved to be a company from the castle on a foraging expedition, but lightly escorted with guards, so in a few moments they were captured; and, his men being ready, a gallant attack surprised the town, which, with the monastery, was shortly in the hands of the prince; fifteen banners also graced his victory, with which he retired to Worcester to watch like a spider, till the unfortunate fly should be entrapped in the web. Meantime Leicester marched proudly down to his glorious home of Kenilworth, little thinking that he was doomed never again to cross the threshold, but dreaming lightly of the joyous meeting that would ensue between himself and his son; weaving high schemes of power and self-aggrandisement, and thinking, doubtless, how fair a royal dwelling his own castle afforded. Even now the spears of his son's victorious army are gleaming on the brow of the distant horizon; and as they wind over the undulating

country before him, the heart of Leicester swells as he thinks how noble and unconquerable a force it will be when both armies are joined under his supreme command. Yet stay, what is that stir amongst the riders who surround him, and who is the figure galloping from the vanguard? But in a moment De Montfort smiles as he recognises a favourite of his own—one of his immediate retainers.

At that moment, too, a large flag unrolls its heavy folds in the centre of the army before him, and the pale favourite need scarcely have brought his news, for Simon recognises but too clearly the Royal Standard of England.

'Now, by heaven,' said he, 'let us commit our souls to God, for our bodies are Prince Edward's.'

The result of the battle of Evesham is well known. The cold stars that bright summer night glittered on the corselet of the proud Simon de Montfort, who lay dead on the plain; near him lay Hugh, his eldest son, a corpse; and it was only by the determined bravery of a few devoted followers that Guy, youngest of all, was borne away on their shields, wounded almost to death, but breathing still. Such was the ghastly end of Simon de Montfort—a traitor to his king.

His surviving son, Simon, held the castle like a freebooter, and by his oppression and tryanny caused the name of Kenilworth to be the dread of the country round. To crush this last and worst of the rebellious race, Henry fitted out an army, advanced

to Kenilworth, and summoned it to surrender. Henry de Hastings, governor in the absence of Simon, who had gone to seek help from France, slighted the message, and abused the messenger. Henry sat down before the castle and commenced the siege in form; while there, he made the memorable decree called the 'Dictum de Kenilworth,' in which he allowed the rebels to redeem their confiscated lands by a fine under certain conditions. Simon, now in the Isle of Ely, refused submission, and the king proceeded to storm the castle. On November 20 the plague broke out in the garrison, and they endured the greatest suffering and privation till the middle of January, when they surrendered. Simon having effected his escape beyond the sea, was no more heard of; but it was long ere the neighbourhood recovered from the effect of the six months' siege; and much injury was done to the canons of Kenilworth; for although they had allowed the king three hundred quarters of corn, and many other things, that the rest of their goods might be protected, yet the soldiers had oppressed them heavily; so that to relieve their wants, the king by his letters patent required the neighbourhood 'to contribute as they would expect God to bless them, and himself to give them thanks.' Even the monks of the neighbouring abbey of Stoneleigh were not exempt from this leaguer, and all the recompense they got was that the king confirmed their charters.

Soon after this, the king bestowed the castle and

lands on his younger son Edmund, the titular King of the Romans, reserving to himself the advowsons of the priory of Kenilworth and abbey of Stoneleigh. On October 29, 1265, this Prince Edmund was created Earl of Leicester and Lancaster, and he made his castle the resort of all the gay and lovely of the land. In imitation of King Arthur, he instituted a Round Table, consisting of a hundred knights and as many ladies, and 'many came from foreign parts for tilting and tournaments, and the ladies for dancing.' Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, was the chief leader in the dance and revels.

But darker days came to Kenilworth. Here, after Edmund, lived his son Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, who, for his rebellion, was beheaded at Pontefract with eighteen other nobles. His brother Edward, also Earl of Lancaster, led as a prisoner into these walls his ill-fated sovereign, Edward II., who here received a message from the Parliament requiring him to sign his abdication, and consent to the coronation of his son, a child of fourteen. When the deputies appeared, the worn-out and persecuted monarch fainted away, and only recovered to hear Judge Trussel in the name of the people of England loudly renounce all fealty to Edward of Carnarvon; and to see Sir Thomas Blount break his high steward's staff in token of the discharge of the king's officers from their allegiance. This was one of Kenilworth's saddest scenes; but sadder days even than these were in

store for Edward II. He was left here for a time under Lancaster's rough jailorship; but his enemies, fancying even that too gentle a fate, dragged him about from castle to castle, to Berkeley Castle in Gloucestershire, and to Corfe in Dorsetshire, and finally to Berkeley again, where Gournay and Maltravers were sent by Isabella and Mortimer to murder him, one September night in 1327.

The son of Earl Edward was created Duke of Lancaster, and he died A.D. 1362, leaving two daughters his heirs, of whom Blanche, the younger, married John of Gaunt—the fourth son of Edward III.—who was created Duke of Lancaster, and this castle fell to his wife's share, her elder sister having married the Duke of Bavaria. John of Gaunt began the structure of all the ancient buildings now remaining, except Cæsar's tower, with the outer walls and turrets, towards the end of Richard II.'s reign. No doubt he consoled himself with these buildings after Wat Tyler and his followers had pillaged and burnt his fine palace at the Savoy; and in 1399 'time-honoured Lancaster' died, having married as his second wife the heiress of Castile, and as his third, Catherine Swinford, who was sister to the wife of Chaucer, and from whom descended the Lancastrian line of English kings. Meantime, after Richard II.'s death, Henry Bolingbroke, son of John of Gaunt and Blanche of Lancaster, succeeded to the throne; and thus, as his mother's heir, he connected Kenilworth once more

with the possessions of the Crown. Henry VI. sought refuge within its walls during the insurrection of Jack Cade. Henry VII. united the possessions of the Duchy of Lancaster to those of Cornwall. Henry VIII. 'bestowed much cost in repairs, removing the building erected by Henry V. near the tail of the Pool in marshy ground, and setting up part thereof in the base court of the castle, near the Swan Tower.'

Kenilworth continued to belong to the Crown, till, in 1563, Queen Elizabeth presented it to her favourite, Robert Dudley, who the next year was created Earl of Leicester, reviving by that title the memory of its former owners. And truly it was a princely gift, which Leicester fully appreciated, for he spared no expense in additions and alterations. Witness 'Leicester's buildings'—which were his work—and the Gatehouse also; and the two towers by the tilt-yard, which have been mentioned before. He spent 60,000*l.* on the castle and park; and here, in the glowing summer of 1575, he entertained his royal mistress with all the pomp and majesty befitting his riches and her position.

Laneham, in his gossiping account of the queen's entertainment at Kenilworth, gives the following good description of the garden in quaint and extraordinary language and spelling; being put into modern English, it runs as follows:—

'Unto this his Honor's exquisite appointment of a beautiful garden an acre or more of quantity that

lieth on the north there, wherein hard all along the castle wall is reared a pleasant terrace of ten foot high and a twelve broad; even under foot, and fresh of fine grass, as is also the side towards the garden, in which, by sundry equal distances, obelisks, spheres,

KENILWORTH FORD.

and white bears, all of stone, upon their curious bases, by goodly show were set; to these two fine arbours by sweet trees and flowers, at each end one; the gardens flat under that with fair alleys green by grass. Some walks therein set with sand, not too soft or oily, but firm to walk on as a sea-shore; then much gracified

by due proportion of four even quarters, in the centre of each, on a base two foot square and high, a pilaster fifteen foot high, with a ball at the top, all of a solid block of porphyry. The savour on all sides, made so respirant from the redolent plants, fragrant herbs, and flowers, with fruit-trees, bedecked with apples, pears, and ripe cherries. And in the midst of the terrace, against the wall, was a square cage, sumptuous and beautiful, twenty feet high, thirty feet long, and fourteen broad; there were four great arched windows in front, and two at each end, and as many more above; divided by columns, all over-strained, even and tight, with great cunning and comeliness, with a wire net firmly net. Under the cornice every part was beautified with great diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and garnished with their gold by skilful head and hand, by toil and pencil and lively expressed. There were holes and caverns in the wall for roosting and breeding, and holly trees for perching. But the silver sounding lute without the sweet touch of hand, the glorious golden cup without the fresh fragrant wine, or the ring rich with gem, but without the fair-featured finger, is nothing, indeed, in proper grace and use. Even so, his Honor accounted of his mansion till he had placed the tenants accordingly. He had it, therefore, replenished with lively birds, English, French, Spanish, Canarian, and (I am deceived if I saw not some) African!'

This was but a small part of the grandeurs of the

castle at that time, which all the pleasure-loving country flocked to see; and here it may be remarked in passing, that considering the nearness of Stratford to Kenilworth, it is more than probable that Shakspeare, then a youth of eleven or twelve years old, was an eyewitness of many of these festivities, and that his first sight of a theatrical representation may have been the play of 'Hock's Tuesday,' which the men of Coventry played before the queen, its subject being the destruction of the Danes in Ethelred's time, and her Majesty being so well pleased with it that she presented the actors with five marks in money and two fat bucks. And in the great hall in Lancaster's building is still seen the window and the window-seat where the earl sat with the queen, looking out on the rich country over the sunny lake, while words of love which neither dared to utter rose to the lips of each.

Where, on the queen's part, was her royal pride? And where, thought Leicester more bitterly, where is Amy Robsart? and where the Lady Douglas Sheffield? The latter, at any rate, was Leicester's true wife, and the mother of the only child he ever had; and yet so deeply had he wound the toils around himself, that he never dared openly to acknowledge him as his own; and so the title and estates passed away once more from their owner's hands to the crown.

To say nothing of Amy Robsart, whose life is

shrouded in mystery—though there is too much reason to believe that the fall down the trap-door in Cumnor Hall is not all a fiction—there was the daughter of William, Lord Howard of Effingham, Lady Douglas Sheffield, to whom Leicester had been first contracted in Cannon Row, in Westminster, and to whom he was, two years afterwards, married in her chamber at Esher, in Surrey, by a lawful minister and before many witnesses. The ring with which he wedded her was one set with five pointed diamonds and one table diamond, which had been given to him by the Earl of Pembroke's grandfather, on condition he should bestow it on none but on the lady he should make his wife. And after all this he dared implore her on his knees, in the close arbour of the queen's garden, at Greenwich, to deny the marriage, because, he said, of the queen's wrath; but more truly because of his own passion for the Lady Lettice Knollys, Countess of Essex, whom he afterwards married. And though Lady Douglas refused with scorn, and for her son's sake, to consent (in spite of his bribe of 700*l.* a year, and even of his fierce threats), yet when the Lady Essex appeared in public as his wife, and in private threatened to poison her, which she was very capable of doing, she then consented to retire into seclusion, from which she did not emerge till after Leicester's death, when she was called upon to prove her son's legitimacy. In this, however, she could not succeed, in spite of abundance of evidence in her

favour; and Sir Robert Dudley, her son, was too proud to remain in possession of the doubtful inheritance. In spite of his father's will, made at Middleburgh, in Zealand, in which he left all to his son after the death of his brother, the Earl of Warwick, he retired to Italy, and the estates reverted to the crown, in virtue of the Statute of Fugitives, as he did not obey a summons to return, conveyed to him under a special warrant of the privy seal.

His career was a remarkable one, for he was a person of profound learning and great attainments; during his life at Florence he stood very high in the favour of the Duke of Tuscany, who gave him a pension of 1,000*l.* a year; and the German Emperor, Ferdinand II., in 1620, bestowed on him the title of Duke. He called himself, consequently, Duke of Northumberland, and lived in a palace of great splendour near Florence, which he had built for himself, and in which he died, and was buried in the church of San Pancrazio. He was an author of fame, and wrote a most ponderous and learned Italian work, now very rare, called the 'Arcano del Mar,' full of maritime theories, which was published in Florence in 1630. He was also learned in the science of chemistry, and was the discoverer of one of the most subtle poisons ever known in Italy, one which is still known, and, may we venture to say, still used. He was skilled in other arts besides, for a contemporary volume observes that 'he was the first that taught a dog to

sit in order to catch partridges.' His domestic matters do not seem to have run as smoothly as his other fortunes. His first wife was Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh, of Stoneleigh; but he divorced this truly excellent lady before he departed for Italy, where he married Elizabeth Southwell, a person of great beauty, who had followed him abroad in the habit of a page. Meantime, Charles I., out of pity to the misfortunes of the lady Alice, created her Duchess of Dudley in her own right; but he did not carry out his consolation in a pecuniary point of view, for he procured an Act of Parliament to enable her to accept a sum of 4,000*l.* down out of the exchequer, instead of the jointure of 10,000*l.* due to her out of the estate. She retired to a house of her own in St. Giles, London, where her works of charity and piety endeared her to the neighbourhood; and there she lived with her four daughters, of whom two at least had been born at Kenilworth—Lady Alicia Douglas, the eldest, and Lady Catherine Leveson, the youngest. The Duchess of Dudley's house stood on a triangle formed by the now obscure streets called Denmark Street, Church Street, and Lloyd's Court; and in it she died in March 1669. A monument erected to her memory stands in St. Giles's church; but her remains were conveyed for interment to the church of Stoneleigh, the house of her childhood.

So end the proud days of Kenilworth, for till Charles I.'s death it was in the hands of a governor

under the crown—the Earl of Monmouth, and afterwards his son, Lord Carey: and after his execution, Oliver Cromwell gave the whole manor to several of his officers, who demolished the castle, drained the great pool, cut down the king's woods, destroyed the park and chase, and most conscientiously divided the lands into farms amongst themselves.

At the Restoration, Charles II. granted the remainder of the lease to the daughters of Lord Carey; and when it expired he made it over to Lawrence, Lord Hyde, created Baron of Kenilworth and Earl of Rochester. The last Earl of Rochester's eldest daughter and heiress, Jane, married William, Earl of Essex; they again having no son, their daughter Charlotte inherited her mother's possessions, and by her marriage with the son of the Earl of Jersey, the Honble. Thomas Villiers, created Earl of Clarendon, she conveyed into the family of the Clarendons, the present possessors, the glorious ruins of the historic Castle of Kenilworth.

TATTERSHALL TOWER.

As the traveller passes along the railway through the Fen country between Boston and the good city of Lincoln, he suddenly comes upon a magnificent tower of red brick, the sight of which is sure to strike his eye. It is, perhaps, the finest specimen of ancient brickwork in the kingdom, with the exception of Layer Marney Tower, in Essex; and its height and its colour, a dark red, render it a most picturesque addition to the level country over which St. Guthlac and St. Catherine were once thought to preside. The name, too, 'Tattershall Tower,'[1] is one which somehow or other arrests the attention of a Londoner, whose thoughts instinctively turn, as he hears it, to the 'Tattersall's,' late of Grosvenor Place and now of Knightsbridge Road. No wonder, therefore, that many passengers by the Great Northern Railway stop for an hour or two to look at the old castle, as it stands hard by the line of railway, and at no very

[1] It may be of interest to our readers to know that the name is spelt by Dugdale, in his *Monasticon*, in three various ways, 'Tateshall,' 'Totteshall,' and 'Tattershall.'

great distance from a station. Tattershall is said to have been the Durobrivis of the Romans, who had a military station there, as is proved by the remains of two military stations still to be seen in Tattershall Park.

The local histories tell us that the manor of Tattershall was one of those possessions which William the Conqueror, when he parcelled out the broad acres of Lincolnshire among his followers, bestowed on Eudo, a knight who had crossed the sea with him as a military adventurer, and that the descendants of the same knight lost no time in erecting a castle upon it. The Fitz-Eudos were barons of Parliament, and gradually came to be called Lords of Tattershall, from their lands. We read that Robert Fitz-Eudo, by presenting King John with a well-trained gos-hawk, a valuable bird in those days, obtained a charter whereby the inhabitants of Tattershall were empowered to hold a market weekly on Fridays; and that his son, Hugh Fitz-Eudo,[1] in the reign of Edward III., obtained royal leave and licence to fortify the place by the erection of a castle.

But, although this fact is attested by deeds and antiquarian researches, no trace of the old Norman work can be found; and the noble structure which rises so proudly before our eyes cannot be ascribed to an earlier era than the reign of Henry VI., when

[1] This person, in 1139, founded an abbey for Cistercian monks in the neighbouring village of Kirkstead, of which some scanty ruins still remain.

Sir Ralph Cromwell, Treasurer of the Exchequer, erected it as a fortress[1] about the year 1430 or 1440. Some forty or fifty years later, in 1485, we find that Henry VII. granted the 'castle and manor of Tattershill' to Margaret, Countess of Richmond, and entailed them in the following year on the Duke of Richmond, but as his Grace died without issue, like a genuine Tudor sovereign, Henry VIII. appears to have taken the property into his own hands, and to have bestowed it on the Duke of Suffolk in 1520, a grant which was subsequently confirmed by Edward VI. in 1547. About four years later, the estate passed in fee simple by a gift from the same king to Edward, Lord Clinton, afterwards Earl of Lincoln, and it appears that the castle remained in the hands of this family for a century and a half at least, as Edward and Francis Clinton both died at Tattershall about the year 1693. The line of the Clintons ending in an heiress, the estate was severed from the title, and now belongs to Earl Fortescue, who is lord of the manor and patron of the living of Tattershall. It ought to be mentioned that the tower suffered considerably in the civil wars, during which, it is almost needless to add, the Clintons held strongly to

[1] William of Worcester states that the Lord Treasurer Cromwell spent in building the principal and other towers of this castle above 4,000 marks; that his household there consisted of one hundred persons; that his suite, when he rode to London, commonly consisted of one hundred and twenty horsemen, and that his annual expenditure was about 5,000*l.*—*Itinerarium*, p. 162.

the side of royalty and loyalty. The principal entrance to the castle, with its portcullis and towers, was standing in 1726; it stood at the north-east corner of the enclosure.

Tattershall Tower is thus described by the late John Britton in his 'Beauties of Lincolnshire':—

'The castle stands on a level moor, and is surrounded by two great fosses, the outer one formed of earth, and the inner one faced with brick, ten feet deep. This is occasionally filled with water from the river. It was intended originally as a place of defence, and was progressively raised to a great height and extent. In the civil wars it was, however, dilapidated. Till very lately, the principal gateway was remaining; the part at present left standing is a square tower of brick, flanked by four octangular embattled turrets, which are crowned with spires, covered with lead. It is above one hundred feet in height, and divided into four stories. The main walls were carried to the top of the fourth story, where a capacious machicolation enclosed the tower, on which there is a parapet wall of great thickness, with arches. This was to protect the persons employed over the machicolations. Upon these arches is a second platform and parapet, containing embrasures; above which the spired turrets rise to a considerable height. The tower is constructed upon ponderous groined arches, which support the ground floor. In this there is a large open fireplace, adorned

with sculptured foliage and emblematic designs; such as the treasury bags and shield of the Cromwell arms, with the family motto. Similar ornaments are at Colyweston Hall, in Northamptonshire, which was a house begun by the Treasurer, and afterwards finished by Margaret, Countess of Richmond. On the second floor is another fireplace, decorated in a similar manner; and over these was a third story, with a flat roof. In the east wall are some narrow galleries, curiously arched, through which there were communications from the grand stairs in the south-east turret, to the principal apartments.'

Tattershall is one of those castellated structures which combine the features of the newer and more domestic style of the fifteenth century with some of the military features of earlier castles. The houses of the barons of the Edwardian period were castles, not homes in any sense of the term; and as their owners spent their lives in a constant alternation of attacks on their neighbours' and defence of their own, on the good old rule,

> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can,

we find that their houses exhibited more of wall and battlement, tower and turret, than any of those lighter features which speak of social comforts, splendour, or refinement. The age of Henry VI. was an age in which this state of things was only gradually passing

away; and thus the residences built in 1400–1500, partook more or less of the military or domestic aspect, according to their situation and the characters of the families who built them. The noble sculptured chimney-piece in the chief room at Tattershall, an engraving of which will be found in Charles Knight's 'Old England,' is by itself a proof that the Cromwells were as fond at least of peace as of war; and, speaking with reference to domestic architecture, it is perhaps one of the handsomest pieces of internal decorative art which remain amongst us at the present day, and one of the most exquisite specimens of heraldic 'sermons in stones.' It contains, among others, the arms of Fitz-Alan, Marmyon, Cromwell, Tattershall, D'Eyncourt, Grey of Rotherfield, &c., interspersed alternately with treasury purses, with the motto of the Cromwells.

If the visitor has time before him, we should strongly advise him not to quit this interesting spot without paying a visit to the parish church of Tattershall, a noble specimen of architecture even among Lincolnshire churches, which stands but a few stone-throws off, just beyond what was once the outer moat of the castle.

It is a handsome and spacious cruciform structure, and one that has suffered far more than its fair share in the way of dilapidations and decay. It consists of a nave of the fourteenth century, with five large arches on either side, and eight clerestory windows,

placed in pairs, a north and a south transept of the Perpendicular style, and a magnificent choir, or at least the remains of one. We are sorry to say that a neighbouring nobleman, of large wealth and noble ancestry, was not only accessory to but the principal culprit in the sad and scandalous affair of its spoliation. An Earl of Exeter[1] in the last century—an ancestor of the present Marquis of Exeter—removed the beautiful stained glass which the Puritans had spared, from the windows of Tattershall to those of his own chapel at Burleigh, having promised to replace them one and all with plain glass, which could easily be done for about 40*l.* Small loss as this sum must have been to the wealthy owner of Burleigh, it appears that having got hold of the old glass, he neglected to perform his own part of the sorry contract; and, in consequence, when Britton wrote—now some half-century ago—'the inside of the edifice had suffered greatly from the weather, although the walls, roof, and pavement still

[1] 'The late Mr. Banks of Revesby was employed by Lord Exeter to get the glass; the townspeople threatened to rise and obstruct him, but he was a day before them. The glass being taken down hastily for fear of the parishioners, no plan for its re-arrangement could be observed. Part of it was put up in the chapel at Burleigh, part given to Lord Warwick to ornament his castle, and part remains unpacked.' —Gough's *Monumenta Sepulchralia*, part ii. p. 174. It is right to add here that according to the *History of the County of Lincoln*, published by Saunders in 1834, Lord Exeter placed 'the principal part of this stained glass in the church of St. Mary, Stamford Baron, with some other richly stained glass, procured from the churches of Snape, in Yorkshire, and Barnack, in Northamptonshire.' But even this mends the matter in a very slight degree, for *I* never heard that English Earls were justified in 'robbing Peter to pay Paul.'

remained entire.' Britton adds that 'the ruined screen and walls of wood, once richly carved and painted, are almost rotten, as also the stone screen behind, in the niches of which have been painted figures of saints.'

The windows which once cast their 'dim religious light' upon the pavement of Tattershall, and which the Lord of Burleigh so wickedly stole, were once richly adorned with the legendary histories of St. Guthlac and St. Catharine, whom we have already mentioned, and of whom the former was the saint of the fens, while the latter is said—we give the story as it stands in the monkish tales, and not as a chapter of history—to have driven into the sea the terrible fiends which one Hermogenes raised, no one knows where or whence. 'In one of the windows,' says a MS. in the Harleian collection, 'was the Passion, in another Hell Torments, with divers creatures bound together with a chain; among them were one with a crown and another with a mitre, and the Devil himself tormenting them, while below was written the legend,

'*Sic affliguntur pœnis qui prava sequuntur.*'

In Britton's time it appears that a few fragments of the old glass, which the Earl had omitted to carry off, still remained in some of the windows of the transept, while others had been blocked up.

Before the altar were two rich monumental brasses in memory of Ralph, Lord Cromwell, who died in

1455, and of Margaret, his wife, whose death occurred two years previously. This Ralph Cromwell, according to Mr. Britton, obtained from Henry VI. licence to make the church of Tattershall collegiate instead of parochial, and accordingly founded a college for seven priests, six secular clerks, and six choristers. He also founded a hospital for thirteen poor men and women, who were bound to pray for the souls of Henry VI. and Sir Ralph Cromwell, the founder, and of their parents, friends, and benefactors, but chiefly for the soul of the founder's grandmother, the Lady Maud Cromwell. In Henry VIII.'s reign the foundation was valued at 348*l.*, and it fared the same as most other foundations of the same kind, being granted by the crown to Charles, Duke of Suffolk.

In the market-place of Tattershall stands an octagonal shaft, which was once surmounted by a cross, though the latter has long since been removed and replaced by an urn. The shields which adorn the shaft are sculptured with the arms of Cromwell, Tattershall, and D'Eyncourt.

A VISIT TO THE TOWER OF ESSEX.

MOST travellers by water from London to Gravesend no doubt have often compared the low, flat aspect of Essex as it there presents itself with the hills and valleys that abound along the margin of Kent on the opposite shore; hence it is that Essex has generally become noted, even to a proverb, for the dull uniformity of its scenery. The surface of the county is not, however, totally flat; many gentle hills and dales impart to it great relief, more particularly towards its centre and the north-west, whence most of its rivers proceed. After passing Gravesend, the tourist will find that the Kentish shore also presents many miles of flat marsh-land; whilst on the Essex side of the Thames, an extensive tract of land, about five miles long by two miles broad, banked in all round, called Canvey Island, offers but few features of interest, and contrasts strikingly with the pleasing and diversified scenery that adorns the banks of the river higher up, in the neighbourhood of Henley, Cliefden,

Maidenhead, and Windsor. Whatever the Thames may lack in interest by the marshy tract through which it flows at this point, is made up for in the grandeur of the scene that presents itself upon the vast expanse of waters in its union with the Medway at the Nore, and so on to its conflux with the German Ocean:

> Till where its widening current glides
> To mingle with the turbid tides,
> Its spacious breast displays unfurl'd,
> The ensigns of th' assembled world.

At the eastern extremity of Canvey Island stands the little fishing-village of Leigh, the houses of which are ranged at the foot of an eminence, near the summit of which stands the church, a small building in the Perpendicular style of architecture, whose tower, partly mantled with ivy, forms a conspicuous landmark for mariners.

About a mile from Leigh on its western side, and overlooking Canvey Island—from which it is separated by a shallow creek, called Hadleigh Bay, across which there is a causeway leading from the island to the main land—is a succession of abrupt eminences, the summit of one of which is crowned by the crumbling remains of Hadleigh Castle.

These ruins can be reached from Leigh—which is the nearest station on the London and Southend Railway—by a pleasant walk through meadows and green pastures along the foot of the sloping hills, or

by a drive to the village of Hadleigh, from which latter place the castle is only about half-a-mile distant.

Hadleigh Castle, or, as it is now sometimes called, the 'Tower of Essex,' was built by Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, in the reign of Henry III. It was one of the four fortified buildings in the Eastern Counties, called 'Royal Castles,' as having been built for national security; the other three being Colchester Castle, Languard Fort, and Tilbury Fort.

Although Hadleigh Castle is now nothing more than a mass of ruins, overrun with shrubs and brushwood, enough remains to show its ancient grandeur. The entrance was at the north-west angle, between two massive circular towers, small portions of which, however, now remain. Its outer foundations can be traced almost entire, whilst in the enclosure the basements of several of the inner chambers are clearly discernible, and some of the stones still bear very distinctly upon them the chisel-marks of the builders of bygone times. The area enclosed by the walls is nearly an oval, and measures about one hundred paces in length, by about forty in width. The principal parts now standing are two towers at the south-east and north-east angles, the former of which is tolerably perfect, whilst the latter bears evident traces of speedy dissolution, a yawning crevice several inches in width extending from the summit of the tower to its base.

These towers, which are constructed of 'Kentish rag' and rubble, with an admixture of flint, appear to have been embattled, although but few indications of it are now remaining; externally, the walls are in a fair state of preservation, but internally they present a mass of mouldering and decayed masonry, and exhibit a few blocks of chalk, with which the walls appear to have been faced; the cement or mortar used in its construction is almost as hard as the stone itself, and contains a large admixture of broken shells. Both the above towers are circular on the outside; whilst within, the walls are octangular. They originally contained five apartments each, and were lighted by circular-headed windows and narrow loopholes, the walls at the basement being about nine feet in thickness, and those of the upper chambers about six feet. In the south-east tower, over a deep recess which seems to have served as a fire-place, are some thin red bricks or tiles, curiously disposed in the herring-bone fashion. The walls on the north and east sides of the castle appear to have been supported by buttresses, and the former had a deep ditch running alongside of them.

Of the former owners and occupiers of Hadleigh little need be said. It is presumed to have been comprised within the manor of Rayleigh, which, at the time of the Domesday survey, was held by Suene; but during the Welsh wars, it was forfeited to the Crown by Henry de Essex, Suene's grandson, in

consequence of his cowardice. It was subsequently granted by Henry III. to Hubert de Burgh, who, as above stated, built the castle; but on his disgrace it again reverted to the Crown, and in 1268 the custody of the castle was committed to Richard de Thany. From the above period Hadleigh 'ad Castrum,' as it was then called, was held of the Crown by divers families, till in 1539, when, having been tenanted for a time by Anne Boleyn as a prisoner, it was granted by Henry VIII. to Anne of Cleves, his forsaken queen, for her maintenance. In 1551, Edward VI. granted Hadleigh to Richard, Lord Riche, from whom it passed to his descendants, the Earls of Warwick. On the partition of the Warwick estates, Hadleigh fell to the share of Henry, Viscount St. John; but, having been disposed of by his son, Lord Bolingbroke, it subsequently passed, through intermarriage, to the family of the Bernards, baronets, of Brampton, in Huntingdonshire. During the civil wars, Hadleigh Castle is said to have suffered considerably, and from that period its decay may be dated.

The pleasing and extensive prospect which is commanded from Hadleigh Castle attracts numerous visitors from Southend and the surrounding neighbourhood during the summer months—the picturesque ruin offering great temptations for those who delight in pic-nic parties and such-like healthful out-door recreation. The view from the hill on which the castle stands embraces the broad estuary formed by

the junction of the Thames and Medway, enlivened by the numerous fishing craft and sailing-vessels that are continually plying in all directions. Looking eastward, the village of Leigh is observed nestling at the foot of a sloping hill; whilst beyond, on a clear day, the far-stretching pier of Southend may be faintly descried, the background to the south being formed by the Kentish hills.

The village of Hadleigh is small, and very pleasantly situated on the high road from London to Southend, from which latter place it is distant about four miles. The church, dedicated to St. James, is an ancient Gothic building, and remarkable for the peculiarity of the east end of the chancel being semicircular, after the manner of a Roman basilica; the chancel is separated from the nave by a very heavy arch. The windows are small and lancet-shaped, those on the south side being ornamented with the arms of several families to whom the lordship of Hadleigh anciently belonged; among them are conspicuous the achievements of the Strangmans, who held the manor in the reign of Edward III.

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